

THE

Anglo-African

MAGAZINE



ENGRAVED BY SARTAIN.

ALEXANDER DUMAS.

THE

Anglo-African

MAGAZINE.

—“et nigri Memnonis arma.” VIRG.

VOLUME I.—1859.

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T H E

Anglo-African Magazine.

VOL. I.

JANUARY, 1859.

NO. 1.

Apology.

(INTRODUCTORY.)

The publisher of this Magazine was 'brought up' among Newspapers, Magazines, &c. The training of his boyhood and the employment of his manhood have been in the arts and mysteries which pertain to the neighborhood of Spruce and Nassau streets in the city of New York. Of course the top of the strata, the upper-crust of the laminæ in his geologic region is—the Publisher. . . . To become a Publisher, was the dream of his youth (not altogether a dream, for, while yet a boy he published, for several months, the People's Press, a not unnoticed weekly paper,) and the aim of his manhood. He understands the business thoroughly, and intends, if the requisite editorial matter can be furnished, to make this Magazine 'one of the institutions of the country.'

He would seem to be the right man in the right place; for the class of whom he is the representative in Printing House Square, sorely need an independent voice in the '*fourth estate*.' Frederick Douglass has said

that 'the twelve millions of blacks in the United States and its environs must occupy the notice and the care of the Almighty;' these millions, in order to assert and maintain their rank as men among men, must speak for themselves; no outside tongue, however gifted with eloquence, can tell their story; no outside eye, however penetrating, can see their wants; no outside organization, however benevolently intended, nor however cunningly contrived, can develop the energies and aspirations which make up their mission.

The wealth, the intellect, the Legislation, (State and Federal,) the pulpit, and the science of America, have concentrated on no one point so heartily as in the endeavor to write down the negro as something less than a man: yet at the very moment of the triumph of this effort, there runs through the marrow of those who make it, an unaccountable consciousness, an aching dread, that this *noir faineant*, this great black sluggard, is somehow endowed with forces which are felt rather than seen, and which may in 'some grim revel,'

'Shake the pillars of the commonweal!'

And there is indeed reason for this 'aching dread.' The negro is something more than mere endurance; he is a force. And when the energies which now imbrute him exhaust themselves—as they inevitably must—the force which he now expends in resistance will cause him to rise: his force can hardly be measured to-day; the opinions regarding him are excessive; his foes estimate him too low—his friends, perhaps, too high: besides, there is not a wanting among these latter, in spite of their own good feelings, that 'tribe idolatry' which regards him as 'not quite us.' Twenty-five years ago, in the heat of the conflict which terminated in the Emancipation Act of Great Britain, there was held an anti-slavery meeting in the city of Glasgow, at which a young black made a speech of such fashion, that it 'brought down the house.' He was followed by the eccentric but earnest and eloquent William Anderson, a minister of the Relief denomination: Dr. Wardlaw, with silver tongue, had spoken, and George Thompson had revelled in his impetuous eloquence. Rev. Mr. Anderson's subject was a minor one in the programme, a sort of side dish; yet he began, continued, and ended in one of the most extraordinary bursts of eloquence, wit and sarcasm ever heard in Dr. Wardlaw's chapel; people were carried away: at the end of the meeting a friend congratulated Mr. Anderson, and casually asked how it was that he had got off such a grand speech? 'Heh mon!' said Mr. Anderson, 'd'ye think I was gaen to be beaten by a black?'

But although we cannot fairly estimate the forces of the negro, we may approximate them. A handful of English subdued Ireland, and English rule rather than English arms have so impenetrated the Celtic mind with oppression, that the only resistance to this oppression in the middle of the 19th century culminates in Smith O'Brien, Thomas F. Meagher, and JOHN MITCHELL! Compare these with

Sam Ward, Frederick Douglass, or those who fought in Christiana, or the man who suffered himself to be scourged to death in Tennessee rather than betray his associate insurrectionists.

The negro under the yoke of slavery has increased, without additions made by immigration, as rapidly during the last forty years, as have the whites in the whole country, aided by an immense immigration and the increase of the immigrants; and this increase of the negro in America, unlike that of the Irish in Ireland, is of a strong, healthy, durable stock. Now let the European immigration diminish, and the African slave trade revive—both which events are in *esse*—and the next forty years will present us with the slave States containing ten millions of whites, and nearly fifteen millions of slaves: and the proportion of the blacks to the whites in the United States, which is now one-seventh, will be nearly one-half. In that event, it requires no prophet to foresee that the Underground Railroad, and the Christian Religion—the two great safety-valves for the restless and energetic among the slaves—will be utterly incompetent to put off that event which was brought about by bloodshed in Hayti, and by timely legislation in the British West Indies.

In 1850, a black, man insulted by a white boy in the streets of Sacramento, mildly resented by pushing the boy away: a white man passing by with a saw in his hand, caught the black by the wrist and sawed his hand off. The black went before a magistrate to complain, when the minister of justice declined receiving the complaint, on the ground that no redress could be obtained. In 1858, we find a magistrate in California, in defiance of statute law, admitting testimony of black men, and in the same year a bill to prevent further immigration of blacks, was defeated in the legislature of that State. In the debate on the subject, a member stated that 'the six thousand free blacks in California were an industrious people, with six millions

of dollars in personal and real estate.' This is about one thousand dollars per individual—a sum three times as great as the census of 1850 gives to the individuals composing the farming population of Vermont.

In a school exhibition in the city of New York, in December 1858, there were productions from twenty white, and one colored, Ward Schools; of the thirty prizes awarded, three were gained by the colored school; which may be thus formularized for the use of that distinguished archæologist, craniologist and ethnologist, Dr. Nott, of Alabama:— $\frac{1}{10} : \frac{1}{10} ::$ black children's intellect : white children's intellect.

In the *Concours* of the colleges of France in 1858, the laurels once worn by Abelard, fell upon the brows of a black youth from Hayti, M. Faubert, who won the highest prize, two other young Haytiens winning other prizes. It is well-known that not a few white Americans are among the students of the French colleges; as none of these have yet won this distinguished honor, we must again formularize for Dr. Nott— $\frac{3}{4} : 1 ::$ white American students in Paris : black Haytien students in Paris.

Here, then, we have the vital force, the physical force, and some slight inklings of the yet undeveloped mental power of the negro. The negro is a constant quantity; other races may be, and are, variables; he is positive and reliable, and seems fixed so. The panic of 1857 was arrested by the cotton crop, and even at this moment, when the West is bankrupt, with its 'enchanted' free laborers, and 'enchanted' stores of grain, the vitality of trade is maintained by the products of black labor, which it is the ambition of the so-called republican party to sweep from the land. What a glorious destiny awaits the negro when soil now fertilized by his agony and bloody sweat, shall teem under his energies, renewed and developed by freedom! for

"Freedom hand in hand with labor,
Walketh strong and brave,
On the forehead of his neighbor
No man writeth slave!"

The negro is the 'coming man,' heralded by Dr. Arnold. The European race would seem to have reached its destined development—of Arts in Greece, of Jurisprudence in Rome, and of Industrial Economics in England and the United States. To advance still further, the tide of civilization requires what the great commoner of England prescribed for Ireland—new blood. And whence can this be procured, unless from a race hitherto unmixed in the current of civilization?

In addition to an expose of the condition of the blacks, this Magazine will have the aim to uphold and encourage the now depressed hopes of thinking black men, in the United States—the men who, for twenty years and more have been active in conventions, in public meetings, in societies, in the pulpit, and through the press, cheering on and laboring on to promote emancipation, affranchisement and education; some of them in, and some of them past the prime of life, yet see, as the apparent result of their work and their sacrifices, only Fugitive Slave laws and Compromise bills, and the denial of citizenship on the part of the Federal and State Governments, and, saddest of all, such men as Seward and Preston King insulting the rights of their black constituents by voting to admit Oregon as a state with a constitution denying to black men even an entrance within its borders.

It is not astonishing that the faith of such should grow weak, or that they should set up a breast-work in distant regions; yet it is clear that they are wrong to despond, wrong to change the scene of the contest. The sterner and fiercer the conflict, the sterner and steadier should be the soldiers engaged in it,

"Be sure, no earnest work
Of any honest creature, howbeit weak,
Imperfect, ill-adapted, fails so much
It is not gathered as a grain of sand
For carrying out God's end. No creature works
So ill observed, that there he's cashiered.
The honest, earnest man must stand and work."

Neither can it aid our cause to found an empire in Yoruba; they might as

well have built a battery at Gibraltar to destroy Sevastopol. The guns won't reach. Our cause is something higher, something holier than the founding of states. Any five hundred men with thews and sinews, and a moderate share of prudence, can found a state; it is nothing new or wonderful to do. And after we had founded such a state, our work in the United States would remain to be done by other hands. Our work here, is, to purify the State, and purify Christianity from the foul blot which here rests upon them.

All articles in the Magazine, not otherwise designated, will be the products of the pens of colored men and women, from whom we earnestly solicit contributions, which, when used, will be paid for, according to the means of the Publisher.

We hope from these sources, articles grave and gay, things serious, and as the Rev. Mr. Hudson quaintly says, 'things juicy.' 'The Tales of the Fugitives,' to be initiated in our next number, will leave the heart and the imagination not untouched. This one is 'got up' in rather a hurry, and we beg pardon for its many deficiencies.

ALEXANDRE DUMAS.

Whatever claims the American School of Ethnology may lay to Sappho, Euclid, St. Cyprian, or Terentius, they must yield to the negro an undoubted share in Pushkin, the Negro-Russian poet, in Placido the Negro-Spanish poet, and in Dumas the Negro-Celtic Historian, Dramatist and Romancer.

The grand parents of M. Dumas were the Marquis de la Pailletterie, a wealthy planter of St. Domingo, and a negress of that island; his father was a famous cavalry officer under Napoleon. The death of his father leaving him destitute, young Dumas repaired to Paris, with letters to General Foi (an old companion in arms of Gen. Dumas,) seeking employment: af-

ter questioning him of his attainments, Gen. Foi was about to give up in despair, when he accidentally discovered that young Dumas wrote a neat and rapid hand: he procured him a clerkship in the office of the Secretary of the Duke of Orleans (afterward Louis Philippe.) The leisure of Dumas was occupied in satiating that prodigious thirst for knowledge which has distinguished the youth of energetic men preparing to make their mark. A representation of Hamlet first touched his latent genius for dramatic composition, and Dumas' earliest play, *Henry III, et sa Cour*, was the result: it was a great success; and the brain and pen of Dumas have been steadily, marvellously at work ever since. And not only his own pen and brain, but the pen and brains of dozens of scribes, and as many authors in the employ or under the auspices of this great book-wright.

A captious and pitiful criticism; on the part of British and American writers, has objected to Dumas, that, very many of his plays and nouvelles are the products of the brains of others simply altered and retouched by his own hand. A generous objection, truly, on the part of those who worship Shakespeare, and sing praises to the hosts of those, down to Scott, Moore and Byron, who bear the same relation to Shakespeare, that the old painter represented subsequent poets to bear to Homer. Take from Shakespeare, all his borrowed stories, and what of invention have we left?

We beg pardon—we do not mean to compare Dumas with Shakespeare—there is time enough, these two hundred years, for a negro dramatist to rise in rivalry with the bard of Avon; perhaps Scott might be mentioned in comparison with Dumas; as novelists, as limners of the manners, language and customs of the middle ages, there is a strong parallelism between them; in descriptive writing, Scott, who revelled in the outdoor life of the

'Land of the mountain and the flood,'

and painted scenery all the more vividly at the dull desk of the Court of Sessions, excelled Dumas; but in grasp and breadth of view, in the fair and just estimate of men and events, required in the Historian, or Historical novelist, Dumas is immeasurably the superior of Scott. Compare '*Emmanuel Phillibert*' or '*Margurite de Valois*,' with the 'Convenanters,' or '*Gaul et Prance*,'* with the 'History of Napoleon.'

Not a few of the works of Dumas have reached American readers by the medium of translation and republication. Of their high merit it is sufficient evidence to say that three of them have been republished by the Appletons, as part of their selection of Standard Novels. It is a significant fact, however, that these very distinguished and very honorable publishers could not find room for the name of Alexander Dumas in their Cyclopaedia of Biography, published in 1856. M. Dumas can be found in their catalogue with publishers' laudations—but in their Biography? 'And if not, why not?'

Civilization.

ITS DEPENDENCE ON PHYSICAL CIRCUMSTANCES.

BY JAMES M'CUNE SMITH.

'A full development of the reasoning faculty can only take place where physical circumstances conspire. It is to the climate of England and France that the human race is indebted for the intellect of Newton and Laplace.'—DR. DRAPER: *Chemistry of Plants*, p. 12.

An investigation of the physical circumstances that have contributed to civilization, is matter of importance in at least two points of view. First, an analysis of these circumstances will tend to decide whether human advancement be the result of the innate superiority of any portion of the human race, or whether it re-

sult from adventitious phenomena; and secondly, the same analysis may reduce civilization to the condition of a science, successful cultivation of which will rapidly promote human progress.

In the hope of attracting attention to this important investigation, the following views are respectfully submitted.

The essential condition of civilization is expressed in the etymology of the word, which is derived from *civis*, co-*civis*, 'coming together' '*in unum coeuntes vivunt*.' Not only is the dwelling and assembling together of men an essential condition of civilization, but, the more men mingle, the larger the dwelling together, the greater is their advancement: and whatever has prevented men from coming together, whether self-imposed laws, difference of language, climate, or geographical position, these have, and do constitute barriers against civilization; and in proportion as these barriers have been broken down, mankind have advanced.

Climate, and geographical position being the prominent physical phenomena which affect civilization, we will look into their influences; beginning with

CLIMATE.

Extreme climates are not distinguished as the centres of civilization. In Russia as well as India, civilization is an exotic; but why? The reason may be found in the physical organization of mankind. The independent temperature of the human body is about 98° Fahrenheit: this temperature is maintained in the human being by the combustion which results from the process of breathing. By each breath we draw, the blood in our lungs is raised two degrees in temperature: and as all the blood in the body dashes through the lungs once in every three minutes, the heat lost in the circulation of the blood through the body, is constantly replaced by the combustion in the lungs.

* Translated and republished by the Langley in 1841, under the title of 'Democracy in France.'

This combustion is rapid, or slow, in proportion as the air around the body is colder, or warmer than the independent temperature of the body.

An excessively rapid, or slow combustion, are alike unfavorable to the physical development of the human frame. In a climate where the air is at the temperature of zero, there is a difference of 98° between the heat of the air and that of the human body exposed to it: and, in order that man may live in such climate, he must develop a very large quantity of heat by proportionate rapidity of combustion in his lungs. In order to support such combustion, the blood must be furnished with a large proportion of carbon; the food must be large in quantity and coarse and oily in quality: even then, so much of the blood is consumed in respiration, that too little is left for the full development of the human frame: hence the huge appetites and small stature of the hyperborean races.

Hence also, an excessively cold climate, by arresting the full development of the human frame, also arrests the full development of the physical strength in man, an element necessary to civilization.

Other facts must be taken into the account. M. Quetelet has shown that the power of the human frame to resist cold, is greatest, at the age of 17 years: after which age, the frame is less and less able to endure an extremely cold temperature. The same writer has demonstrated, that in man the maximum of physical strength (and of the passions) occurs at 25 years of age; whilst the maximum of intellectual power does not occur until after the 30th and 35th year of age.

From these facts it follows that a people, advancing in civilization, require to be in force, in other words, require a large proportion of their number to be in full health and development at 25 years of age, for physical strength; and a large proportion in full development at from 35 to 40 years of age for intellectual power.

In extremely cold climates, the mass of the population are cut off before reaching twenty-five years of age—and hence do not reach the maximum of physical nor intellectual power. And those who do reach these maxima, having already passed the age when they best endure rigor of climate, are more and more depressed by this last element, which they are less able to bear up against, every year they reach beyond seventeen.* Besides, this imperfect development occurs in a region where nature offers the most formidable physical barriers to civilization. And these facts, together, afford ample reason why excessively cold climates have not been the centres from which have radiated human civilization.

In extremely cold climates, the independent heat of the human body is maintained by a rapid combustion, or consumption of the particles of which the body is composed (all which particles are held in solution by the venous blood as it passes through the lungs;) and this rapid combustion is owing to the necessity of maintaining the independent heat of the body, when there is a *great difference* between that heat, and the temperature of the surrounding air. Starting from this *great difference*, we arrive at a point in temperature or climate, where there is *less difference* between the climate temperature and the independent heat of the human body; here, the combustion will be slower, the consumption of particles less rapid, and the development of physical power will also be relatively greater. Keeping on in the same direction we arrive at another point in temperature, which exactly *coincides* with the independent heat of the human body. In this last instance combustion (by

* This accounts for an apparent anomaly. An Englishman, who has reached full physical development in the mild climate of Britain can brave the climate of Moscow with one half the clothing required by a native: because the latter has never reached the development enjoyed by the former.

respiration) will almost entirely cease, or will raise the blood two degrees above the natural standard (fever.) We have only to do with the former alternative. Combustion almost ceasing, there will occur no change in the blood: the particles which should have been thrown off by respiration, remain, and the unchanged blood, loaded with these effete particles, steadily depresses physical vigor.

Nature has partially provided against this high temperature, in granting to the people of the tropics a skin which contains an elaborate refrigerator: * for, the carbon or charcoal placed immediately beneath the cuticle in the dark complexioned portion of mankind is a non-conductor, which isolates the temperature of the body from that of the surrounding hot air. The temperature of the blood of the body, thus kept low until it enters the lungs, can be raised in the lungs by respiration: hence combustion measurable occurs; the effete particles are thrown off; the blood undergoes the requisite change; and physical vigor is to some extent developed.

Notwithstanding this provision, it is not possible that the intertropical races can have a physical vigor and development equal to those who dwell in a more temperate climate; First, because the air in the tropics for the most part, contains more vapor of water, and consequently less oxygen, than the air of the temperate regions: and as oxygen is the cause of combustion in the lungs, the smaller proportion of oxygen is accompanied by a less rapid combustion; and a smaller development of physical strength. Hence, the dark races in hot climates have flattened chests, from the rela-

tively less exercise or expansion of their lungs in breathing.

Secondly, the dark races of the tropics gain in physical development when transported to a temperate climate. The colored population, enslaved and free, of Maryland and Virginia, are the descendants of those who, from 50 to 200 years ago, were removed from the African coast. This Afric-American race, are not only far superior, in physical symmetry and development, to pure Africans now found on the coast, but actually equal in these respects the white race of Old Dominion, who have never lived in any but a temperate clime. Facts indicate, further, that the excessively hot climate is more favorable to physical development, than an excessively cold climate. Having considered the extreme climates, return for a moment to the mean or temperate zone. Blessed with a climate neither too near, nor too far removed from, the independent temperature of the human body, the people of the middle latitudes enjoy the happy mean wherein respiration performs its functions with a well balanced relation to the ends which they subserve: there results a combustion sufficient to carry off the effete particles from the blood, and which leaves the same sufficiently enriched for a full and harmonious development of a vigorous physical frame.

But, what has physical development to do with civilization? It is true that civilization has originated, and made the greatest advances in the climate which produces the greatest physical vigor in mankind; but this may be mere coincidence, or may result from innate superiority in the races living in said climate. It is even a prevalent opinion that physical strength is a matter so distinct from and independent of intellectual power, that the presence of the one implies the absence of the other; thews and sinews, the bone and muscle of a country are abstractly regarded as widely distinct from the thought of

* Although during some days in habitable places, the thermometer continues above 130 deg. Fahr. no portion of the human race could endure this heat for a length of time. The highest mean annual temperature recorded is 87 deg. and the hottest month 91 deg.; at Masfaous in Abyssinia. Even during the hottest month, the mean temperature was 7 deg. lower than that of the human body.

that country. These views, however, are based upon insufficient grounds, upon exceptions rather than general laws. 'The pale cast of thought,' the attenuated student, and the proverbial ill-health of men devoted to study—all effects of the excessive wear of robust frames, are assumed to be the causes of superior intellectual power.

An investigation of the *personel* of men of powerful mind shows them, generally, possessed of great physical vigor. Carlyle somewhere exclaims with huge delight that Shakespeare could have 'struck a right good blow;' and gathers this from the style of Shakespeare. Burns, Scott, Wilson, Macaulay, Berzelius, Davy, Cuvier and our Webster, are a few among thousand of instances. Writers of fiction—Bulwer, for example in Eugene Aram—simply interpret nature when they endow their pale, slender, intellectual heroes with marvelous physical energy. Dr. Metcalfe, in his great work on Caloric, shows conclusively that without a full supply of healthy blood at the brain, the mind cannot be vigorous: and, that in small men, of powerful mind, there will always be found a capacious pair of lungs, producing great physical vigor, as well as the necessary supply of healthy blood. Indeed, a necessary condition, for long continued mental application, is, a vigorous physical frame, for, without such frame or constitution, the body would not be able to endure the wear and tear of hard study.

In this connexion, the observations, or rather experiments of M. Peron, quoted by Quetelet, are curious and instructive. M. Peron, by means of a dynameter, measured the strength of many persons of the following nations, with the following results,

New Hollanders (savage)	14.8
Malays of Timor	16.8
French sailors	22.1

(ON MAN, p. 68.)

In this comparison the intellectual keep parallel with the physical strength. Weakest of all, is the New

Hollander, the most debased savage on the face of the globe: next comes the Malay, of, doubtless, Indian origin, and endowed with some advances beyond barbarism: strongest of all, by a proportion three times greater than separates the other two are the French sailors, by far the most advanced in civilization and intellectual power.

And furthermore, if we look at the sources whence nations, advanced in civilizations, draw their intellectual power, these sources will be found to spring from the common people—the physically vigorous. England has drawn far more of her intellectual glory from those who win their bread by the sweat of their brows, than from those whose foreheads are gilded by the coronet. The people, we contend, are the source of intellectual as well as of political power; they are not only the bone and sinew, but also the heart and brain of a nation. Each blow of the hammer, each strain of the muscle, every effort of the body, *made with a will*, stirs anew the current of life, which is also the current of thought, and the soul freshens and grows stronger: hence new thought, the thought of progress, the stirrer-up of true civilization, always springs from the people,—conservatism, from the slower current of the Aristocracy. A people, therefore, whose 'common destiny' is 'labor,' is of necessity destined to advance civilization.

In these remarks, we speak of man, not the individual, but in the aggregate. Take one hundred thousand men in a given portion of the globe, and another hundred thousand in another, and differently elimated portion of the earth. Obtain the average strength of each party; and it will be found that the party which produces the greater physical, will also produce the greater intellectual power: it will also be found that this stronger party will live in the climate the better fitted to develope physical vigor in the human being.

The next topic is the influence of

GEOGRAPHICAL POSITION

upon civilization ; a subject which has not yet received the profound attention to which it is justly entitled. Men advanced in the 'Arts of War and Peace,' are so apt to attribute this advancement to innate superiority of race—the Great Idol of the Tribe—that they care little to seek in other sources the causes of their greatness.

Geographical position has two distinct relations to civilization : *First*, the climatic or climate influence, embracing temperature (which has been briefly treated above,) geodæsic, direction and prevalence of winds, &c. *Secondly*, the facilities or obstacles which geographical position may afford to the intercourse of mankind.

In regard to the latter of these topics, Thirlwall, in his History of Greece, says, 'The character of every people is more or less closely connected with that of its land. The station which the Greeks filled among nations, the part which they acted, and the works which they accomplished, depended in a great measure on the position which they occupied on the face of the globe. The manner and degree in which the nature of the country affected the bodily and mental frame and the social institutions of its inhabitants, may not be so easily determined ; but its physical aspect is certainly not less important in an historical point of view than it is striking and interesting in itself.'

It has been observed by Professor Ritter, 'that the civilization of countries is greatly influenced by their geographical forms, and by the relation which the interior spaces bear to the extent of coast. To every thirty seven square miles of continent in Europe, there is one mile of coast ; Asia has one hundred and five, Africa one hundred and thirty seven square miles of continent to one mile of coast. The ramifications of Asia, excluded from the continental trapezi-

um are one fifth part, of Europe one third part of the entire continent : Africa is of compact and undivided form, with natural barriers which render access to the great regions of the interior remarkably difficult. In Africa there may be said to be no branches whatever : in Asia the stock is much greater in proportion to the branches, and thence the more highly advanced culture of the branches has remained for the most part excluded from the great interior space. In Europe on the other hand, from the different relation of its spaces, the condition of the external parts had much greater influence on the interior. Hence, the higher culture of Greece and Italy penetrated more easily into the interior, and gave to the whole continent one harmonious character of civilization, while Asia contains many separate regions, which may be compared individually to Europe, and each of which could receive only its peculiar kind of culture from its own branches. Africa, deficient in these endowments of nature, and wanting both separating gulfs, and inland seas, could obtain no share in the expansion of that fruitful tree, which, having driven its roots deeply in the heart of Asia, spread its branches and blossoms over the western and southern tracts of the same continent, and expanded its crown over Europe. In Egypt alone it possessed a river so formed as to favor the developement of similar productions.'—(*Prichard's Researches into the Physical Hist. of mankind, Vol. 2. p. 354.*)

The same views hold in regard to the American continent, where the most remarkable advances in civilization were found in Central America, where the proportion of coast to the interior spaces approaches nearest to the standard of Europe.

These views relate to the *spread* rather than to the *origin* of civilization. The influence of Geographical position on the origin or developement of civilization is not discussed by Ritter nor

Prichard; To this latter point we would solicit special attention.

The manner in which large proportion of coast effects the development of civilization is two fold. First, its influence on the temperature of the land; secondly, the facility it affords for the intercourse of those variously endowed by various climatic influences.

Large bodies of water have the power of equalising, or rendering less excessive, the temperature of whatever land may be in their vicinity. Water remains fluid and coherent under a range of 180 Fahr., from 32°, the freezing to 212°, the boiling, or gaseous point. When heat falls upon the surface of water, it is not all absorbed therein; for a large portion is thrown off said surface, in the vapor of water. This vapor is extremely small globules of water kept at a distance from each other by the expansive power of the heat, which they carry off from the surface of the water, which is left nearly as cool as the heat found it; and this vapor requires so much heat for the purpose of maintaining itself a vapor, that its actual temperature, measured by a thermometer, is very little greater than the surface of the water forsaken by it; and any sudden abstraction of this vaporizing heat, is followed by condensation of the vapor into—rain for example.

If the calorific rays of the sun, capable of raising the temperature of the air to 128°, fall upon the subjacent surface of the ocean at a temperature of 70°, this latter surface will not be raised to the temperature of the air; because, of the heat falling upon it a large proportion would be incessantly occupied in converting the surface of the water into vapor; and this vapor, cooler than the surrounding air into which it rises, would actually cool the air; and the remainder of the heat would raise the surface of the ocean only 5° or 6° in temperature. And this would be the case, were the heat of the sun constantly

applied to the surface of the water. But as solar heat falls on any given portion of the globe, only 12 out of 24 hours, and as the vapor of water rises up and is driven off by currents of air, the surface of the ocean cools again during the intermission of solar heat.

Let calorific rays of the intensity 128° fall upon a surface of land. Land, having no cooling apparatus, such as water is furnished with, admits this intense heat into its surface, upon and immediately beneath which this heat accumulates, gaining more by day as it loses by radiation at night, until at length it becomes as hot as the superincumbent air, during the extreme heat of the day.

Assuming the same temperature of the air, 128° Fahr., if we place beneath it land and water adjacent, the surface of the land will of necessity be hotter than the surface of the ocean adjoining. And, moreover, vast superficies of land, such as the desert of Sahara, and the Plains of Hindustan, will reach a much higher temperature than strips of land environed with water in the same latitudes, as Central America and the Indian Islands; for, in these latter instances, particularly at night, the hot air rising from the surface of the land is replaced by the cool air from the neighboring water surface.

The converse of these phenomena occur in the low temperatures of the high latitudes, where the land cools more rapidly than the water, and where, consequently, vast superficies of land are colder by many degrees than strips of land environed by large surfaces of water. The land, during the night, (which is long), parts with more heat, by direct radiation from its surface, than it received from the sun during the day. The water-surface only parts with its heat by vaporization; the colder the air, the slower the vaporization. And further, the cold water on the surface sinks to the bottom and is replaced by the water from the depths of the ocean, which is

warmed by the slow accumulation of the heat of the summer. In some deep lakes, in high latitudes, for example Lake Seneca in New-York, the surface is not frozen during the coldest winters, when the thermometer ranges near zero during a large portion of a month.

Moscow lies in $55^{\circ} 45'$, and Dunfermline in Scotland lies in $56^{\circ} 5'$ north latitude. The mean temperature of the winter in Moscow is 14° Fahr., and of Dunfermline 36° . Moscow is placed in the centre of a vast area of almost unbroken land surface. Dunfermline lies in an Island surrounded by the German and Atlantic oceans. It is evident that the difference of the mean temperature of their winters, some 22° , is in favor of the superior physical development, and therefore mental endowments of the Scot; and this difference is wrought entirely by Geographical position.

Hence we perceive the vast illimitable ocean, the emblem of eternity, tempering the earth in every zone, and rendering its aid to the development of those powers in man which are essential to his advancement. And it is the power of the ocean, which together with the prevalence of westerly winds in northern latitudes, renders the eastern coasts of continents milder in temperature than the western.

We next proceed to consider the influence of Geographical position on the faculties or hinderances to the intercourse of variously endowed races or people. If civilization be the result of the assembling together of men, then, whatever favors such assembling is an essential condition towards civilization.

It is a seeming paradox, that man, an inhabitant of the land, should be more readily assembled with his fellow man by the juxtaposition of water; yet this seeming paradox, within certain wide limits, is sober truth. A cluster of islands, even at a great distance from continents, produce that free intercourse which stimulates human ingenuity, in a larger degree than

central positions in the heart of large continents. Compare the New Zealanders with the Tartar hordes of the steppes of Asia. But, insular position in the neighborhood of a well indented continent, seems the very best assemblage of Geographical advantages for the production of civilization. If New Zealand be compared with Italy, we find them almost exact antipodes, with a most perfect similitude of outline. The New Zealanders are the Romans of the South Pacific, the conquering race, the most energetic of that region in body and mind. But New Zealand had no neighboring continent on which to send her resistless cohorts, else there would have been reenacted in the South-western what long ago occurred in the North-eastern hemisphere. The New Zealanders have made good fight, nay, successful fight against the inroads of European civilization, and against the superior discipline of British troops.

The prevalence of large and navigable rivers, of inlets or gulphs, virtually converts a continent into so many aggregate Islands with easy intercommunication. Traffic, intercourse, civilization follow, under such geographical circumstances. But why? Why should the inhabitants of half insular Europe, germinate and develop a more perfect and rapid civilization than that of the myriads who people the vast unbroken spaces of continental Asia?

The idea of frequent intercourse alone, will scarcely answer this question; for the Nomadic and semi-Nomadic tribes of Asia, in changing their pasture grounds, travel in the course of a few years over an area more extensive than Europe, and meet, in their migrations, and have temporary intercourse with many other tribes, moving in opposite directions. These tribes have not advanced in civilization, and for sufficient reasons. The wild freedom of the Nomadic life naturally scorns and even abhors the acts to which men must resort in order to embrace a stationary life, whether

pastoral or civic. Besides, the very intercourse between these migratory tribes occurs between men of the same physical and mental endowments.

On the other hand, the intercourse between the inhabitants of Europe occurs between men of different mental and physical endowments. This, however, does not infer difference of race, for there is but one human race, made *ekoinou aimatos* "of the same blood." The difference, we mean, is such as springs from the difference in the climate or geographical position of mankind.

That the differences in the mental and physical constitutions of men, do arise from climatic or geographical causes may readily be proven. The Anglo-Saxon race, as a class of people in our midst complacently style themselves, came to this continent some two centuries ago. Not only do these people now differ very greatly from the original stock, whose unchanged descendants are to be found in the British Isles, but they also differ from each other in the various parts of North America. A New-Englander resembles an Englishman in scarcely any physical or mental endowment, and differs in these respects from a Kentuckian or Georgian also; yet all are descendants of the great Anglo-Saxon race, and possibly are the unmingled off-shoots of one and the same family. As a whole, the American branch of the Anglo-Saxon race, is thinner in person, and more rapid in temperament than the British continuation of the same stock. In parts, we have the inhabitants of Vermont with all the physical characteristics of the Xanthous race, to wit, yellow hair and light eyes. And again we have the people of Georgia with the dark or brown hair and black eyes of the Melanic variety of mankind. And if, as these facts prove, the same stock of men, placed under different geographical influences, undergo a change in mental and physical endowments, this change must result from the geographical influences. In other words, cer-

tain localities, nay, every locality, will produce certain peculiarities in the mental and physical constitution of whatever men continuously reside thereon.

Many facts uphold this curious and important view. Two centuries have been sufficient to stamp upon the people of these United States, physical and mental peculiarities which the world readily recognises to be American. Nor is this all. The American people descended from early emigrants, are rapidly assuming the physical type of the Aboriginal inhabitants of this continent. This fact was first mentioned to the writer by an artist, who, some years ago, took casts of many distinguished American Statesmen. Its accuracy may be successfully tested by an examination of any Daguerrian National Gallery.

Another instance: Mrs. Meredith, of England, in her book of travels in New South Wales, says of the Anglo-Saxons in that region: 'The children are mostly pale and slight, though healthy, with very light hair and eyes. * * * They grow up tall; the girls often very pretty and delicate looking whilst young, though very often disfigured by bad teeth. * * * The boys grow up long and often lanky, seldom showing the strong, athletic build so common at home; or, if they do, it is spoiled by round shoulders and a narrow chest; and what puzzles me exceedingly to account for, a very large proportion of both male and female natives snuffle dreadfully—just the same nasal twang as many Americans have. In some cases English parents have come out here with English-born children. These all speak clearly and well, and continue to do so, whilst those born after the parents arrive in the colony, have the detestable snuffle.'

Dr. Prichard remarks: 'In general the tribes (of Western Africa) inhabiting elevated countries in the interior are very superior to those who dwell on low tracts on the sea coast; and this superiority is manifest both in

mental and bodily qualities. Not only the Mandingos and Fulahs, but all the other races yet described, who are aborigines of mountainous regions are more intelligent than the maritime tribes, as well as physically superior to them.* In the same volume, (pp. 168, 142, 309, *et passim*), this distinguished writer shows by clear and conclusive proof. 1st. That change of climate has converted the physical characteristics of Jews into those of negroes. 2dly. That the same cause has changed the physical characteristics of the latter to the complexion and physiognomy of Neapolitans and Sicilians. And 3dly. That the Greeks of the present day have the same physical, and some of the intellectual characteristics of the Greeks of old. (p. 505.)

These and kindred facts establish the following propositions: That any certain geographical position produces certain peculiarities in the physical and mental characteristics of men residing thereon†: that a change of geographical position changes the characteristics, physical and mental, of any portion of the human race, who may undergo this change: that any given locality will maintain the same characteristics in a people continuously residing thereon, and will also, in course of time, produce the same characteristics in the descendants of whatever

emigrants may come to that locality, and continue thereon for a period of at least two hundred years.

Now, the bearing of these facts and propositions upon our argument. Since civilization depends upon the frequent intercourse of men differing in physical and mental endowments, it follows that whatever geographical positions throw together men thus differently endowed, such positions, or localities, or assemblage of localities, of themselves essentially conduce to civilization. A country, frequently interspersed with mountains, plains, rivers and sea coasts, will produce greater physical and mental variety in the inhabitants thereof, than a land seldom if at all diversified by these geographical varieties. The opposite banks of the same river, owing to some peculiarity in geological or climatic feature, will produce a greater diversity in the same variety of the human family, than can be afforded by one thousand times the distance in a plain and level country.

In Great Britain and Ireland for example, (all which may be contained in a parallelogram one thousand miles long by six hundred broad), there is greater and more frequent diversity in the physical and mental endowments of the inhabitants than can be found in any area ten times greater, cut out of the solid trapezium of Asia or of Africa. Not only do what may be termed island continents, afford facilities for frequent intercourse among men, they also furnish intercourse between men of various physical and mental endowments; and constantly reproduce this intercourse, by constantly reproducing differently endowed varieties of mankind.

These views gain force from the circumstance that the varieties of mankind who have advanced European civilization to its present height, are offsprings from the same stock that now wanders over the steppes of Asia, or are petrified into the barbaric castes of India. The identity of the Greek and Latin languages with the Sans-

* Physical History Mankind, vol. 2. p. 57. The latter remark confirms our view of the influence of temperature on physical development; for the mountainous regions, within the tropics, frequently enjoy the mild temperature of the middle zone of the earth.

† 'The earliest names given by the ancients to the inhabitants of countries to the northwards of the Euxine are descriptive of their physical characters or external aspect; and these names though they belonged to races who have long since disappeared from the Pontic countries, yet indicate physical characters similar to those of the present inhabitants.' 'Nature,' says M. Kruse, 'is always like herself, and produces similar offspring under similar external conditions. It would appear that certain climates are favorable to the development of such physical characters, which take place wherever these are found, and disappear in races which are removed from under their influence.' *Id.*, vol. 3, p. 446.

krit, or sacred language of the Hindus, indisputably point out the kindred origin of the Indians and these classical nations. 'From the neighborhood of the Bish-Balig (or the fine towns) issued those successive swarms which traversed the rivers of the Euxine and made their way into Europe, first under the names of Hunns, and afterwards under those of Chazars, Bulgarians and Komarians.' (Vol. IV. p. 315.) These races all came from the neighborhood of the lake Baikal, and are identical with the same great Turkish race, part of which still occupies the mountain-environed region of Bish-Balig, in a state barely removed from barbarism; another portion having over-run the southeastern part of Europe, and the adjacencies of Asia, comprise the present Ottomans, considerably advanced in civilization; and still another portion mingled with the inhabitants of central Europe, in a still more favorable geographical position, have carried civilization to the highest limit yet attained upon this globe.

It may be objected to these views, that they do not account for all the phenomena;—for instance, the stationary or retrograde movements of nations dwelling in geographical positions most favorable to the development of civilization. The reply to this objection, is, that certain geographical positions are capable of producing and advancing civilization of a certain type to its utmost stage of development, and that beyond this type there are general or grand advances, which can only be accomplished by the blending or amalgamating the civilization of one type with that of another type, more advanced, or perhaps a complementary co-ordinate. And, moreover, the advancement of civilization in a continuous stream, is impossible in any one given geographical location, because no one location upon the globe is furnished even with the physical requisites of such advancement. The civilization of Egypt could originate and grow perfect in no part of the earth, except such as the Nile or a similar

stream should overflow in periods synchronous with certain astronomical events. Nor could Egyptian civilization develop, in Egypt, the more ideal and beautiful type of Greek civilization, nor yet the civilization of Great Britain—and for obvious physical reasons.

Having advanced any type of civilization to the perfection of its type, men regard it as good, and worthy the preserving; but, in the endeavor to preserve it from innovation, they are apt to surround it with barriers that keep it stationary; hence, stationary civilization. Retrograde movements, in favorable geographical positions, arise from conquest, or some great moral depression brooding over the people. Yet at any, the most distant time, when this moral cause may be removed, the people will become salient and progressive.

It may be further objected that in this hypothesis the vast influence of Christianity, as a civilizer, is not taken into the account. Yet no one can be more profoundly sensible than we, of the paramount importance of Christianity among the influences which govern human advancement. Without Divine Revelation the human mind could never have soared to those heights of thought whence drop down those hallowed sentiments, which, in creating the joys of home and the wants of home, the abeyance of a well spent present, to a glorious future life—have stimulated the human mind in its onward path.

The Great Founder of the Christian religion has said, that the seed must fall upon good ground, in order to bring forth good fruit; and this truth is fully exemplified in the topographical movement of Christianity. Begun in the very center of the habitable globe, the gospel radiated in all directions. From Jerusalem the Apostles went forth, armed with holy zeal, and planted the banner of the Cross in the four corners of the earth, as recorded in the New Testament: they were successful in every direction. But where

is Christianity now? We find it following the directions, and spreading over regions the geographical positions of which are most favorable for the development of the human mind. Shut up in the confines of Armenia, or in the heights of Abyssinia—geographically isolated from the currents of variously-endowed races of varieties of men—it has dwindled down to the rankest superstition, and utterly failed as an element promoting the development of civilization. Towards the West, however, the star of Christianity took its way, and flourished, because, in that direction it fell in with geographical positions affording frequent intercourse between variously endowed men.

The last object we shall mention, relates to the assumed superiority of certain so-called 'races' of mankind—the term races meaning, not merely a distinct breed, but even a separate and distinct creation of the genus *homo*. In that part of the habitable globe in which these presents are written, it is a prevalent opinion that the All-Wise Creator

'Tried his 'prentice hand on man'
And then he made'—

not 'a woman,' as Burns gallantly said, but an Anglo-Saxon; and in the 'triumph of the hour,' it is no uncommon thing to hear Irishmen and Scotchmen echo the praises of their Anglo-Saxon energy and Anglo-Saxon blood.

How far are these Anglo-Saxons a race? Let us see. Originally Low Dutch, they thereby claim kin with the great Germanic race; they are a cross between the latter and the Celtic race, with which they were mingled in their continental, as well as insular abode. As part of the Germanic race, or Berserkers (query, purse seekers?) they had already undergone the thousand and one admixtures which the race underwent from its exodus from Asia until its final settlement in Europe. So far from being a distinct race of mankind, endowed, as a race, with superior genius, this Anglo-Saxon

race is an admixture of all the Indo-European races, and owes its great energy to this very admixture in connexion with the fortunate accidents of a fine climate and otherwise favorable geographical position.

We have now finished our imperfect say on the influences of climate and geographical position upon civilization. There are physical causes, such as food, which exert a powerful influence, but most of them are immediately or remotely dependent on the grand causes we have endeavored to discuss. From the facts adduced, it is evident that whatever prevents the full and harmonious development of the human frame, or whatever arrests the intercourse of mind with mind, will retard the advancement or the civilization of the human race.

Tracing these physical causes to their physical results, the conclusion is inevitable that two elements occupy opposite positions in regard to civilization; *admixture*, the positive, *isolation* the negative.

This is true of moral as well as physical influences. If we look into the institutions of mankind, we find that wherever these institutions favor a free admixture of human thought, there, civilization advances; but, wherever human institutions isolate human thought, keep soul from communion with its fellow soul, there progress ceases—and the stage of advancement, however great, or however small, at which this isolation occurs, such advancement ceases, and leaves frozen into rock, the monuments of the æra at which the breath of life ceased and the step onward was forcibly arrested. The chrysalis of a higher life may have been there, the germs of a new the vast era of improvement may have sent forth their shoots—but there they remain hushed, passionless, still, the seal of a moral death upon them.

Caste is the general term for that feature in human institutions which isolates man from his fellow man. Wherever caste is established civiliza-

tion is arrested, and either remains stationary, as in China, or sinks back into barbarism. In India, for example, the inhabitants of Malabar are divided into the following castes:

1. Brahmans, who are called Nam-buris.

2. Nayrs of various denominations; these are the rajahs or great lords.

3. Tiaris,—free cultivators.

4. Malears, musicians and conjurers.

5. Poliaris, who are serfs or bondsmen attached to the soil.

A Nayar may approach but must not touch a Brahman. A Tiar must not come within thirty-six steps of a Brahman, or within twelve of a Nayar. The lower orders have their fixed limits of approach.

Had these or similar castes existed in the fifteenth century, the art of printing could not have been accomplished;* and if Great Britain during the last seven hundred years, had been the field of similar castes, had her Peter been irrevocably separated from her Peasant, her Yeoman from her Artisan, she would not have advanced one footfall in that great path of civilization which she has so gloriously trod. It has been in proportion as one caste after another has been broken down, and as international hatred has merged into a unity of feeling, and of effort, and of intercourse, that she has led the world along towards new and important advances. Our own Republic, no unworthy offspring of that great Empire, has, in a great measure, emulated her noble example. Enjoying equal, nay, superior advantages, in a more various admixture of differently endowed men, comprised of, as our motto indicates, *E PLURIBUS UNUM*, we have kept pace with our prototype.

From many nations—from the dogged energy of the Englishman, from

the cold, abiding intellect of the Scot, from the fresh, buoyant spirit of the Irishman, from the keen analytic skill of the Gaul, from the far-searching, subtle genius of the German, from the mild, nomad aborigine, and, though last not least, from the all-suffering, the all-enduring, the all-surviving and ever-despised negro—from all these varieties of the human family, are made up the unity of the American People. The largest, the most frequent and freest intercourse of the most variously endowed men that the world has yet seen assembled together, make up the physical character and constitute the intellectual being of the American Nation. No wonder then that we surpass all the world beside in the rapidity of our growth, and the promise of our advancement.

Blessed furthermore with a territory the largest portion of which lies within the range of temperature most favorable for physical and mental labor; a territory, moreover, sufficiently diversified by geographical position,—constantly to reproduce variously endowed men; and having, in the Steam Engine, a means of keeping alive the intercourse between the various sections of this territory, all the elements of Progress lie within our grasp and must multiply with the duration of Christianity and of Union amongst us.

The only drawback in our prosperity is the caste which slavery has thrown in our midst, and which is chief minister to the continuance of slavery. The retrograde movement of States in which slavery and caste have greatest influence, compared with the advancement of other States comparatively uncursed with these isolators, are abundantly known.

The destruction of this caste and slavery will remove the last barrier in the way of our national advancement: it is therefore a labor incumbent on every American citizen who holds dear the cause of Human Progress. More especially does this duty devolve upon the colored American. For the first time, within record of

* Petrus Ophillio Gernsheim, (then, servant of the first inventor, J. Fautet,) an ingenious and tireless man, discovered a superior method of cutting type, and carried the art to its present perfection.—*Lambert*, 1,100.

written history, the negro variety of mankind is placed within the pale of civilization, with the chances of becoming part and parcel thereof. Shall bolts and bars affixed to the temples of learning, shall frowns and scorn written upon the faces of our proud fellow men, shall the infirmities stamped upon us by the influences of a less favorable clime, or the horrible endurance of two centuries of servitude—shall these or twenty such impediments, crush our energies or pale our hopes? No.

Let us toil on, then, and with hope. Away down in the depths of ocean, scarcely reached by the light of the sun, the coral insect toils on through years on years; the insect perishes, but its labors live, and pile on pile, its tiny successors continually lay, whilst the years roll on. At length, uncounted ages having glided by, the tiny laborers reach the surface of the sea; the waves joyfully caress the visitant, and the birds of the air rest their weary wings in the same, and air and ocean bring their offerings to the successful laborer; at length the ships of the sea come, and find a refuge from the tempest; men erect their dwellings, society is organized, and the Great Father of all is glorified;—and all this has come from the noiseless, persevering toil of the little laborer, only gifted with instinct, in the depths of the ocean. In what are called the Dark Ages, when the ocean of ignorance and superstition, dammed up by the iron walls of caste, kept the human mind stagnant, unmoved, there were, here and there in stony cells, hundreds of monks, who plied their unwearied pens in transcribing and illuminating with fantastic figures, the lore of Ancient Greece and Rome. Long years rolled by, and from the humble toil of theirs, the glory of modern letters and the light of modern science have arisen.

Higher, far higher than the labor of the coral, loftier than the toil of the monks, is the work allotted to the man of color in these United States; like

them he is doomed to toil, but he toils with a reward constantly in his grasp, with the glorious result full in his view; he knows that the progress of mankind is intrusted to his keeping, and he toils for the advent of that time of 'blissful tranquility' for the race, 'when the spiritual shall become regnant over the carnal.'

THE ATTRACTION OF PLANETS.

BY M. R. DELANY.

Many, even among persons of intelligence and scientific attainments, entertain the apprehension of a 'clashing of worlds,' or the contact of ours with some other planet. This is a physical impossibility, according to the laws of nature. And though in truth it may be said that theory on the heavenly bodies is merely conjectural, yet the simple observance of a scientific fact, will prove the fallacy of the premise.

There is a law essential to matter, of mutual attraction and repulsion, which would seem to depend on the spherical shape of bodies. The ultimate particles of all matter being spherical, different substances, differing in their power of attraction, present this property in different degrees, and apparently under different circumstances—the larger the body, the greater the powers of attraction and repulsion, which has properly been attributed to the presence of electricity, demonstrated by isolated bodies, in opposite states of electrical influence, positive and negative.

Why this is so, is a question no more to be answered satisfactorily, than to explain the cause of the projecting rays of the sun. Yet it will not be denied that the rays of the sun are known to a certainty to project, because we both see and feel their effects and influence on everything around us.

Atomic, or the attraction of cohesion—so far as its nature is concerned, as yet remains a mystery to the scientific world, which never as yet has been satisfactorily explained. But why remain a mystery, since the attraction of gravitation and the influence of electricity have become known.

It has long since been discovered that different materials present different powers of attraction. Thus, lead has less than gold, gold than silver, silver than copper, copper than iron; each of which is proportionably stronger than the other, which depends entirely upon cohesion, or the mutual attraction of particles.

What, then, is cohesive attraction? Why do particles, unseparated by force, mutually adhere together?

The only attraction, the nature of which is understood with certainty, is that of electricity, different materials possessing for it, different degrees of capacity.

Thus, two bodies, when 'similarly electrified'—whether in a high or low degree—'mutually repel each other,' while two 'dissimilarly electrified, mutually attract each other.' Hence, a positively electrified body will attract a negative, whilst two positive or two negative will mutually repel each other.

The terms positive and negative, are simply relative, referring to the comparative condition of each body with the other.

A body is said to be positive when containing a higher degree of electricity than another with which it is compared, and negative when a lower degree. The beauty and wisdom of this arrangement must become apparent.

All substances, as proven by chemical analysis, are composed of compound materials, even those which are thought to be reduced to a simple elementary constituent. If a body in the aggregate be thus composed, each particle being also a body independent, must also in like manner be composed of compound materials, as it is impos-

sible by any mechanical agency, to reduce a solid body to the ultimate atomic constituency.

By this may be understood the laws of the attraction of cohesion; the positive and negative state of the atomic particles of matter.

These minute particles in different electric-conditions, continually mutually attract each other, forming the closest adhesion. The fracture, or separation of parts of a body unknown by force, must be attributable to an electrical similarity of all the particles which separated from each other, which is simply electrical repulsion, by similarly electrified bodies.

Electricity, like caloric or heat, is universal or everywhere present, which being in a latent state, is only observed when sensibly excited to action. It is in this state of latency it acts as cohesive attraction, the surplus fluid passing off to neighboring foreign bodies. By this mighty economy is displayed the wisdom of Omnipotence, and disclosed the wonderful laws which govern the Planetary system of the universe.

The Sun, the centre of our system, stands unmoved in space, except to revolve on his axis, and being similarly electrified, keeps at a proper distance the earth, revolving in her orbit.

But to complete these revolutions, and harmonize the system in conformity with the annual changes of seasons, the earth must continually vary in electrical intensity, being alternately positive and negative.

Supposing the earth, when 'ushered out of Almighty hands,'—at any given distance from the sun, which distance, according to Divine wisdom, would be in harmony with the design—to have been in a negative state of electricity, it would necessarily have projected through space—attracted by the sun's superior body of intense electricity—until reaching within a given distance—having attained the same degree of electrical intensity, increasing as it approached—a repulsion would take place, when the earth, instead of being

directly stopped in her progress and turned back; by the radiating arrangement of the solar influence, would change her direction in a curve or ellipsis, and passing a short distance around the sun, when, with a velocity equal to that with which she approached, retrace her course by repulsion of the sun. Continuing an opposite direction until losing her electrical intensity—having reached near the point of starting—being again attracted, retraces her steps in a curve, returning toward the sun by the original path, forming the annual revolution.

The Moon, doubtless, bears the same relation to the earth as the earth to the sun, being governed by the same laws of attraction.

The revolution of the planets upon their own axes, taking place at the first attractive impulse, there could not be any counteracting influence, to change their course of motion. Hence their continual revolution with unimpeded or unaccelerated motion, in the same direction in which the first impulse was given.

By this beautiful law alone, may the phenomenon of *meteoric stones* be satisfactorily accounted for. These astronomical missiles, being stone or minerals—some *material* substance—situated on the surface of the moon, attaining an electric intensity equal to that of the centre of the planet—in which condition it is simply positive to it—is suddenly repulsed with a force, proportional to the difference of their bulk, projecting it through space to the earth—the comparative short distance of 240,000 miles—with a velocity imperceptible to the naked eye.

The exit of a meteoric missile, might not consume a longer time than would be required by the hand of the swiftest penman, to write the word *meteoric stone*, or the darting across the heavens of a vivid flash of lightning. When comparing this estimate with that of the velocity of the swift-

est planets, it may not appear extravagant.

The diameter of the sun is estimated, at 2,400,000 miles. Supposing every ray of light emanating from this immense surface of two millions four hundred thousand miles of a circle—which doubtless is the case—to be a medium for active electrical attraction, its impulsive influence upon the earth will not for a moment be doubted. And comparing the earth in relation to the sun, with a stone thrown from the moon, with the repulsive influence of that planet, places at once it would seem the conclusion beyond a successful controversy.

The rays of the sun are doubtless, the great *media* of electrical attraction and influence upon our planetary system, the earth being a modifying medium between the sun and moon, other planets in like manner, relatively modifying each other's motion.

Positive electricity impels the earth to aphelion; *negative* to perihelion—the moon to *apogee* and *perigee*: the great mystery of the laws of the *Mutual attraction* of matter, and *planetary motion*, doubtless finding a solution in the laws of electricity.

The earth as a body containing all the elements of *atomic* attraction—as previously explained—attains an electrical intensity, making it *positive* to every thing upon the surface, thus from their negative condition attracting and retaining them permanently upon it. The location of this electrical influence, is always at the *centre* of bodies; hence the impossibility of separating a portion of the planet away from herself. Were this not the case, it would be impossible to retain anything upon the surface, as all detached or loose bodies would immediately fly off in a tangent, being repelled by the revolution of the earth on her axis.

Latent electricity does not affect small bodies, nor detached portions of large ones—as planets—in relation to themselves, although of similar electrical intensity.

Thus, two copper balls of equal

electrical capacity and intensity, may be brought in close proximity, without any sensible effect whatever.—Or the same of copper and iron of unequal capacity and intensity, (one *positive* and the other *negative*) and there would be a similar result, no sensible effect whatever.

To be effective in either case, there must be electrical *excitement* in the repelling body—that one having the greatest electrical capacity—which is *sensible* or *active* electricity.

This excitement in small bodies is produced by friction or rubbing; whilst in the planets it may be, by their universal combination of all material substances, their great velocity through space, amidst the continual motion and chemical composition, of their own atmospheres—atmospheres, gases and matter to us unknown—with the beautiful economy of their revolutionary arrangement, of continual proximity and retrocession toward and from a common centre, which incessantly sends forth sensible rays of matter, all tend with transcendent and admirable adaptation, to keep up a state of sensible electricity necessary for impelling the revolution of the great Planetary System.

As iron placed in contact with copper becomes positively electrified—the copper becoming *negative*—and tin in like manner placed with iron becoming *positive*—the iron becoming *negative*—so may the earth be similarly affected when in comparative near proximity to some other planet; and others in like manner to each other.

At the point of aphelion—having attained a *negative* condition—the earth being attracted by the sun—which is always intensely *positive* to all other bodies belonging to the solar system—is impelled to perihelion; where again attaining a *positive* condition, it is impelled to aphelion through an electric elliptical orbit, the track of its annual circuit.

It is not improbable that the earth like the moon occasionally casts off stones, or other missiles from her sur-

face, to some other planet—most probably the moon. At the instant when that planet is at perigee, a 'rock,' or some other detached solid body (may they not be real *magnetic stones*?) having attained a positive intensity of sensible electricity, equal to that of the body of the earth, is impelled to the moon as a meteoric stone to us.

Doubtless this theory will be disputed like all new discoveries, provided those who are competent deign to notice it; but should it receive the verdict of a 'bill of ignoramus,' that will not prevent intelligent minds from reflection.

BLAKE: OR THE HUTS OF AMERICA.

A TALE OF THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY,
THE SOUTHERN UNITED STATES, AND
CUBA.

We publish in this issue Chapters 28, 29, and 30, of a new work of thrilling interest, with the above title, on the manuscript of which the author (Dr. M. R. Delany), now holds a copyright. This work differs essentially from all others heretofore published. It not only shows the combined political and commercial interests that unite the North and South, but gives in the most familiar manner the formidable understanding among the slaves throughout the United States and Cuba. The scene is laid in Mississippi, the plot extending into Cuba; the Hero being an educated West India black, who deprived of his liberty by fraud when young, and brought to the United States, in maturer age, at the instance of his wife being sold from him, sought revenge through the medium of a deep laid secret organization.

The work is written in two parts, so as to make two volumes in one, containing some 80 Chapters and about 600 pages. We do not give these Chapters because of their particular interest above the others, but that they were the only ones the author would permit us to copy. The writer of said work, as will be seen, is also the author of a new theory of the Attraction of Planets, Cohesion &c. and is at the head of a scientific corps of colored gentlemen, 'The Niger Valley Exploring Party,' and now in this city arranging for an expedition of his party to Central Africa. The party

consists of Dr. Martin R. Delany, Mr. Robert Douglass, Artist, Mr. Robert Campbell, Naturalist, Dr. Amos Aray, Surgeon, and Mr. James R. Purnell, Secretary and Commercial reporter.

We commend these Chapters to our readers, and hope that the author may place the work into the hands of a publisher before he departs for Africa.

The Fugitives.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

WITH much apprehension, Henry and comrades passed hastily through the State of Arkansas, he having previously traversed it partly, had learned sufficient to put him on his guard.

Traveling in the night, to avoid the day, the progress was not equal to the emergency. Though Henry carried a pocket compass, they kept in sight of the Mississippi river, to take their chance of the first steamer passing by.

The third night out, being Monday, at day-break in the morning, their rest for the day was made at a convenient point within the verge of a forest. Suddenly Charles gave vent to hearty laughter, at a time when all were supposed to be serious, having the evening past, been beset by a train of three negro dogs, which, having first been charmed, they slew at the instant; the dogs probably not having been sent on trail of them, but, after the custom of the state, baying on a general round to intimidate the slaves from clandestinely venturing out, and to attack such runaways as might by chance be found in their track.

'Wat's da mauttah Chauls?' enquired Andy.

'I was just thinking,' replied he, 'of the sight of three high conjurers, who if Ghamus and Gholar be true, can do anything they please, having to escape by night, and travel in the wild woods, to evade the pursuit of white men, who do not pretend to know anything about sich things.'

'Dat's a fact,' added Andy, 'an' little, scronny triflin' weck, white men

at dat—any one uv us heah, ought to whip two or three uv 'em at once. Dares Hugh's a little bit a feller, I could take 'im in one han' an' throw 'im oveh my head, an' ole Pottah, for his pant, he so ole an' good foh nothin, I could whip wid one hand half a dozen like 'im.'

'Now you see, boys,' said Henry, 'how much conjuration and such foolishness and stupidity is worth to the slaves in the South. All that it does, is to but money into the pockets of the pretended conjurer, give him power over others by making them afraid of him; and even old Gamby Gholar and Mandy Ghamus and the rest of the 'Seven Heads,' with all of the high conjurers in the Dismal Swamp, are depending more upon me to deliver them from their confinement as prisoners in the Swamp and runaway slaves, than all their combined efforts together. I made it a special part of my mission wherever I went, to enlighten them on this subject.'

'I wandah you didn't fend 'em,' replied Andy.

'No danger of that, since having so long, to no purpose, depended upon such persons and nonsense, they are sick at heart of them, and waiting willing and ready, for anything which may present for their aid, even to the destruction of their long cherished, silly nonsense of conjuration.'

'Thang God foh dat!' concluded Andy.

Charles having fallen asleep, Andy became the sentinel of the party, as it was the arrangement for each one alternately, every two hours during rest, to watch while the other two slept. Henry having next fallen into a doze, Andy heard a cracking among the bushes, when on looking around, two men approached them. Being fatigued, drowsy, and giddy, he became much alarmed, arousing his comrades, all springing to their feet. The men advanced, who, to their gratification proved to be Eli and Ambrose, two Arkansas slaves, who having promised to meet Henry on his return,

had effected their escape immediately after first meeting him, lurking in the forest in the direction which he had laid out to take.

Eli was so fair as to be taken, when first seen to be a white man. Throwing their arms about Henry, they bestowed upon him their blessing and thanks, for his advent into the State as the means of their escape.

While thus exchanging gratulations, the approach up stream of a steamer was heard, and at once Henry devised the expedient, and determined boldly to hail her and demand a passage. Putting Eli forward as the master, Ambrose carrying the *ports manteau* which belonged to the two, and the others with bundles in their hands, all rushed to the bank of the river on the verge of the thicket; Eli held up a handkerchief as a signal. The bell tolled, and the yawl immediately lowered, made for the shore. It was agreed that Eli should be known as Major Ely, of Arkansas.

Seeing that blacks were of the company, when the yawl approached, the mate stood upon her fore-castle.

'What's the faction here?' cried out the sturdy mate.

'Where are you bound?' enquired Eli.

'For St. Louis.'

'Can I get a passage for myself and four negroes?'

'What's the name, sir?'

'Major Ely, of Arkansas,' was the reply.

'Aye, aye, sir come aboard,' said the mate; when, pulling away, the steamer was soon reached, the slaves going to the deck, and the master to the cabin.

On application for a state room, the clerk, on learning the name, desired to know his destination.

'The State of Missouri, sir,' said Eli, 'between the points of the mouth of the Ohio and St. Genevieve.'

'Ely,' repeated the clerk, 'I've heard that name before—it's a Missouri name—any relation to Dr. Ely, Major?'

'Yes, a brother's son,' was the prompt reply.

'Yes, yes, I thought I knew the name,' replied the clerk, 'but the old fellow wasn't quite of your way of thinking, concerning negroes, I believe?'

'No, he is one man, and I'm another, and he may go his way, and I'll go mine,' replied Eli.

'That's the right feeling, Major,' replied the clerk, 'and we would have a much healthier state of politics in the country, if men generally would only agree to act on that principle.'

'It has ever been my course,' said Eli.

'Peopling a new farm, I reckon major?'

'Yes sir.'

The master, keeping a close watch upon the slaves, was frequently upon deck among them, and requested that they might be supplied with more than common fare for slaves, he sparing no expense to make them comfortable. The slaves, on their part, appeared to be particularly attached to him, always smiling when he approached, apparently regretting when he left for the cabin.

Meanwhile, the steamer gracefully plowing up the current, making great headway, reached the point desired, when the master and slaves were safely transferred from the steamer to the shore of Missouri.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE PURSUIT.

The absence of mammy Judy, daddy Joe, Charles and little Tony, on the return early Monday morning of Colonel Franks and lady from the country, unmistakably proved the escape of their slaves, and the farther proof of the exit of 'squire Potter's Andy and Beckwith's Clara, with the remembrance of the stampede a few months previously, required no farther confirmation of the fact, when the neighborhood again was excited to fer-

ment. The advisory committee was called into immediate council, and ways and means devised for the arrest of the recreant slaves recently left, and to prevent among them the recurrence of such things; a pursuit was at once commenced, which for the three succeeding days was carried in the wrong direction—towards Jackson, whither, it was supposed in the neighborhood, Henry had been lurking previous to the last sally upon their premises, as he had certainly been seen on Saturday evening, coming from the landing.

No traces being found in that direction, the course was changed, the swiftest steamer boarded in pursuit for the Ohio river. This point being reached but a few hours subsequent to that of the fugitives, when learning of their course, the pursuers proceeded toward the place of their destination, on the Mississippi river.

This point being the southern part of Missouri but a short distance above the confluence of the Ohio and Mississippi, the last named river had, of necessity, to be passed, being to the fugitives only practicable by means of a ferry. The ferryman in this instance commanded a horse-boat, he residing on the opposite side of the river. Stepping up to him—a tall, raw-boned athletic, rough looking, bearded fellow—Eli saluted:

‘We want to cross the river, sir!’

‘Am yers free?’ enquired the ferryman.

‘Am I free! are *you* free?’ rejoined Eli.

‘Yes, I be’s a *white* man!’ replied the boatman.

‘And so am I!’ retorted Eli, ‘and you dare not tell me I’m not.’

‘I’ll swong, stranger, yer mus’ scuse me, as I did n’ take notice on yez! but I like to know if them air black folks ye got wey yer am free, cause if they arn’t, I be ’sponsible for ’em ’cording to the new law, called, I ’bleve the Nebrasky Complimize Fugintive Slave Act, made down at Californy, last year,’ apologized and explained the somewhat confused ferryman.

‘Yes,’ replied Henry, ‘we are free, and if we were not, I do’n’t think it any part of your business to know. I thought you were here to carry people across the river.’

‘But frien’,” rejoined the man, ‘yer don’t understan’ it. This are a law made by the Newnited States of Ameriky, an’ I be ’bliged to fulfill it by ketchin’ every fugintive that goes to cross this way, or I mus’ pay a thousand dollars, and go to jail till the black folks is got, if that be’s never. Yer see yez cant blame me, as I mus’ ’bey the laws of Congress I’ll swong it be’s hardly a fair shake nuth-er, but I be ’bliged to ’bey the laws, yer know.’

‘Well sir,’ replied Henry, ‘we want to cross the river.’

‘Let me see yez papers frien’?” asked the ferryman.

‘My friend,’ said Henry, ‘are you willing to make yourself a watch-dog for slaveholders, and do for them that which they would not do for themselves, catch runaway slaves? Don’t you know that this is the work which they boast on having the poor white men at the North do for them? Have you not yet learned to attend to *your own interests* instead of theirs? Here are our free papers,’ holding out his open hand, in which lay five half-eagle pieces.

‘Junp aboard!’ cried the ferryman.

Quick, quick!’ shouted he, as the swift feet of four horses were heard dashing up the road.

Scarcely had the boat moved from her fastenings, till they had arrived; the riders dismounted, who presenting revolvers, declared upon the boatman’s life, instantly, if he did not change the direction of his boat and come back to the Missouri shore. Seizing a well-charged rifle belonging to the boatman, his comrades each with a well aimed six-barreled weapon.

‘Shoot if you dare!’ exclaimed Henry, the slaveholders declining their arms,—when, turning to the awe-stricken ferryman, handing him the twenty-five dollars, said, ‘your cause

is a just one, and your reward is sure; take this money, proceed and you are safe—refuse, and you instantly die!’

‘Then I be to do right,’ declared the boatman, ‘if I die by it,’ when applying the whip to the horses, in a few moments landed them on the Illinois shore.

This being the only ferry in the neighborhood, and fearing a bribe or coercion by the people on the Illinois side, or the temptation of a high reward from the slave catchers, Henry determined on eluding, if possible, every means of pursuit.

‘What are your horses worth?’ enquired he.

‘They can’t be no use to your friend case they is both on ’em bline, an’ couldn’t travel twenty mile a day, on a stretch!’

‘Have you any other horses?’

‘They be all the horses I got; I gineraly feed a spell this side. I lives over here—this are my feedin’ trip,’ drawled the boatman.

‘What will you take for them?’

‘Well, friend they arn’t wuth much to buy, no how, but wuth good lock to me for drawin’ the boat over, yer see.’

‘What did they cost you in buying them?’

‘Well, I o’ny gin six—seven dollars apiece, or sich a maiter for ’em when I got ’em, an’ they cos me some two—three dollars, or sich a matter, more to get ’em in pullin’ order, yer see.’

‘Will you sell them to me?’

‘I hadn’t ort to part wey ’em friend, as I do good lock o’ bisness hereabouts wey them air nags, bline as they be.’

‘Here are thirty dollars for your horses,’ said Henry, putting into his hand the money in gold pieces, when, unhitching them from their station, leading them out to the side of the boat, he shot them, pushing them over into the river.

‘Farewell my friend,’ saluted Henry, he and comrades leaving the astonished ferryman gazing after them, whilst the slaveholders on the other

shore stood grinding their teeth, grimacing their faces, shaking their fists, with various gesticulations of threat, none of which were either heard, heeded or cared for by the fleeing party, or determined ferryman.

Taking a northeasterly course of Indiana, Andy being an accustomed singer, commenced, in lively glee and cheerful strains, singing to the expressive words:

‘We are like a band of pilgrims,
In a strange and foreign land,
With our knap-packs on our shoulders,
And our cudgels in our hands,
We have many miles before us.
But it lessens not our joys,
We will sing a merry chorus,
For we are the tramping boys.’

Then joined in chorus the whole party—

‘We are all jogging,
Jog, jog, jogging,
And we’re all jogging.
We are going to the North!’

The Wabash river becoming the next point of obstruction, a ferry, as in the last case, had also to be crossed, the boatman residing on the Indiana side.

‘Are you free?’ enquired the boatman, as the party of blacks approached.

‘We are,’ was the reply of Henry.

‘Where are you from?’ continued he.

‘We are from home, sir,’ replied Charles, ‘and the sooner you take us across the river, just so much sooner will we reach it.’

Still doubting their right to pass he asked for their papers, but having by this time become so conversant with the patriotism and fidelity of these men to their country. Charles handing the Indianan a five dollar piece, who on seeing the out-stretched wings of the eagle, desired no farther evidence of their right to pass, conveying them into the State, contrary to the statutes of the Commonwealth.

On went the happy travelers without hinderance, or molestation, until the middle of the week next ensuing.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE ATTACK, RESISTANCE, ARREST.

The travel for the last ten days had been pleasant, save the necessity in the more southern part of the State, of lying by through the day and traveling at night—the fugitives cheerful and full of hope, nothing transpiring to mar their happiness, until approaching a village in the centre of northern Indiana.

Supposing their proximity to the British Provinces made them safe, with an imprudence not before committed by the discreet runaways, when nearing a blacksmith's shop a mile and a half from the village, Andy in his usual manner, with stentorian voice, commenced the following song:

'I'm on my way to Canada,
That cold and dreary land :
The dire effects of slavery,
I can no longer stand.
My soul is vexed within me so,
To think that I'm a slave,
I've now resolved to strike the blow,
For Freedom or the grave.'

All uniting in the chorus,

'O, righteous Father
Wilt thou not pity me ;
And aid me on to Canada,
Where fugitives are free ?
I heard old England plainly say,
If we would all forsake
Our native land of Slavery,
And come across the lake.'

'There, Ad'line ! I golly, don't you hear that ?' said Dave Starkweather, the blacksmith, to his wife, both of whom on hearing the unusual noise of singing, thrust their heads out of the door of a little log hut, stood patiently listening to the song, every word of which they distinctly caught ; 'them's fugertive slaves, an' I'll have 'em tuck up ; they might have passed, but for their singin' praise to that darned Queen ! I can't stan' that no how !'

'No,' replied Adaline, 'I'm sure I don't see what they sing to her for ; she's no 'Merican. We ain't under her now, am we Dave ?'

'No we ain't, Ad'line, not sence the battle o' Waterloo, an' I golly, we

wouldn't be if we was. The 'Mericans could whip her a darned sight easier now than what they done when they fit her at Waterloo.'

'Lah me, Dave, you could whip 'er yourself, she ai'nt bigger nor tother wimin is she ?' said Mrs. Starkweather
'No she ain't, not a darn' bit ! replied he.

'Dave, ask em in the shop to rest,' suggested the wife in a hurried whisper, elbowing her husband as the party advanced, having ceased singing so soon as they saw the faces of white persons.

'Travlin' I reckon ?' interrogated the blacksmith, 'little tired, I spose ?'

'Yes sir, a little so,' replied Henry

'Didn't come far, I 'spect ?' continued he.

'Not very,' carelessly replied Henry.

'Take seat there, and rest ye little,' pointing to a smoothly-worn log, used by the visitors of the shop.

'Thank you,' said Henry, 'we will,' all seating themselves in a row.

'Take little somethin' ?' asked he ; stepping back to a corner, taking out of a caddy in the wall, a rather corpulent green bottle, turning it up to his mouth, drenching himself almost to strangulation.

'We don't drink, sir,' replied the fugitives.

'Temperance, I reckon ?' enquired the smith.

'Rather so,' replied Henry.

'Kind o' think we'll have a spell o' weather ?'

'Yes,' said Andy, 'dat's certain ; we 'll have a spell a weatheh !'

On entering the shop, the person at the bellows, a tall, able-bodied young man, was observed to pass out at the back door, a number of persons of both sexes to come frequently look in, and depart, succeeded by others ; no import being attached to this, supposing themselves to be an attraction, partly from their singing, and mainly from their color being a novelty in the neighborhood.

During conversation with the black-

smith, he after eyeing very closely the five strangers, was observed to walk behind the door, stand for some minutes looking as if reading, when resuming his place at the anvil, after which he went out at the back door. Curiosity now, with some anxiety induced Henry to look for the cause of it, when with no little alarm, he discovered a handbill fully descriptive of himself and comrades, having been issued in the town of St. Genevieve, offering a heavy reward, particularizing the scene at the Mississippi ferry, the killing of the horses as an aggravated offense, because depriving a poor man of his only means of livelihood, being designed to strengthen inducements to apprehend them, the bill being signed 'John Harris.'

Evening now ensuing, Henry and comrades, the more easily to pass through the village without attraction, had remained until this hour, resting in the blacksmith shop. Enquiring for some black family in the neighborhood, they were cited to one consisting of an old man and woman, Devan by name, residing on the other side, a short distance from the village.

'Ye'll fine ole Bill of the right stripe,' said the blacksmith knowingly, 'ye needn' be feard o' him. Ye'll fine him and ole Sally just what they say they is; I'll go bail for that. The first log hut ye come to after ye leave the village is thern; jist knock at the door, an' ye'll fine ole Bill an' Sally all right blame if ye don't. Jis name me; tell 'em Dave Starkweather sent ye there, an' blamed if ye dont fine things at high water mark; I'm tellin' ye so, blained if I ain't!' was the commendation of the blacksmith.

'Thank you for your kindness,' replied Henry, politely bowing as they rose from the log, 'good bye sir!'

'Devilish decent lookin' black fellers,' said the man of the anvil, complimenting, designedly for them to hear, 'blained if they ain't as free as we is—I golly they is!'

Without, as they thought, attracting attention, passing through the village

a half mile or more, they came to a log hut on the right side of the way.

'How yeh do fren? How yeh come on?' saluted a short, rather corpulent wheezing old black man, 'come in. Hi! dahs good many on yeh; ole 'omin come, heal's some frens!' calling his wife Sally, an old woman, shorter in stature, but not less corpulent than he, sitting by a comfortable dry-stump fire.

'How is yeh, frens? How yeh do? come to da fiah, mighty cole!' said the old woman.

'Quite cool,' replied Andy, rubbing his hands, spreading them out, protecting his face from the heat.

'Yeh is travelin, I reckon, there is good many go 'long heal; we no call t'ask 'em whah da gwine, we knows who da is, case we come from dah. I an, ole man once slave in Faginny; mighty good country fah black folks.'

Sally set immediately about preparing something to give her guests a good meal. Henry admonished them against extra trouble, but they insisted on giving them a good supper.

Deeming it more prudent, the hut being on the highway, Henry requested to retire until summoned to supper, being shown to the loft attained by a ladder and simple hatchway, the door of which was shut down, and fastened on the lower side.

The floor consisting of rough, unjointed boards, containing great cracks through which the light and heat from below passed up, all could be both seen and heard, which transpired below.

Seeing the old man so frequently open and look out at the door, and being suspicious from the movements of the blacksmith and others, Henry affecting to be sleepy, requested Billy and his wife when ready, to awaken them, when after a few minutes, all were snoring as if fast asleep, Henry lying in such a position as through a knot-hole in the floor, to see every movement in all parts of the room. Directly above him in the rafter with-in his reach, hung a mowing scythe.

'Now's yeh time, ole man; da all fas' asleep! da snorin' good!' said old Sally, urging Billy to hasten, who immediately left the hut.

The hearts of the fugitives were at once 'in their mouths,' and with difficulty it was by silently reaching over and heavily pressing upon each of them, Henry succeeded in admonishing each to entire quietness and submission.

Presently entered a white man, who whispering with Sally left the room. Immediately in came old Bill, at the instant of which, Henry found his right hand above him, involuntarily grasped firmly on the snath of the scythe.

'Whah's da?' enquired old Bill, on entering the hut.

'Sho da whah yeh lef' em!' replied the old woman.

'Spose I kin bring 'em in now?' continued old Bill.

'Bring who in?'

'Da white folks: who else I gwine fetch in yeh 'spose?'

'Bettah let 'em 'tay whah da is, an' let de po' men lone, git sumpen t' eat, an' go 'long whah da gwine!' replied Sally, deceptuously.

'Huccum! yeh talk dat way? Sho yeh tole me go!' replied Billy.

'Didn' reckon yeh gwine bring 'em on da po' cretahs dis way, fo' da git moufful t' eat an' git way so.'

'How I gwine let 'em go now de white folks all out dah? Say Sally? Dat jis what make I tell yeh so!'

'Bettah let white folks 'lone, Willum! dat jis what I been tellin' on yeh. Keep foolin' 'long wid white folks, byme by da show yeh! I no trus' white man, no how. Sho! da no fren' o' black folks. But spose body 'blige keep da right side on 'em long so.'

'Ole 'omin,' said Bill, 'yeh knows we make our livin' by da white folks, an' mus' do what da tell us, so whah's da use talkin' 'nlog so. 'Spose da come in now?'

'Sho, I tole yeh de man sleep? gwine bring white folks on 'em so? give po' cretahs no chance? Go long,

do what yeh gwine do; yeh fine out one dese days!' concluded Sally.

Having stealthily risen to their feet standing in a favorable position, Henry in whispers declared to his comrades that with that scythe he intended mowing his way into Canada.

Impatient for their entrance, throwing wide open the door of the hut, which being the signal, in rushed eleven white men, headed by Jud Shirly, constable, Dave Starkweather the blacksmith, and Tom Overton as deputies; George Grove, a respectable well dressed villager, stood giving general orders.

With light and pistol in hand, Franey, mounting the stairway, commanded a surrender. Eli, standing behind the hatchway, struck the candle from his hand, when with a swing of the scythe there was a screech, fall, and groan heard, then with a shout and leap, Henry in the lead, they cleared the stairs to the lower floor, the white men flying in consternation before them, making their way to the village, alarming the inhabitants.

The fugitives fled in great haste continuing their flight for several miles, when becoming worn down and fatigued, retire under cover of a thicket a mile from a stage tavern kept by old Isaac Slusher of German descent.

The villagers following in quick pursuit, every horse which could be readily obtained being put on the chase, the slaves were overtaken, fired upon—a ball lodging in Charles' thigh—overpowered, and arrested. Deeming it, from the number of idlers about the place, and the condition of the stables, much the safest imprisonment, the captives were taken to the tavern of Slusher, to quarter for the night.

On arriving at this place, a shout of triumph rent the air, and a general cry 'take them into the bar room for inspection! hang them! burn them!' and much more.

Here the captives were derided, scoffed at and ridiculed, turned around, limbs examined, shoved about from side to side, then ordered to sit down

on the floor, a non-compliance with which, having arranged themselves for the purpose, at a given signal, a single trip by an equal number of whites, brought the four poor prisoners suddenly to the floor on the broad of their back, their heads striking with great force. At this abuse of helpless men, the shouts of laughter became deafening. It caused them to shun the risk of standing, and keep seated on the floor.

Charles having been wounded, affected inability to stand, but the injury being a flesh wound, was not serious.

'We'll show ye yer places, ye black devils!' said Ned Bradly a rowdy, drawing back his foot to kick Henry in the face, as he sat upon the floor against the wall, giving him a slight kick in the side as he passed by him.

'Don't do that again sir!' sternly said Henry, with an expression full of meaning, looking him in the face.

Several feet in an instant were drawn back to kick, when Slusher interfering, said:

'Shendlemans! tem black mans ish prishners! you tuz bring tem into mine housh, ant you shandt puse tem dare!' when the rowdies ceased abusing them.

'Well, gentlemen,' said Tom Overton, a burly, bullying bar room person, 'we'd best git these blacks out of the way, if they's any fun up to night.'

'I cot plendy peds, shendlemans, I ondly wants to know who ish to bay me,' replied Slusher.

'I golly,' retorted Starkweather, 'you needn't give yourself no uneasiness about that, Slusher. I think me, and Shirly, and Grove is good for a night's lodging for five niggers, any how!'

'I'm in that snap, too!' halloed out Overton.

'Golly! yes Tom, there's you we like to forgot, blamed if we did't!' responded Starkweather.

'Dat ish all right nough zo far as te plack man's ish goncern, put ten dare

ish te housh vull o' peoples, vot vare must I gheep tem?'

'We four,' replied Grove, 'will see you paid, who else? Slusher, we want it understood, that we four stand responsible for all expenses incurred this night, in the taking of these negroes;' evidently expecting to receive as they claimed, the reward offered in the advertisement.

'Dat vill too, ten,' replied Slusher. 'Vell, I ish ready to lite tese black mans to ped.'

'No Slusher,' interrupted Grove, 'that's not the understanding, we don't pay for beds for niggers to sleep in!'

'No, by Molly!' replied Overton, 'dogged if that aint going a leetle too far! Slusher, you can't choke that down, no how you can fix in. If you do as you please with your own house, these niggers is in our custody, and we'll do as we please with them. We want you to know that we are white men, as well as you are, and can't pay for niggers to sleep in the same house with ourselves.'

'Gents,' said Ned Bradly, 'do you hear that?'

'What?' enquired several voices.

'Why old Slusher wants to give the niggers a room up stairs with us!'

'With who?' shouted they.

'With us white men.'

'No, blamed if he does!' replied Starkweather.

'We won't stand that!' exclaimed several voices.

'Where's Slusher?' enquired Ben West, a discharged stage driver, who hung about the premises, and now figured prominently.

'Here ish me, shendlemans!' answered Slusher, coming from the back part of the house, 'andt you may do as you please midt, tem black mans, pud iv you dempt puse me, I vill pudt you all out mine housh!'

'The stable, the stable!' they all cried out, 'put the niggers in the stable, and we'll be satisfied!'

'Tare ish mine staple—you may pud tem vare you blease,' replied the old man, 'budt you shandt puse me!'

Securely binding them with cords they were placed in a strongly built log stable closely weather-boarded having but a door and window below, the latter being closely secured, and the door locked on the outside with a staple and padlock. The upper windows being well secured, the blacks thus locked in, were left to their fate, whilst their captors comfortably housed, were rioting in triumph through the night over the misfortune, and blasted prospects for liberty.

MRS. PARTINGTON AND MRS. FRESHINGTON.

BY HETROGENE.

Everybody has heard of Mrs. Partington—a long-nosed, sharp-chinned spare-made, inquisitive white old body—and her boy Ike; both the very embodiment of America, old and young; but no one as yet has raised from obscurity *Mrs. Freshington* and her boy Gabe, who like their constituency in the land of their nativity, the United States, are still buried in the depths of literary humility.

Mrs. Freshington, a pert, good-natured, meddlesome, short, fat, black old soul, rather disposed to impertinence, though always meaning well—with Gabe at her side to gratuitously prompt her, who frequently at return for his glibness receives the admonition, ‘Hole yeh tongue, boy, I slap yeh in de mouf!’ with a cutting side-look of rebuke—are the embodiment of Afric-America, old and young, who are fast following in the wake of their more favoured fellow-creatures.

These precious mortals, go where you may in America, are ever to be seen side by side, though the one is recognized and the other ignored. Whether in the social apartments of a hotel, an omnibus, street-car, stage-coach, rail-road car, cabin of a steamboat or

ocean-steamer, court-house, public house or public assemblage, there will you meet the long, lean spare-made, white old body, to thrust into your face her long nose and sharp chin, inquisitively teasing you to death with questions almost unanswerable—save by Boston journalists, the place whence she came into being—and the short, fat, black old soul, in turn to poke in her pug-nose and chubby chops and chin, with a meddlesome look and pert expression, who dares always to know as much is any one present.

At such times, Ike and Gabe may be seen close at their mammas’ sides, earnestly engaged, youthfully disputing with each other, on the origin, equality, and destiny of their progenital races.

It was on an occasion of traveling in the cars, that an opportunity for one of these disputes took place, just at a time when the rest of the passengers were silent, immediately concluding a long debate, into which the subject of Foreign Ministers had been lugged, both old ladies having long since exhausted their fund of knowledge, sat waiting to catch a new idea, and put in a word.

The young embodiments—promising children—are disciples of the common school system; Ike a monitor in Boston, and Gabe the same in New York. Both may be considered as fair specimens of the advanced pupils of their schools.

‘You be dod durned! you ain’t nothin’ but a lump of charcoal no how, so you aint,’ retorted Ike.

‘What is you but a lump of chalk! blague gone you!’ rejoined Gabe.

‘Chalk’s a dad burn sight pretty nor charcoal,’ replied Ike, ‘an better too.’

‘I don’t care if it is prettiest, it ain’t much use on’y to make white marks an’ rub off agin; dat’s de way you white people, you can’t stan nothin’: we black people do all da hard work. Charcoal mighty powerful when hot; it melts iron and burn up chalk. Would’nt I drether be charcoal dan

chalk? Who's greatest now?' said Gabe.

'Goshens! I duno 'bout that,' answered Ike innocently.

'You silly pated chile you!' interposed Mrs. Partington; 'why don't you tell 'im that if the black folks am so grate, how cum they arnt sont no Envious Entortioners, Miserable Pretensioners from Africky in St Domingy to the Newnited States of Massy-shusits in Ameriky, before this? tell 'im that!' and the old lady, drawing down her specs, peered all over the car with an arch smile of triumph. Ike, scratching his head, looked slyly around.

'Huccum you want dem heah? you no call to want 'em. Laud knows, white folks envy an' 'staut wuck an' labah an' sich like dat, so much out o' we po' black people, dat da needn' want no mo' stationehs!' retorted Mrs. Freshington, when the old woman, with an air, threw back herself in the seat, with a wag of the head declaring that she did'nt 'mine white folks no how, case da all stautionehs!'

COLORED AMERICAN PATRIOTS.

BY WM. C. NELL.

The decision of Judge Taney that 'colored men have no rights that white men are bound to respect,' and the recent campaign speeches of Senator Douglass, claiming that this government rested solely upon a white basis—are alike appeals to white Americans to ignore many of the prominent and significant facts in the early history of their country; and it is a most humiliating but true statement, that the National Administration, and also too many of the State Governments, are shaping their legislation to practically enforce the atrocious doctrine.

Waiving all arguments that might be urged from many a stand-point against the unrighteous 'decision' and alike gratuitous 'sentiment,' it is sufficient for present purposes to state a few simple facts of Colored Americans' patriotism and loyalty to their country—and facts which, if narrated of white Americans, would be accepted by the nation as their passports to perennial fame.

It was a Colored American, Crispus Attucks, who on the 5th of March, 1770, led on the American force in King street, Boston, against the British Guard, being himself the first to attack, and fell pierced by two musket balls, one in each breast—the first martyr on that day, which History has selected as the dawn of the American Revolution.

It was a Colored American, Peter Salem, who shot Major Pitcairn on the 17th of June, 1775, on Bunker Hill, and thus turned the tide of battle on that memorable day. A number of other Colored Americans took prominent part in the same scenes, and also shared the labors of Lexington, Dorchester Heights, Brandywine, Princeton, Monmouth, Stony Point, Fort Moultrie, Greenbank, Croton Heights, Catskill, Bennington and Yorktown, besides signal services at New Orleans, and naval exploits on the Lakes in the war of 1812—which war was undertaken because of the impressment of three seamen, two of whom were colored—satisfactory proof at least that they were American Citizens. Confirmation of Colored citizenship has been made by five Presidents of the United States, and which it will take more than the potency of Judge Taney and Senator Douglass to offset. In convoking the Congress of the 4th of September, 1774, there was not a word said about color. At a subsequent meeting, Congress met again, to get in readiness twelve thousand men to act in any emergency; to the same time, a request was forwarded to Connecticut, New Hampshire, and Rhode Island, to increase this

army to twenty thousand men. Now it is well known that hundreds of the men of which this army was composed were colored men, and recognized by Congress as Americans.

Facts could be piled Olympus high in proof that the colored American has ever proved loyal, and ready to die, if need be, at Freedom's shrine. The amor patriæ has always burned vividly on the altar of his heart. He loves

his native land,
Its hills, and mountains green.

Selected Items.

A Mother in Jail for loving her Children.

To tell our story in true order, we must antedate it by a few facts.

Rev. J. G. Fee, of anti-slavery notoriety, now laboring in Kentucky, is the son of a slaveholder, still living in Kentucky, and still a slaveholder. As is common in slavery, young Fee was nursed by a slave woman. When he became a man, an anti-slavery man, and a Christian, he purchased his old nurse out of slavery, which cost him the little patrimony which he received from his father. She has resided in this place, Felicity, Clermont Co., Ohio, and has been known as Black Julia.—But her children were still in slavery: and what is liberty to a true-hearted mother, while her children sigh in bondage! A fugitive slave mother in Canada, who had fled from Democratic oppression, and found protection under the mane of the British Lion, but who had left some of her children in slavery, once said, 'I feel all the time as though I had left a part of my heart in the South.' So was it with our Black Julia; she was free in Felicity, but she felt as if she had left a part of her heart, if not the whole of it, in Kentucky. Following the impulse of a mother's heart, she made a desperate effort to obtain her children, and failed.

She obtained information that her children were soon to be sent to New Orleans, and thus be placed forever beyond her reach. Without imparting knowledge of her design to any of her friends here, she went over to Kentucky and gathered her children together, and started back. They were ten in number, including some grand-children. In the darkness of the night, she became bewildered on her way to the river, and did not reach the place of crossing until daylight. It was then too late. She, with her whole company, was arrested and taken back, and is now in jail, probably doomed never to breathe free air again. The arrest was made on Monday morning, and what the final result will be, cannot yet be certainly known.

But few comments appear necessary. It was a mother's efforts in behalf of her children; and whatever may be said of her conduct, there is not a right-minded father or mother in our country, who would not do the very thing she attempted to do, if they could, were their children slaves. The children, or a part of them at least, are owned by Mr. Fee, the former owner of the mother, and he an Elder in the Presbyterian Church.—So it is seen that Presbyterians rob mothers of their children.

The man who arrested the mother, flying with her children, has obtained an unenviable notoriety. He may chuckle over the reward of his cruel act, but unless he repent, he and his gold must perish together. The curse of God must sooner or later fall upon all such men. May God speed the time when mothers have an admitted right to the children they bring forth.—*Cor. Wesleyan.*

Abolition of Slavery.

In a few months all the slaves residing on the island of St. Eustacius, one of the West India group belonging to the Government of Holland will be emancipated.

Touching Incident.

A poor mulatto girl, a slave, has recently been tried in New Orleans on the charge of having attempted to poison her mistress and family. It was proved that she had sprinkled some powder on a dish of oysters which made some of the family sick. It came out in the trial however, that the poor girl was innocent of any evil design. The powder being analyzed, was found not to be poisonous; and the poor girl, in her simple innocence, having been told that it had the charm of love-powder, had sprinkled it upon the food to make her mistress love her.

THREE men at Gatesville, North Carolina, were clearly proved to have beaten a negro to death, but the jury before whom they were tried, brought in a verdict of not guilty. At the same term of the court a negro was convicted of a rape on a white woman, and was sentenced to death. Such is slaveholding justice.

A BARBER of Cleveland, a colored man, visited New Orleans, and being asked to show papers proving him free, was arrested for the inability to furnish them, and was sent to the State Prison for a year and a day; that being the penalty for the atrocious offence in question according to Louisiana laws. The said Louisiana is in America, and not in the Barbary States.

Making Merchandise of the Gospel.

The subjoined announcement appeared lately in the *Charleston Courier*:

Field Negroes by Thomas Gasden.—On Thursday, 17th instant, will be sold at the north of the Exchange, a prime gang of ten negroes, accustomed to the culture of cotton and provisions, belonging to the Independent Church, in Christ Church Parish.

Received her Freedom.

About two years ago, a negro woman named Dilcey was sent to this city from New-Hanover County, North Carolina, to be sold as a slave. In consequence of her own revelation or from some other mode of development, doubts of her servitude were excited, and she instituted proceedings in the Circuit Court of this city, for her freedom. The trial took place last week, and following facts appeared: Dilcey, when a child, was bound by her mother, a free woman, to Mr. B. Newkirk, until she would attain the age of 21. Before this Dilcey was transferred to W. J. Mulford, in whose service she continued for several years, and to whom (1853) she 'sold her indentures.' Believing that this transaction gave him complete ownership of the woman, as she then was, Mr. Mulford sold her for \$600 to Mr. C. R. Covneil, by whom she was sent hither, as above stated, to be again disposed of. The Jury rendered a verdict declaring the freedom of the woman, and she was accordingly set at liberty. [*Richmond Whig.*]

A Correspondent of the *New York Herald*, writing from Venezuela, says:

'General Castro, whose better half is a fair specimen of the African race, to show his sympathy for the breed, has appointed Lucio Siso, a colored gentleman, Secretary of the Interior. In the Senate, House, State Legislature, etc., one-third of the members are negroes; but this is the first instance, either in Columbia or Venezuela, that an Ethiopian has been selected by the Chief Magistrate to be a member of his Cabinet. It was rumored that he was to have charge of the Department of Foreign Affairs, to be in immediate contact with the diplomatic body, as an evidence of the respect which Castro entertains for foreign governments.'

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NO. 2.

A Statistical View

OF THE COLORED POPULATION OF THE UNITED STATES—FROM 1790 TO 1850.

The distribution of the population of the United States in 1790, exclusive of the Indians, was as follows:

	Number.	Prop. per cent
Whites	3,172,464	80.73
Free colored	59,466	1.51 }
Slaves	679,897	17.76 }

In the Slave States:

Whites	1,271,692	64.8
*Free Colored	32,635	1.7 }
Slaves	657,047	33.5 }

In 1800, the distribution and increase of the population of the United States were as follows:

	Whole population.	In. per cent.	Dis. per cent.
Whites	4,304,489	35.68	81.12
Free Colored	108,395	82.28	2.05
Slaves	893,041	27.96	16.83
Whole pop	5,305,925	35.02	100.00
" colored	1,001,436	32.23	18.88

The increase of the white population to the extent of 3 per cent., during the ten years from 1790 to 1800, was caused by emigration from Europe and from Hayti; this leaves about 32 per cent. for natural increase. The increase of the slaves, although largely

* The Census of 1790 says nothing about free colored persons. Tucker remarks that this class is designated under the head of 'All other persons.' *Progress, &c.* pp. 18. A significant hint that all other persons' did not mean slaves.

aided by the slave trade, rendered more active from the sure approach of its termination, was only 27.96 per cent. If we deduct 3 per cent. for the increase by the slave trade, it reduces the natural increase of the slave population to 24.96 per cent. Taking this as a fair standard of increase, confirmed by the increase of this class during the next decade, when the slave trade was also in active operation, the question arises, from what source has come the regular 30 per cent of increase, in every succeeding ten years, of the slave population? If the increase was only 28 per cent. when aided by the slave trade to the extent of 3 per cent., how has the same per cent of increase been maintained without the slave trade?

According to Tucker, the large increase, 82.28 per cent. of the free colored population, arose from rapid emancipation in the following states:

States	Slaves in 1790	Slaves in 1800
New Hampshire	158	8
Rhode Island	952	381
Connecticut	2,795	951
Pennsylvania	5,737	1,706
New York	21,324	20,343
Delaware	8,887	6,153
	37,853	29,542

Now the whole number emancipated, according to this statement, was only 8,139, the whole number included under 'all other persons' in 1790 was 59,466, of which number, the emancipated is only 14 per cent., leaving 68 per cent. to be accounted for by natural increase, if the term 'all other persons' did mean the free colored people. But 68 per cent is at least 38 per cent higher than the possible natural increase of the free colored or any other people; hence, the conclusion is inevitable that all 'other persons' did not mean the free colored persons in 1790, or else the number of that class was sadly miscounted in that year.

This is especially evident by a glance at the following:

States.	All other persons 1790:	Free colored 1800.	Emancipated
New York	4,654	10,374	2,564
New Jersey	2,762	4,442	200
Pennsylvania	6,537	14,561	1,500
Virginia	12,766	20,124	800
	26,719	49,501	5,064

Here, deducting the 5,064 emancipated, there will be left 17,718 or, above 70 per cent. for natural increase, if 'all other persons' in the census of 1790 meant free persons of color. If it be objected to these views, that if 'all other persons' does not mean free people of color, then where are this class enumerated or why were they left out of the census of 1790? the answer is, that they were probably not counted at all in 1790; a parallel instance exists in the State census of New York, even to this day, in which census they are not counted, except those of them who hold property.

The geographical movement of the slave population in this decade, is worthy of attention.

Slaves in States	1790	Inc. 30 per cent.*	Act. pop. 1800
New Jersey	11,423	14,849	12,422
Delaware	18,887	11,551	6,153
Maryland	103,036	133,945	105,635
Virginia	293,427	381,453	345,796
N. Carolina	100,572	130,743	133,296
S. Carolina	107,094	139,221	146,151
Georgia	29,264	38,042	59,404
Kentucky	11,830	15,379	40,343
Tennessee	3,417	4,442	13,584
Mississippi			3,489

* About two per cent. too much, but sufficiently near to exhibit the movement.

About 70,000 slaves were removed, traded, or sold from Virginia, Maryland and Delaware into South Carolina, Georgia, Kentucky, Tennessee and Mississippi.

In 1810, the distribution, increase and ratio of the population of the United States, were as follows:

	Inc. per cent.	Dis. per ct.
Whites	5,862,004	36.18
Free colored	186,446	72.
Slaves	1,191,364	33.40
Whole colo'd	1,377,810	37.58
Whole pop'n	7,239,814	35.02
		100.00

Two causes added to the increase of the slave population during the period 1800—1810: the increased activity of the African slave trade, which terminated in 1808, and the accession of Louisiana in 1803, which contained

Whites	24,231
Free Colored 7,585 }	
Slaves 34,660 }	42,245

This added about 3 per cent. to the slave population of the Union, leaving about thirty per cent. of the increase to natural causes and the slave trade from Africa. During this period also, the whole colored gained on the whole white population .15 per cent.

The geographical movement of the slave population in this decade, is as follows:

Slaves in States in	1800	Inc. 30 per cent. act'l	No. slaves in 1810
New York	20,343	26,445	15,017
New Jersey	12,442	16,175	10,851
Delaware	6,153	7,998	4,177
Maryland	105,635	137,325	111,502
Virginia	345,796	449,534	392,518
N. Carolina	133,296	173,248	168,824
S. Carolina	146,151	189,996	196,365
Georgia	59,404	77,224	105,218
Kentucky	40,343	52,445	80,561
Tennessee	13,584	17,659	44,535
Mississippi	3,489	4,635	17,088

The diminished number of slaves in New York and New Jersey, is accounted for by the increase of the free colored population in those States by emancipation. The number emancipated in these States was 13,906 from 1800 to 1810. During the same period the emancipations in Virginia and Maryland could not have been less than 25,827,* a much larger number,

* These figures are obtained by adding 30 per cent. to free colored population of 1800; and de-

but much smaller proportion than in the two northern States. The exportation of slaves from the latter States was only 35,613, or one-half the number exported from 1790 to 1800: emancipation had amounted to two-thirds of the number sold out of these States! The gradual emancipation of the slaves, contemplated by the framers of the Constitution, had already begun.

The gain of 90,000 slaves distributed among Georgia, Kentucky, Tennessee and South Carolina came, from Virginia and Maryland 35,613, and the balance from the slave trade. That is to say, during the most energetic movement of the foreign slave trade, it added only 54,387 to the slave population of the United States in ten years.

In 1820 the distribution, increase and ratio of the population of the United States were as follows :

	Number in 1820	Inc. per cent. 1810	Inc. per cent. 1810	Distribution per cent.
Whites	7,872,711	34.3	36 18	81.55
Slaves	1,543,688	29.57	33.40	15.99
Free col'd	238,197	27.75	72	2.46
Whole col'd	1,781,885	29.33	37.58	18.45
Whole pop.	9,654,596	33.35	36.45	

The war with Great Britain, which occurred in this decade, lessened the ratio of increase of the whites, by arresting immigration, of the slaves by promoting their emigration, and of the free colored by arresting emancipation.

The geographical movement of the slave population in these ten years, was as follows.

	Population slave States in 1810	Inc. 30 per cent.	actual number of slaves in 1820
N. York	15,017	19,520	10,088
N. Jersey	10,851	14,106	7,557
Delaware	4,177	5,428	4,509
Maryland	111,502	144,952	107,398
Virginia	392,518	510,271	425,153
N. Car.	168,824	207,470	205,017
S. Car.	196,365	255,273	258,475
Georgia	105,218	136,781	149,656
Kentucky	80,561	104,729	126,732
Tennessee	44,535	57,894	80,107
Miss.	17,088	22,212	32,814
Louisiana	34,660	45,078	69,064
Alabama			47,439
Missouri			10,222

The above table should be compared with the following, which shows the

ducting the sum from the same population in 1810, the difference being the number emancipated above the ratio of increase.

like movement of the free colored population :

	Free colored in 1810	Inc. 30 per cent.	Pop in 1820	Gain	Loss
New York	25,333	32,932	29,980		2,952
New Jersey	7,843	10 195	12,609	2,414	
Delaware	13,136	17,075	12,958		5,117
Maryland	33,927	45,103	39,730		5,373
Virginia	30,570	39,471	37,139		2,332
N. Carolina	10,266	13,344	14,612	1,268	
S. Carolina	4 554	5,919	6,826	907	
Georgia	1,801	2,341	1,767		574
Tennessee	1,317	2,226	2,941	1,069	
Mississippi	240	317	458	141	
Louisiana	7,585	9,859	10,960	1,100	

There are two very remarkable facts exhibited in these tables : 1st, that the southern and southwestern States gained 10,661 slaves more than could have been exported from the northern and middle slave States, and unless these 10,661 came into the country from foreign sources, that is, by the African slave trade, there must have been that number returned above the actual slave population. 2nd, emancipation, which had amounted to the large number of 39,733 in 1800—1810, diminished to the small number of 6,900 from 1810—20: The States of Virginia, Maryland and New York, which had led the way in emancipation, actually experienced a diminution of the ratio of increase of their free colored population. It was during these last ten years, 1810—20, that the American Colonization Society was proposed and inaugurated as a substitute for the method of gradual emancipation. Until 1857, the whole number of slaves emancipated by means of the American Colonization Society, was only 5,550,* about one-seventh of the number emancipated in the ten years succeeding 1800, when the progress of emancipation was in full tide in the great slave-holding States. Whether this progress of emancipation was arrested in 1810—20 by the Colonization Society, I cannot say; but this, at least, is a historical fact beyond contradiction—emancipation was *not arrested by the doctrines of abolitionism*, as has been most industriously and vehemently affirmed by pro-slavery writers north and south, because what

* Colonization Herald for April, 1857.

is understood by the abolition movement, did not begin until 1830.

Taking the entire colored population of the State of N. Y., bond and free, in 1810, at the actual number 40,350, and adding 25 per cent.* for increase, we should have a total colored population of 48,420 in 1820, but the whole colored population of that State in 1820, was only 40,068, leaving a deficiency of 8,352 in all, or 6,666 slaves, and 1,686 free persons of color. There is no doubt that this number of slaves were 'run off' to the South, in view of the emancipation Act, which passed in 1817, and which fixed the 4th of July 1827 as the JUBILEE of the EMPIRE STATE.

Taking a similar view of the State of New Jersey, it lost 6,545 of its slave population in 1810—20. The State of Delaware, on the other hand, lost 5,117 of its *free colored* population during the same ten years. What became of them, I am not able to say.

Persons now living state, from personal knowledge, that when the British fleet visited Chesapeake Bay in 1814, there was a general stampede of the whites, to escape the British, and military duty. The free colored and slaves were left almost to themselves, all along the coast. When the British fleet departed, the officers gave free invitations to all classes to come on board, with promise of freedom and

*The actual ratio of increase of this population in this state, from 1790 to 1800, and from 1800 to 1810.

good treatment. A large number of both these classes, especially of the slaves, availed themselves of this offer; they were subsequently settled in Nova Scotia and Sierra Leone. But their numbers were too scant to account for the great falling off of the free colored population of Delaware.

In 1830 the distribution, increase and ratio of the population of the United States was as follows.

	Number	inc. 1830	per ct. 1820	inc. 1820	per ct. 1810	Distrib. per ct.
Whites	10 537,378	33,85	34 3	81 90		
Slaves	2 009,043	30,15	29 57	15,62		
Free Col'd	310,599	34,17	27 75	15,62		
Whole "	2 328 642	30 7	29 33	18,10		
" pop.	12,166,020	33,26	33 25			

The enumeration in 1820 took place on the 1st of August; in 1830 on the 1st of June: hence instead of ten years, the increase is for nine years and ten months, but for convenience' sake the period will be termed a decade.

The geographical movement of the slave population was as follows:

	Slave population in 1820	Inc. 30 per cent.	Gain	Actual slave pop. in 1830	Loss
N. Y.	10,088	13 112		75	13 037
N. J.	7,557	9 822		2,254	7,568
Del.	4,509	5 859		3,292	2,567
Md.	107,398	139 617		102,994	36,623
Va.	425,153	552 698		469,757	83 941
N. C.	205 017	266,522		245,601	20 921
S. C.	258 475	336,017		315,401	20,616
Ga.	149,656	194 552	22,979	217,531	
Ky.	126 732	164 751	462	165,213	
Tenn.	80 107	104,138	37,465	141,603	
Miss.	32 814	42,658	23,001	65 659	
La.	69 064	89 813	19,675	109 588	
Ala.	47,439	61,670	55 879	117,549	
Mo.	10,222	13 288	11,803	25 091	
Ark			4,576	4 576	
Florida				15,011	

To be Continued.

Blake : or, the Huts of America.

A TALE OF THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY, THE SOUTHERN UNITED STATES, AND CUBA.

BY M. R. DELANY.

CHAPTER I.

THE PROJECT.

On one of those exciting occasions, during a contest for the Presidency of the United States, a number of gentlemen met in the city of Baltimore. They were few in number, and appeared little concerned about the affairs of the general government. Though men of intelligence, their time and attention appeared to be entirely absorbed in an adventure of self interest. They met for the purpose of completing arrangements for refitting the old ship 'Merchantman,' which then lay in the harbor near Fell's Point. Colonel Stephen Franks, Major James Armisted, Captain Richard Paul and Captain George Royer, composed those who represented the American side—Captain Juan Garcia and Captain Jose Castello, those of Cuban interest.

Here a conversation ensued upon what seemed a point of vital importance to the company ; it related to the place best suited for the completion of their arrangements. The Americans insisted on Baltimore as affording the greatest facilities, and having done more for the encouragement and protection of the trade, than any other known place. Whilst the Cubans on the other side, urged their objections on the ground that the continual increase of liberal principles in the various political parties, which were fast ushering into existence, made the objection beyond a controversy. Havana was contended for as a point best suited for adjusting their arrange-

ments, and that too with many apparent reasons ; but for some cause, the preference for Baltimore prevailed.

Subsequently to the adjustment of their affairs by the most complete arrangement for refitting the vessel, Col. Franks took leave of the party for his home in the distant State of Mississippi.

CHAPTER II.

COLONEL FRANKS AT HOME.

On the return of Col. Stephen Franks to his home at Natchez, he met there Mrs. Arabella, the wife of Judge Ballard, an eminent jurist of one of the Northern States. She had arrived but a day before him, on a visit to some relatives, of whom Mrs. Franks was one. The conversation, as is customary on the meeting of Americans residing in such distant latitudes, readily turned on the general policy of the country.

Mrs. Ballard possessed the highest intelligence, and Mrs. Maria Franks was among the most accomplished of Southern ladies.

'Tell me, Madam Ballard, how will the North go in the present issue?' enquired Franks.

'Give yourself no concern about that, Colonel,' replied Mrs. Ballard, 'you will find the North true to the country.'

'What you consider true, may be false—that is, it might be true to you, and false to us,' continued he.

'You do not understand me, Colo-

nel,' she rejoined, 'we can have no interests separate from yours; you know the time-honored motto, 'united we stand,' and so forth, must apply to the American people under every policy in every section of the Union.'

'So it should, but amidst the general clamor in the contest for ascendancy, may you not lose sight of this important point?'

'How can we? You, I'm sure, Colonel, know very well that in our country commercial interests have taken precedence of all others, which is a sufficient guarantee of our fidelity to the South.'

'That may be, madam, but we are still apprehensive.'

'Well sir, we certainly do not know what more to do to give you assurance of our sincerity. We have as a plight of faith yielded Boston, New York, and Philadelphia—the intelligence and wealth of the North—in carrying out the Compromise measures for the interests of the South; can we do more?'

'True, Madam Ballard, true! I yield the controversy. You have already done more than we of the South expected. I now remember that the Judge himself, tried the first case under the Act, in your city, by which the measures were tested.'

'He did, sir, and if you will not consider me unwomanly by telling you, desired me, on coming here, to seek every opportunity to give the fullest assurance that the judiciary are sound on that question. Indeed, so far as an individual might be concerned, his interests in another direction as you know, place him beyond suspicion,' concluded Mrs. Ballard.

'I am satisfied, madam, and by your permission, arrest the conversation. My acknowledgments, madam!' bowed the Colonel, with true southern courtesy.

'Maria, my dear, you look careworn; are you indisposed?' inquired Franks of his wife, who during conversation sat silent.

'Not physically, Colonel,' replied she 'but'—

Just at this moment a servant throwing open the door announced dinner.

Besides a sprightly black boy of some ten years of age, there was in attendance a prepossessing, handsome maid-servant, who generally kept, as much as the occasion would permit, behind the chair of her mistress. A mutual attachment appeared to exist between them, the maid apparently disinclined to leave the mistress, who seemed to keep her as near her person as possible.

Now and again the fat cook, mammy Judy, would appear at the door of the dining room bearing a fresh supply for the table, who with a slight nod of the head, accompanied with an affectionate smile and the word 'Maggie,' indicated a tie much closer than that of more fellow-servants.

Maggie had long been the favorite maid-servant of her mistress, having attained the position through merit. She was also nurse and foster-mother to the two last children of Mrs. Franks, and loved them, to all appearance, as her own. The children reciprocated this affection, calling her 'mammy.'

Mammy Judy, who for years had occupied this position, ceded it to her daughter, she preferring, in consequence of age, the less active life of the culinary department.

The boy Tony would frequently cast a comic look upon Mrs. Ballard, then imploringly gaze in the face of his mistress. So intent was he in this, that twice did his master admonish him by a nod of the head.

'My dear,' said the Colonel, 'you are dull to day; pray tell me what makes you sad?'

'I am not bodily afflicted colonel Franks, but my spirit is heavy,' she replied.

'How so? What is the matter?'

'That will best be answered at another time and place, colonel.'

Giving his head an unconscious scratch accompanied with a slight

twitch of the corner of the mouth, Franks seemed to comprehend the whole of it.

On one of her Northern tours to the watering places, during a summer season some two years previous, having with her Maggie the favorite, Mrs. Franks visited the family of the Judge, at which time Mrs. Ballard first saw the maid. She was a dark mulatto of a rich, yellow, autumn-like complexion, with a matchless, cushion-like head of hair, neither straight nor curly, but handsomer than either.

Mrs. Franks was herself a handsome lady of some thirty five summers, but ten years less in appearance, a little above medium height, between the majestic and graceful, raven black hair, and dark, expressive eyes. Yet it often had been whispered that in beauty the maid equalled if not excelled the mistress. Her age was twenty-eight.

The conduct of Mrs. Franks toward her servant was more like that of an elder sister than a mistress, and the mistress and maid sometimes wore dresses cut from the same web of cloth. Mrs. Franks would frequently adjust the dress and see that the hair of her maid was properly arranged. This to Mrs. Ballard was as unusual as it was an objectionable sight, especially as she imagined there was an air of hauteur in her demeanor. It was then she determined to subdue her spirit.

Acting from this impulse, several times in her absence, Mrs. Ballard took occasion to administer to the maid severities she had never experienced at the hands of her mistress, giving her at one time a severe slap on the cheek, calling her an 'impudent jade.'

At this, Mrs. Franks, on learning, was quite surprised, but on finding that the maid gave no just cause for it, took no further notice of it, designedly evading the matter. But before leaving, Mrs. Ballard gave her no rest until she gave her the most positive assurance that she would part with the maid on her next visit at Natchez. And thus she is found pressing her suit

at the residence of the Mississippi planter.

CHAPTER III.

THE FATE OF MAGGIE.

After dinner colonel Franks again pressed the inquiry concerning the disposition of his lady. At this time the maid was in the culinary department taking her dinner. The children having been served, she preferred the company of her old mother whom she loved, the children hanging around, and upon her lap. There was no servant save the boy Tony present in the parlor.

'I can't, I won't let her go! she's a dear good girl!' replied Mrs. Franks. 'The children are attached to her, and so am I; let Minny or any other of them go—but do not, for Heaven's sake, tear Maggie from me!'

'Maria, my dear, you've certainly lost your balance of mind! Do try and compose yourself,' admonished the Colonel. 'There's certainly no disposition to do contrary to your desires; try and be a little reasonable.'

'I'm sure cousin, I see no cause for your importunity. No one that I know of designs to hurt the negro girl. I'm sure it's not me!' impatiently remarked Mrs. Ballard.

During this, the boy had several times gone into the hall, looking toward the kitchen, then meaningly into the parlor as if something unusual were going on.

Mammy Judy becoming suspicious, went into the hall and stood close beside the parlor door, listening at the conversation.

'Cousin, if you will listen for a moment, I wish to say a word to you,' said Mrs. Ballard. 'The Judge, as you know, has a country seat in Cuba near the city of Havana, where we design making every year our winter retreat. As we cannot take with us either free negroes or white servants, on account of the existing restrictions, I

must have a slave, and of course I prefer a well-trained one, as I know all of yours to be. The price will be no object; as I know it will be none to you, it shall be none to me.'

'I will not consent to part with her, cousin Arabella, and it is useless to press the matter any further!' emphatically replied Mrs. Franks.

'I am sure cousin Maria, it was well understood between the Colonel and the Judge, that I was to have one of your best-trained maid servants!' continued Mrs. Ballard.

'The Colonel and the Judge! If any such understanding exist, it is without my knowledge and consent, and—'

'It is true, my dear,' interposed the Colonel, 'but—'

'Then,' replied she, 'heaven grant that I may go too! from—'

'Pah, pah! cousin Maria Franks, I'm really astonished at you to take on so about a negro girl! You really appear to have lost your reason. I would not believe so for all the negroes in Mississippi.'

'My dear,' said Franks, 'I have been watching the conduct of that girl for some time past; she is becoming both disobedient and unruly, and as I have made it a rule of my life never to keep a disobedient servant, the sooner we part with her the better. As I never whip my servants, I do not want to depart from my rule in her case.'

Maggie was true to her womanhood, and loyal to her mistress, having more than once communicated to her ears facts the sound of which reflected no credit in his. For several repulses, such as this, it was that she became obnoxious to her master.

'Cousin Maria, you certainly have forgotten; I'm sure, when last at the North, you promised in presence of the girl, that I was to have her, and I'm certain she's expecting it,' explained Mrs. Ballard.

'This I admit,' replied Mrs. Franks, 'but you very well know, cousin Arabella, that that promise was a mere ruse, to reconcile an uneasiness which you informed me you discovered in

her, after overhearing a conversation between her and some free negroes, at Saratoga Springs.'

'Well, cousin, you can do as you please,' concluded Mrs. Ballard.

'Colonel, I'm weary of this conversation. What am I to expect?' inquired Mrs. Franks.

'It's a settled point, my dear, she must be sold!' decisively replied Franks.

'Then I must hereafter be disrespected by our own slaves! You know, Colonel, that I gave my word to Henry, her husband, your most worthy servant, that his wife should be here on his return. He had some misgiving that she was to be taken to Cuba before his return, when I assured him that she should be here. How can I bear to meet this poor creature, who places every confidence in what we tell him? He'll surely be frantic.'

'Nonsense, cousin, nonsense,' sneered Mrs. Ballard; 'frantic, indeed! Why you speak of your negro slaves as if speaking of equals. Make him know that whatever you order, he must be contented with.'

'I'll soon settle the matter with him, should he dare show any feelings about it!' interposed Franks; 'when do you look for him, Maria?'

'I'm sure, Colonel, you know more about the matter than I do. Immediately after you left, he took the horses to Baton Rouge, where at the last accounts, he was waiting the conclusion of the races. Judge Dilbreath had entered them according to your request one horse for each day's races. I look for him every day. Then there are more than him to reconcile. There's old mammy Judy, who will run mad about her. You know, Colonel, she thought so much of her, that she might be treated tenderly the old creature gave up her situation in the house as nurse and foster-mother to our children, going into the kitchen to do the harder work.'

'Well, my dear, we'll detain your cousin till he comes. I'll telegraph

the Judge that if not yet left, to start him home immediately.'

'Colonel that will be still worse, to let him witness her departure; I would much rather she'd leave before his return. Poor thing!' she sighed.

'Then she may go!' replied he.

'And what of poor old mammy and his boy?'

'I'll soon settle the matter with old Judy.'

Mrs. Franks looking him imploringly in the face, let drop her head, burying her face in the palms of her hands. Soon it was found necessary to place her under the care of a physician.

Old mammy Judy had long since beckoned her daughter, where both stood in breathless silence catching every word that passed.

At the conclusion, Maggie clasping her hands, exclaimed in suppressed tones,—

'O mammy, O mammy! what shall I do? O, is there no hope for me? Can't you beg master—can't you save me?'

'Look to de Laud, my chile! him ony able to bring yeh out mo' nah conkeh!' was the prayerful advice of the woe-stricken old mother; both hastening into the kitchen, falling upon their knees, invoked aloud the God of the oppressed.

Hearing in that direction an unusual noise, Franks hastened past the kitchen door, dropping his head, and clearing his throat as he went along. This brought the slaves to an ordinary mood, who trembled at his approach.

CHAPTER IV.

DEPARTURE OF MAGGIE.

The country-seat of Franks, or the 'great house' of the cotton plantation, was but a short distance from the city. Mrs. Franks, by the advice of her physician, was removed there to avoid the disturbance of the town, when at the

same time Mrs. Ballard left with her slave Maggie *en route* for Baltimore, whither she designed leaving her until ready to sail for Cuba.

'Fahwell, my chile! fahwell; may God A'mighty be wid you!' were the parting words of the poor old slave, who with streaming eyes gazed upon her parting child for the last time.

'O mammy! can't you save me?—O Lord, what shall I do! O my husband! O my poor child! O my! O my!' were the only words, the sounds of which died upon the breeze, as the cab hastily bore her to a steamer then lying at the wharf.

Poor old mammy Judy sat at the kitchen door with elbow resting upon her knee, side of the face resting in the palm of the hand, tears streaming down, with a rocking motion, noticing nothing about her, but in sorrow moaning just distinctly enough to be understood:

'Po' me! po' me! po' me!'

The sight was enough to move the heart of any one, and it so affected Franks, that he wished he had 'never owned a negro.'

Daddy Joe, the husband of mammy Judy, was a field hand on the cotton place, visiting his wife at the town residence, every Saturday night. Colonel Franks was a fine, grave, senatorial looking man, of medium height, inclined to corpulency, black hair, slightly grey, and regarded by his slaves as a good master, and religiously as one of the best of men.

On their arrival at the great house, those working nearest, gathered around the carriage, among whom was daddy Joe.

'Wat a mautta wid missus?' was the general inquiry of the gang.

'Your mistress is sick, boys,' replied the master.

'Maus, whah's Margot?' enquired the old man, on seeing his mistress carried into the house without the attendance of her favorite maid-servant.

'She's in town, Joe,' replied Franks.

'How's Judy, seh?'

'Judy is well.'

'Tank'e seh!' politely concluded the old man, with a bow, turning away in the direction of his work, with a countenance expressive of anything but satisfaction, from the interview.

The slaves from their condition, are suspicious, any evasion or seeming design at suppressing the information sought by them, frequently arouses their greatest apprehensions.

Not unfrequently the mere countenance, a look, a word, or laugh of the master, is an unerring foreboding of misfortune to the slave. Ever on the watch for these things, they learn to read them with astonishing precision.

This day was Friday, and the old slave consoled himself with the thought that on the next evening he would be able to see and know for himself the true state of things about his master's residence in town. The few hours intervening were spent with great anxiety, which was even observed by his fellow-slaves.

At last came Saturday evening and with it, immediately after sunset, daddy Joe made his appearance at the hall-door of the great house, tarrying only long enough to inquire 'How's missus?' and receive the reply, 'she's better,' when a few moments found him quite out of sight, striding his way down the lane toward the road to the city.

The sudden and unexpected fate of Maggie had been noised among the slaves throughout the entire neighborhood; many who had the opportunity of doing so, repairing to the house to learn the facts.

In the lower part of the town, bordering on the river there is a depot or receptacle for the slave gangs brought by professional traders. This part of the town is known as 'Natchez under the Hill.' It is customary among the slaves when any of their number are sold, to say that they are gone 'under the hill,' and their common salutation through the day was, that 'Franks' Mag had gone under the hill.'

As with quickened steps daddy Joe approached the town, his most fearful

apprehensions became terribly realised when meeting a slave who informed him that 'Margot had gone under the hill.' Falling upon his knees, in the fence corner, the old man raised his voice in supplication of Divine aid:

'O Land! dowa has promis' in dine own wud, to be a fadah to de fadaless, an' husban to de widah! O Land, let dy wud run an' be glorify! Sof'en de hand haut ob de presseh, an' let my po' chile cum back! an'—'

'Stop that noise there, old nigger!' ordered a patrol approaching him; 'who's boy are you?'

'Sahvant, mausta!' saluted the old slave, 'I b'long to cunel Frauk, seh!'

'Is this old Joe?'

'Dis is me maus Johnny.'

'You had better trudge along home then, as it's likely old Judy wants to see you about this time.'

'Tank'e seh,' replied the old man, with a bow, feeling grateful that he was permitted to proceed.

'Devilish good, religious old negro,' he remarked to his associates, as the old man left them in the road.

A few minutes more, and daddy Joe entered the kitchen door at his master's residence. Mammy Judy, on seeing him, gave vent afresh to bitter wailing, when the emotion became painfully mutual.

'O husban'! husban'! onah po' chile is gone!' exclaimed the old woman, clasping him around the neck.

'Land! dy will be done!' exclaimed he, 'ole 'umin, look to de Laud! as he am suffishen fah all tings;' both falling on their knees, breathed in silence their desires to God.

'How long! how long! O Land how long!' was the supplicating cry of the old woman, being overcome with devotion and sorrow.

Taking the little grand-child in his arms—'Po' chile,' said the old man, 'I wish yeh had nebeh been baun!' impressing upon it kisses whilst it slept.

After a fervent and earnest prayer to God for protection to themselves, little grand-son Joe, the return of his mother their only child, and blessings

upon their master and the recovery of their mistress, the poor old slaves retired to rest for the evening, to forget their sorrows in the respite of sleep.

CHAPTER V.

A VACANCY.

This morning the sun rose with that beauty known to a southern sky in the last month of autumn. The day was Sabbath, and with it was ushered in every reminiscence common to the customs of that day and locality.

That she might spend the day at church for the diversion of her mind, Mrs. Franks was brought in to her city residence; and Natchez, which is usually gay, seemed more so on this day than on former occasions.

When the bells began to signalise the hour of worship, the fashionable people seemed *en masse* to crowd the streets. The carriages ran in every direction, bearing happy hearts and cheerful faces to the various places of worship—there to lay their offerings on the altar of The Most High for the blessings they enjoyed, whilst peering over every gate, out of every ally, or every kitchen door, could be seen the faithful black servants, who staying at home to prepare them food and attend to other domestic duties, were satisfied to look smilingly upon their masters and families as they rode along, without for a moment dreaming that they had a right to worship the same God, with the same promise of life and salvation.

‘God bless you, missus! pray fah me,’ was the honest request of many a simple-hearted slave who dared not aspire to the enjoyment of praying for themselves in the Temple of the living God.

But amidst these scenes of gayety and pleasure, there was one much devoted to her church, who could not be happy that day, as there, to her, was a seeming vacancy which could not be filled—the seat of her favorite maid-servant. The Colonel, as a husband and father, was affectionate and indulgent; but his *slave* had offended, dis-

obeyed his commands, and consequently, had to be properly punished, or he be disrespected by his own servants. The will of the master being absolute, his commands should be enforced, let them be what they may, and the consequences what they would. If slavery be right, the master is justifiable in enforcing obedience to his will; deny him this, and you at once deprive him of the right to hold a slave—the one is a necessary sequence of the other. Upon this principle colonel Franks acted, and the premise justified the conclusion.

When the carriage drove to the door, Mrs. Franks wept out most bitterly, refusing to enter because her favorite maid could not be an incumbent. Fears being entertained of seriousness in her case, it was thought advisable to let her remain quietly at home.

Daddy Joe and mammy Judy were anxious spectators of all that transpired at the door of the mansion, and that night, on retiring to their humble bed, earnestly petitioned at the altar of Grace, that the Lord would continue upon her his afflictions, until their master convinced of his wrongs, would order the return of their child.

This the Colonel would have most willingly done without the petition of Joe or Judy, but the case had gone too far, the offense was too great, and consequently there could be no reconsideration.

‘Poor thing,’ uttered Mrs. Franks in a *delirium*, ‘she served him right! And this her only offense! Yes, she was true to me!’

Little Joe, the son of Maggie, in consequence of her position to the white children—from whom her separation had been concealed—had been constantly with his grand-mother, and called her ‘mammy.’ Accustomed to being without her, he was well satisfied so long as permitted to be with the old woman Judy.

So soon as her condition would permit, Mrs. Franks was returned to her country seat, to avoid the contingencies of the city.

The German Invasion

BY JAMES M'CUNE SMITH.

'England,' says an old writer, 'owes her civilization more to the frequency with which she has been invaded, than to any other cause.'

There is a great truth in this remark; for, the frequent admixtures or amalgamation of variously endowed men which grew out of these repeated invasions, resulted in a composite intellect, greater in force, wider in grasp, more active in detail, than could have grown up out of any one tribe or race, Cimbric or Celt, Angle or Norman which ever dwelt on the British isle.

These invasions of England, beginning with Cæsar (or the Norsemen,) and continuing with the last ingress of the unfortunate Magyars, or, perhaps, the not unimportant foray of freedmen from the United States, have reached through more than two thousand years; the various *matériel* of the invasions, as in some choice and splendid piece of workmanship, having been carefully, slowly, and at lengthened intervals, welded together,

'Allmählig reift das Kostliche !'

It would seem that no matter where a social or political ebullition might happen, in whatever land or among whatever peoples, the finest elements eliminated were gathered and garnered for this English alembic.

And if these successive invasions be the real source of British greatness, then a similar series of events, occupying a much shorter space of time, would seem to account for the astonishing progress of our own beloved land. Our invasions have not only occupied a shorter time, they have been of a more decidedly physical character than the English; men with endowments more distinct and salient have not only invaded this land, but

have mingled most freely after their invasions.

First of all, and at various points of the continent, each separately invaded, mingled with and overcame the red man; this point accomplished, they threw out lines of attraction toward each other, and lastly, these lines have met and mingled. Just as in the process of chrystalization, or in the embryo state of higher life, points are made here and there in the basement substance, then an organic arrangement of atoms, then the nucleated center boldly shoots forth lines to meet and coalesce with other centers.

Three centuries ago the red man reigned lord of this goodly heritage; since then it has been invaded by

The Spaniard,
The French,
The English,
The Negro,
The Irish,
The German,
The Chinese.

The doctrine that it requires a series of invasions, with an amalgamation of the invaders, to produce advancement in civilization, gains support from the fact that no one of the above named invasions did, of itself, in any marked degree, develop progress. On the contrary, the Spaniards in Florida, the French in Canada, the Dutch in Pennsylvania, the English in New England, and the Irish in the sixth ward of the city of New York, far from advancing civilization, actually tended to barbarism.

Speaking of this tendency to barbarism in the early history of New England, a distinguished American writer remarks: 'This decline was most evident in the higher class, and in the

cultivated manners and tastes brought over by the emigrant families. The leading spirits of the first age were truly great and cultivated men; cedars of Lebanon, nay, the topmost branches of the cedars that God had brought over to plant by the waters of the new world.

'They were many of them scholars who had received at the English Universities the highest advantages of culture furnished in that age. Their minds were matured and polished by severe study. They knew society. Some of them were persons who had traveled in foreign countries, who had figured in civil stations, and were not unskilled even as courtiers. They were fellow disciples and compatriots, with such men as Owen, Howe, Milton, John Hampden, Oliver Cromwell, and other great spirits who were struggling in that age for the civil and religious emancipation of their country. But they came into the wilderness as it were, to be tempted of the devil, throwing themselves and their families for a whole century to come, upon the severest struggles of toil and warfare, to provide and fortify their new home. For a long time they had no market.

'In their modes of dress, their residences and their furniture, they were many of them restricted to supplies that were coarse and rude. Their means of education for the youth were defective in that which is necessary to a finished and really accomplished character, though sufficient to give a good degree of rudimental force. And more than all, society, that indefinable but powerful something, which gives a tone of refinement to literary tastes, and without which, feeling cannot rise to its highest dignity—this was a want which no industry or care could supply. The trials and exposures were rough; the great world was far away, petty strifes and bickerings—always enveloped in the ill-nature of the race, but restrained among a great people under the established forms of cultivated life—broke out and raged in their little communities.

'A painful subsidence of manners soon began to appear. In certain families a certain flavor of refinement passed, by tradition, and in fact was never wholly lost. Still, it was evident, after the first race was gone, and the second and third had come into their places, that character had fallen to a lower type. The educated men were in comparison, a rude, or at least, partially cultivated race. * * We feel, in short, that we have descended to an inferior race. It is somewhat as if a nest of eagles had been filled with a brood of owls.

'The decline of manners and mental cultivation, consequent on a life in the woods, carried with it a correspondent decline of morals and religion. And the natural downward tendency was aggravated by the wars in which they were compelled to engage. Thus after the bloody war with Phillip, the synod of Massachusetts, convened to deliberate on the state of virtue and religion, set forth the following mournful particulars: a 'decay of godliness, and secret apostasy among the professors;' a 'want of truth, promise breaking;' a 'neglect of family prayer;' 'profane swearing;' 'intemperance;' 'a common practice of traveling on the Sabbath day;' 'inordinate passions, and breaches of the seventh commandment.' * * Shortly after this war, the wretched scenes of infatuation enacted at Salem, furnishes the proof that religion is dwindling towards superstition. Not that a belief in witchcraft was peculiar to New England, or to that age of the world, but only that a want of thorough mental discipline in the ministry and the courts, connected with a general taint of superstition, contracted in the woods by the whole people, aggravated the public delusion, and finally suffered the whole body of society to go mad in scenes which it is horrible to contemplate.

'Still the way is downward till we come to the 'great revival,' so called, and the times of the French wars. . . . The whole community was unconsciously steeping itself in drink. In

Massachusetts alone, when she had only 150,000 people, fifteen thousand hogsheads of rum were distilled every year, and a very large share of it was consumed by her own citizens.'—*Bushnell's Barbarism the first danger*. p. 13.—*N. Y.* 1847.

We have made this long extract because it proves that even Anglo-Saxons isolated and unstirred by the infusion of new blood—for they made laws interdicting marriages with Indians and negroes—degenerated just like other so-called lower types of humanity: and this fact throws light on the question, why other European nations, the Spaniards, for example, in like manner isolated, have in like manner degenerated on our continent—for the same want—an infusion of new blood.

Bearing these things in mind, we may look a little beneath the surface of our history, and perceive in its great epoch, the Declaration of Independence, elements of advancement altogether independent of and superior to any dogmas contained in that renowned document. The doctrine that 'all men are born free and equal,' was as old as Thomas Aquinas, from whom the very words are quoted, and its *then* re-announcement would have little availed, had it not been the harbinger of that infusion of new blood, throughout the united, that is, mingled colonies, in which began the composite genius of the American people.

For that the genius of this people is composite, not peculiar, or idiosyncratic, is proven by every feat in arts or arms for which it is distinguished. The army of the Revolution was made up of men of many nations in rank and file. Robert Fulton was Irish in all except the accident of birth; and although the waters of the Hudson, first foamed beneath the impulse of the first engine driven by heated air, it was a Swede, learned in all the lore of French science, who elaborated the idea into an invention, and it was an Englishman who furnished the capital requisite to make the actual experiment.

The only thing American, was the *locus* in which the Swede and French science and English capital might meet and fuse.

And it is on this fact, that our land presents a grand trysting place for the human to meet and commune with his brother human; and on the other fact that our institutions present a certain facileness of invasion, that all our present greatness and future progress depend.

It would be most interesting to inquire into the immediate and remote influences exercised upon our times by each one of the invasions we have enumerated; and especially to note with what providential succession each one has fallen into its proper time and place in order to produce the grand results of which we only witness the dawning. Whatever ignorance and barbarism, whatever semi-civilization, whatever refinement and culture, art and science the world possessed up to and during the last half century, whatever is relatively beautiful or hideous in the human physique, have all met and freely intermingled in our national alembic.

And what is, perhaps, the greatest marvel, men in nations or in institutions, who had struggled against each other through long and bloody wars, have found in our area of freedom, a neutral ground in which they may live and flourish in immediate contact with each other: the lion lies down with the lamb, and a little child may lead them both.

The successive invasions of our continent may be briefly glanced at before entering upon the special consideration of the German invasion.

First. The Spanish invasion gave roads, cathedrals, inter-tropical house-architecture and Roman Catholicism to Central America, and the edges of Louisiana and Florida, and the discovery of a large portion of the Atlantic coast and of the Mississippi to the whole country; their mark is light in the matter of language, laws, letters or improvement. Their cathedrals are

already among the antiquities of the country.

Secondly. The French brought a spirit of daring adventure, mingled with a scientific love of exploration which penetrated and described with mathematical precision the remotest parts of our vast wildernesses, the courses of our rivers, and the natural beauties of spots of enchanting scenery, which bear to this day the euphonious names they imposed upon them. Up to the last quarter of the eighteenth century French works, in print or in manuscript, contained by far the best accounts of the extent, resources and capabilities of this North American continent, and doubtless this superior acquaintance with the country was an element in that warm sympathy and gallant aid from France without which our war of Independence would have had a longer duration, perhaps another termination.

The most marked immigration from the French, however, occurred between 1790 and 1800, when the Haytian revolution drove to our shores, a mass of French creoles, many of them part African, who swelled the population of the United States three and a half per cent—some 120,000 according to Tucker.*

They brought with them that refined and luxurious culture for which Hayti was distinguished, and which is still to be found in the neighborhood of New Orleans; and also a horror of emancipation and a hatred of the negro race, which doubtless hastened the abolition of the American slave trade, and helped to rivet the fetters of the American slave. They brought also, or rather, sent vast treasures in money and plate, which tradition says formed the basis of the colossal fortune of Stephen Girard, and through him gave an impulse to our commerce.

Like the Spaniards, the French brought with them the Roman Catholic religion: in Louisiana they have left the peculiar impress of their colonial

laws, more liberal than the Anglo-Saxon in the matters of enfranchisement and caste. This is doubtless the result of their religion reacting upon their laws. Mahomedan mosques and Catholic churches regard master and slave as equals in the sight of Omnipotence—not so the theology born of American Protestantism.

The French in Canada present, perhaps, the most curious study of modern times. Their manners, their customs, their arts, their very patois have not advanced beyond 'the times' of their first invasion of that region. Their unmixed blood is stagnant, and not progressive, in like manner with the Spaniards in Central America. Canada advances in spite of them; they are old-fashioned conservatives, while the English, the Scotch and the negro from the southern plantation, form the invading and progressive masses. In Canada West more especially, the negro is doing for the habitan, what they have already done for the French planters in St. Domingo. That is to say, we have the new fact of the people of the torrid zone, over-running in their own climate, the people of the temperate zone.

Third. The English invasion is so much the history of our land, that it requires little comment. The Anglo-Saxons—that pure, transcendental race became the most transcendently mixed of all the others, the very name betokening admixture—brought with them the plough, the anvil, laws less perfect than the French, but more capable of expansion, and more than all, the Protestant religion, and that proclivity to organization, in which De Tocqueville easily detected the necessary foundation of a successful republican superstructure.

Fourth. The negroes were brought here: it might be straining the term, to call their advent an invasion, yet, somehow, a dim instinct that their continued importation, in increasing numbers, might turn out an invasion, after all, caused the constitutional convention to limit the duration of the Afri-

* Progress U. States, p. 20.

can slave trade; and from that day to this, the only people under the sun, from whose admission into their territories, their states, their school-houses and their sanctuaries, the peerless Anglo-Saxons have prayed the good Lord to deliver them, and have passed laws to accomplish their prayers, are these very negroes.

And it is only in this second half of the nineteenth century, when white emigration has strengthened the hands and the numbers of the Anglo-Saxons, that they again venture to call for more negroes from Africa.

And yet this dark-browed man brought with him neither arts, nor arms, nor institutions, nor physical beauty—he brought a bare and unencumbered soul, fresh from the hand of God!

Against the long-accumulated current of thought and culture, dating away back, beyond the pyramids, and running through, and gathering impulse from Assyria and Egypt, and India and Greece and Rome, and the nations of modern Europe, he could only throw in, as his share in our common treasury, certain sweetly human and natural elements—endurance and love. And as the glare of this accumulated light passed away from his dazzled vision—all chained and embruted as he was—he raised his form erect, and smote with sooty lip the fair Goddess of Freedom, nor shrunk she from his dark embrace!

For the mission of the negro in this land is not purely physical. Thews and sinews, and a will to use them, he undoubtedly brought, and forests cleared, towns builded, and the 90 millions of dollars worth of cotton produced annually, and the 2000 million of dollars represented by him, are no unimportant items in the physical power of our national make up. But these are small matters compared with other marks he has made:—for example, strike from existence all the negroes and Irish in our Republic, and which other race will have left so strong a mark upon her history and her future?

We live in the heroic age of our country, and the negro is the hero. We live in the Romance times, and the negro is again the hero; not only at Christiana and Wilksbarre, but in ten thousand unknown spots consecrated to Liberty by her sable children, suffering hunger and thirst, and bruises and wounds, and cruel separations, more bitter than death, in the high-ways, and in rapid rivers and in pathless woods. The meed in oratory has been accorded to the negro.* And in the matter of national music, I find the *Literary World* for the last week in October 1853, greatly fearing that our only national music will be negro music, and the next day I find the *Chrysties*, who have during five years said perpetual masses to the humanity of the black man, the *Chrysties* advertising 'The American opera'—composed of negro songs.

Fifth. The Irish invasion has spent its force. In 1846, when the emigration from Ireland amounted to 250,000 per annum, the population of that country had reached a forced maximum and within the next five years decreased at the enormous rate of 26.5 per cent in five years, in two of the most populous counties, and in little less proportion in other parts of Ireland. This decrease arose from the fact that the excessive increase of population, which arose from the depressed condition of the Irish people, and from their early marriages, an increase of population, feeble in stamina in proportion to excess in numbers—had reached a culminating point at which it was checked by the imperfect character of the material. Besides, the enormous consumption of seven and a half millions of gallons of whiskey per annum† just as surely hastened the depopulation of Ireland from 1840 to 1846, as rum has destroyed the Indians of America. Whilst the world's benevo-

* The *New York Tribune's* Washington correspondent declares the orations of Southern members to be *Africanized*!

† 'Mr. Keith's Negro Eloquence.'—*Westminster Review*.

lence, in one year sent three millions of pounds sterling in food, &c., to Ireland, in one year the Irish expended five millions of pounds sterling in whiskey, during the same period.

From very lack of numbers, therefore, the Irish emigration must ever be less than in 1846, and her inability to furnish recruits for the Crimean and Indian wars, has awakened the British Government to the necessity of keeping at home, and increasing the number and force of Ireland's population.

From such elements, we could not have a persistent race, in character or caste or influence. The three millions of Irish by birth or blood, who, according to Mr. Robinson, are in the United States, make a feeblér mark upon society and legislation than the similar number of negroes and their descendants.

More than any other race of our invaders, the Irishman brings a consciousness of inferiority to our shores, and when he finds himself on a level with the dominant races in the land, his sense of expansion is so sudden and vivid, that he at once strives to forget his at-home abasement, and rushes into an amalgamation with the institutions around him, with an impulse which resists all, except the potent chains of Papacy, and he soon tugs against this last with an energy which awakens the solicitude of its priesthood. The shrewd bishops discover that they bury more than they christen in the church, and that common schools diminish the attachment of the Celt to the church; hence the war upon 'Godless schools.'

The Irishman brings with him neither laws, language nor traditions which bind him as a caste, beyond the immigrant generation: the second generation is no longer Irish. Their mark on our institutions is almost purely physical. They dig canals, grade railroads, carry bricks and mortar, fight our battles, and fill the ranks of our standing army. Or they go to the polls in flocks at the bidding of their priests, and by the force of brute numbers help Rome to establish a foothold

among the ruling elements of our land. Their marked moral attributes here exhibited are love and hate; they hate cordially every thing English as the source of their oppression at home, and they hate the black man because of his rivalry in labor. The many thousands if not millions of dollars they remit to the fatherland, to aid and comfort their relatives, is, on the part especially of the Irish women in America, an outpouring of love sufficient to cover all other of their deficiencies.

Sixthly. We come to the German invasion. According to the statements of Mr. Robinson, in his ardent lecture upon the Celts, the population of the United States in 1850 consisted of—

Irish born	3,000,000
Irish by blood	4,500,000
German by blood or birth	5,500,000
Anglo-Saxon	3,500,000
French, or other Celts	3,000,000
Colored, Free or Slave	3,500,000
	<hr/>
	23,000,000

That is to say, of the entire white population of nineteen and a half millions, ten and a half millions were Celts by birth or blood.

The order of the invasion of North America in the nineteenth century, would seem not unlike that of Europe from the first century before, until the fourth after the Christian era—the Celts first, the Germans afterwards.

And the analogy is not only in the order, but in the completeness, the overwhelmingness of the last invasion. For the Dutch have come upon us with the arms of modern times, the plough, the garden spade, and the press, to say nothing of that thrift and shrewdness in driving bargains—that singular union between capital and labor—before which our antagonisms of capital and labor melt away as anything savage or barbarous melts away before the glow of civilization.

Revolutions are not the noisy things historians describe them to be. In their beginning, progress and completion, there is a quiet, stealthy march and the final explosion is seldom more

than the astonished exclamations, or the useless struggles of the old fogey institutions when they find they must ROTATE. And we, sharp witted American sovereigns, will not wake up to the importance and thoroughness of this German invasion or revolution, until on some fine 4th day of March, a man shall uncover his head on the Capitol steps, and deliver an Inaugural in good *High Dutch*, and in December following, some remnant of Anglo-Saxondom, shall move in the House, that a few hundred thousands of the President's Message shall be printed in the English language, and merchant marts in Broadway, shall hang out signs declaring 'English spoken here.'

When this German invasion began, it is hard to say. At least two hundred years ago, the Dutch made a lodgment in New Amsterdam, and the parts thereunto adjacent. In this lodgment, they had a keen eye to good soil, capital locations and the fatness of the land. To be sure, they apparently yielded the neighborhood to the Anglo Saxons, but this yielding was only apparent; for wherever they lodged, in the middle of the 17th century, there their descendants hold title deeds in the middle of the nineteenth.

They simply bided their time; they waited until the Indians should be removed, till Fulton invented the steam engine, until railroads should be shot through the length and breadth of the land; and when their scouts told them that all these things were done, they exclaimed '*dat ish gute*,' and forthwith commenced to pack up their chattels for that migration which will increase in the next twenty years, beyond all Celtic precedent.

Attention was at first attracted to this invasion in the Empire city, by sundry hanging signs protruding above basement windows with the figure of a boot, gilded or painted yellow, in the center, and a name very hard to spell and harder to pronounce, beneath it.

We could hardly call these Dutch cobblers, because they made as well as

mended shoes and boots; and their work was at once better and cheaper than could be done by native workmen. These signs, at first few and far between, soon multiplied, and in a year or two the Germans had invaded and took the entire sole mending of the metropolis.

This assault on our institutions, began at the feet, but soon rose higher. The same hard spelling and hard pronouncing began to peep out over the corner groceries, the sharp, sallow faces of the Andersons, the Johnsons, the Smiths, &c., disappeared, and were replaced, behind the counters of these stores by broad, moon-like visages, decidedly white, with blue eyes and flaxen locks. And in a year or two, Dutch John and the corner groceries became things inseparable.

Thus our stomachs were taken captive. In the city and county of New York, it is almost a settled fact that an American grocer cannot live and thrive. The invasion in this direction is complete and overwhelming. The Anglo-Saxons, rulers of men, gave way and fled before the Dutch invaders. No doubt the remains of Peter Stuyvesant and his friends took a pleasant turn in their graves, when they heard the tongue of the vatherland sounding in every corner of the city, once theirs, now their descendants.

Next, the barber shops gave way, and quaint looking lilliputian barber poles were thrust at all angles into the air, ornamented with wooden razors; and passers by were advertised, by an array of lancets, or a squadron of detached teeth, that their arms could be blooded, or their teeth extracted by some Grimm, Vandam or Glucksche within. Peaceable citizens felt a shudder, stroked their beards, and violent moustaches have since come into fashion.

Deutsche Apoteke, Deutsche Artz, physic and physicians, were the next objects of assault. No Austro-Goth or Visi-Goth ever looked with more pleased smile on the fertile valleys of the Rhine or Italy, than these their de-

scendants gazed withal upon the field of practice for physic which the dyspeptic New-Yorkers presented. Allopathists and druggists have combined to resist, but their fight is a hopeless one, the former must go by the board, and the only safety of the latter consists in learning to speak Dutch, and read German prescriptions.

In music, these descendants of the Minne-singers, and the more arbitrary Meister singers, carry all before them. The majority of Dodworth's band are Germans; and a music teacher of highest fashion and celebrity six years ago, told me the other day that his business among the first class, has entirely deserted him—young and elegant and fair-haired German teachers being all the rage.

In like manner, cabinet makers, lockmakers and many other handicrafts have been attacked by these German invaders. Quite as skilful and rapid as workmen, more frugal in their habits, they can work longer and for less wages than the American mechanic, who by this means is driven to the wall; and had it not been that California, in the midst of these movements, afforded an attraction to a large number of this class of Americans, very serious results, amounting perhaps to tumult, must have followed.

And if any one will walk through Beaver, Exchange, Broad, and the lower parts of Pearl-streets and Broadway, they will be startled to find among the signs of heavy importers, how few Anglo-Saxon, and how many German names are to be found.

In fine, the Germans appear to aim at possession of the business of the country, which is, to a great extent, the ruling element, the very heart of the land. I have said nothing of the agricultural aspect of this question, as it is out of the sphere of my observation; but in time doubtless the same labor with the same results will mark the course of the Germans in that direction. What the Irish have done in making communication by railroad and canal, the Germans will no doubt,

more than do in adding to the staple products of the country. In a few years they will be the owners and tillers of the finest farming regions of the whole continent, for they bring with them not only physical force and endurance, but also the highest skill, and the necessary means to enter at once as competitors in the noblest calling fulfilled by the human race.

From these facts it is evident that the German invasion, is probably the most important to which our land has been yet subjected, and hence it becomes the duty of every reflecting American to inquire into the material and the character of which it is made up.

Some years ago, Mr. Robinson, in his Celt-glorifying lecture, already quoted, estimated the Germans, by blood and birth, in the United States, at five and a half millions. And this high estimate, from such a source, is the strongest argument I have met with of the admitted force of the German population. The truth is, that the entire German population of the United States is not quite one million and a half. The Census of 1850 gives less than a million, but the most intelligent German statisticians consider that, at least half a million too few.

This German migration is scarcely twenty years old, for it did not fairly begin until 1839. Of all emigrants who arrived in the port of New York since then :

	Whole.	German.	Irish.
1839	47,688	18,000	
1840	60,722	20,000	
1841	55,855	11,895	112,591
1842	60,086	13,832	163,883
1843	46,302	15,558	
1844	61,002	17,799	118,131
1845	82,960	30,312	
1846	115,230	51,791	
1847	166,110	70,735	
1848	199,909	52,620	
1849	221,799	55,620	
1850	226,287	45,768	
1851	299,081	70,560	
1852	310,335	118,607	
	1,952,966	593,097	

The New Yorker Staats Zeitung for January 22nd, 1853. from which this table is copied, adds a hundred and seven thousand for the German emigration to Baltimore and New Orleans, and about two hundred thousand for the emigration of previous years, making the entire German population, arrived, at 900 thousand: allowing 48 per cent. for their increase during the fourteen years, and we have one million two hundred and sixty thousand as the entire German migration of the second quarter of the 19th century.

The increase of this migration has been gradual, until within the last three years, when it has increased at the rate of thirty thousand per annum, and from being only one-half as many, has in the last year, actually outnumbered the Irish immigration.

And it is but reasonable to expect that in the next ten years, or perhaps longer, it will go on increasing; for while the whole home population of Ireland is but six millions, that of Germany is nearly fifty millions.

The vitality of the German emigrant is greater than that of the Irish. These latter, enfeebled by starvation and whiskey at home, seek employment here on railroads, running through malarious districts from Maine to Panama, and their stalwart looking, but really feeble frames fall an easy prey to the fevers which they contract.

In the city of New York, twenty-five years ago, an acre or two surrounding St. Patrick's Cathedral afforded ample burying room for the whole Irish Catholic population. Since then, a ten acre field in Eleventh-street has been twice filled up, tightly packed, by the same population, and within three years, eighty acres have been bought on Long Island by Bishop Hughes, and a ferry especially established, called Bishop Hughes' Ferry, to carry over the Irish dead to this new cemetery, at which several priests are engaged from morning till night, reciting the last sad ceremonies over the departed sons of Erin.

To be Continued.

Afric-American Picture Gallery.

BY ETHIOP.

NUMBER I.

I always had a *penchant* for pictures. From a chit of a boy till now, my love for beautiful, or quaint old pictures has been unquenched.

If an ever abiding love for any branch of *Art* is indicative of a fitness to pursue it, then I should have been a painter. Even when so small as to be almost imperceptible, I used to climb up, by the aid of a stool, to my mother's mantle piece, take down the old family almanac and study its pictures with a greater relish than ever a fat alderman partook of a good dinner including a bountiful supply of the choicest wines. All this however, never made me a painter. Fate marked

out a rougher, sterner destiny for me. But the habit of rambling in search of, and hunting up curious, old, or rare and beautiful pictures, is as strong as ever.

It was in one of these rambles, that I stumbled over the Afric-American Picture Gallery, which has since become one of my dearest retreats wherein to spend many an otherwise weary hour, with profit and pleasure

The collection is quite numerous, having been sought from every quarter of the American continent, and some from abroad; and though as a *Gallery of Art*, if not highly meritorious, still from its wide range of subjects and the ingenuity with which

many of them are presented, it must, to the lover and curious in such matters, afford much for amusement, and to the careful observer and the thinker much that is valuable and interesting.

In style and excellence these pictures vary according to the fancy or skill of the artist. Some are finely executed, while others are mere rough sketches. Some are in oil, some in water colors, and India Ink shadings, a few statues, statuettes, and a few Crayons and Pencilings possessing a high degree of merit; others are mere charcoal sketches and of little worth beyond the subjects they portray.

But without pursuing this general outline further, let the reader, with me enter into this almost unknown Gallery. Well, here we are, and looking about us.

The first thing noticeable, is the unstudied arrangement of these pictures. They seem rather to have been put up out of the way, many of them, than hung for any effect.

The walls are spacious, and contain ample room for more, and, in many instances, better paintings; and many niches yet vacant for busts and statues; and just here, let me make an humble petition in behalf of this our newly discovered Gallery.—It is that generous artists, will, at their convenience, have the goodness to paint an occasional picture, or chisel a statue or bust, and we will be sure to assign it to its appropriate place. But let us take a survey, and speak only of what strikes us most forcibly in our present mood.

PICTURE NUMBER 1.—THE SLAVE SHIP.

This picture hangs near the entrance, on the south side of the Gallery, and in rather an unfavorable light.

The view is of course Jamestown harbor, Virginia, in 1609, and has all the wild surroundings of that portion of our country at that period; the artist having been faithful even to every shrub, crag and nook. Off in the mooring lays the *slave ship*, Dutch-modeled and ugly, even hideous to look upon, as a slave-ship ought to be. On the

shore is a group of emaciated *Africans*, heavily manacled, the first slaves that ever trod the American continent; while in the fierce and angry waters of the bay, which seem to meet the black and dismal and storm-clad sky, is seen a small boat containing another lot of these human beings, just nearing the shore.

If the artist's general conception of this picture may be regarded a success, in its details, beyond all question, this is its crowning point. The small boat struck by, and contending with a huge breaker, is so near the shore that you can behold, and startle as you behold, the emaciated and death-like faces of the unfortunate victims, and the hideous countenances of their captors; and high and above all, perched upon the stern, with foot, tail and horns, and the chief insignias of his office, is his Satanic Majesty, gloating over the whole scene.

What is more truthful than that the devil is ever the firm friend and companion of the slave ship?

PICTURE NUMBER 2.—THE FIRST AND THE LAST COLORED EDITOR.

This small, but neat picture hangs on the north side of the gallery; and though simple in its details, is so well executed that it has much attracted me.

The Last Colored Editor, quite a young man, with a finely formed head and ample brow—thoughtful, earnest, resolute—sits in chair editorial, with the first number of the *Freedom's Journal*, the first journal ever edited by, and devoted to the cause of the colored man in America, held in one hand and outspread before him, while the other, as though expressive of his resolve, is firmly clenched.

Surrounding him are piles of all the journals edited by colored men from the commencement up till the present, among which the *Freedom's Journal*, *Colored American*, *People's Press*, *North Star*, and *Frederick Douglass's* paper are the more prominent. The First Editor is represented as a vener-

able old man, with whitened locks and placid face, leaning on a staff, and unperceived by the Last Editor, is looking intently over his shoulder on the outspread journal.

It is his own first editorial, and the first ever penned and published by a colored man in America. The scene is the linking together of our once scarcely hopeful past with the now bright present.

PICTURE NO. 3.—THE FIRST MARTYR OF THE REVOLUTION.

This is a head of Attucks. It may not be generally known, and it may not be particularly desirable that the public should know, that the First Martyr of the American Revolution was a colored man; that the first bosom that was bared to the blast of war was black; the first blood that drenched the path-way which led up to American liberty, was from the veins of a colored man.

And yet such is the fact; and the artist has done a service in the execution of this head. It hangs at the north east end of the Gallery, and is a fine likeness of a bold, vigorous man,—just such, as would be likely to head a revolution to throw off oppression. May the name of Attucks and the facts connected therewith never perish.

PICTURE NO. 4. SUNSET IN ABBEOKUTA.

This is a fine painting. The landscape is rich, varied, beautiful. The sky has all the warmth of hue and softness of tint, and all that gorgeousness (changing seemingly with every instant,) for which an African sky is so much noted. No rainbow with us, in its full splendor, is so variegated or so wide in its range of colors.

The last touches of the artist's pencil has made the glow of the coming evening to softly spread itself over here and there a dusky inhabitant reclining upon the banks of an unrippled lake. The effect is fine, and the

whole scene is so charming that one could almost wish to be there.

PICTURES 5 AND 6.—THE UNDER GROUND RAILROAD.

In these two pictures the artist is certainly quite up to our idea. They are of large size and represent both the Southern and Northern portions of that mysterious road. They hang beside each other on the south side of the Gallery and are marked A and B. I would suggest, that B be changed over to the north wall, as a more appropriate place. Picture A, or the south view represents a dark road leading through a darker forest, along which is seen merely some twenty pairs of fine stalwart human feet and legs—male and female—of all sizes, hurrying northward. Every muscle and limb indicates firmness and resolution.

The scene is night-time, and far distant through the forest is faintly seen the north star—small but bright and unfailing, and to the fugitive, unerring.

Picture B on the north view consists of some twenty bold heads and fine robust faces, each of which is lit up with a joy no pen can portray, and nothing but the pencil of the master could have reached. The exclamation of each must be 'we have found it!!!'

In the foreground is a lake and the back ground is a Canadian forest, through which here and there you can perceive a small rustic cottage. Both of these pictures sustain well that air of mystery which envelopes the Under Ground Rail Road.

In the first view we have but the feet and legs; indicating the mysterious manner in which those feet and legs move bodies towards freedom, or pass along that undefined and undefinable Road that leads to liberty.

There is another thought. The head, the recognized seat of the mind, is useless to the slave, or, if of service to him, this thinking apparatus is not

his own ; it belongs to his owner ; hence he makes use of his feet and legs, or the physical machinery ; while in the second view, at the northern end of this undefinable Road, where liberty is, the head or mental part is presented to view. The slave,—the chattel,—the thing is a *man*.

(To be Continued.)

Trifles.

BY MARY A. S. CARY.

‘ Tall oaks from little acorns grow.’

Words, actions, events, and circumstances become important or trivial in proportion to the relations they sustain, or to the accidents of time and purpose inseparable from their real significance.

Greater prominence is sometimes given to a word because of the source from whence it emanates, and things the most common-place become magnified into, or assume great proportions ; and ovents small in themselves, become the index to the most stupendous results.

A mustard seed planted by skilful hands germinates, and in time becomes a beautiful flowering plant ; in an after stage of its growth, the husbandman gathers in a valuable yield, which is transferred to the man of business, who in turn, disposes of a share to his neighbor ; thus a commercial transaction is commenced, ships are put into requisition, and trade, in all its intricate relations, receives an impulsion,—but a mustard seed in the beginning, who could have calculated the importance of the article mustard in the commercial world ?

Commerce, the great regulator of human speculative affairs, is but a compendium of little inventions, contrivances and results, directed by human skill and forethought, and gravitating each toward the other by the certain laws of human relations and economic affinities.

An arrow directed by the skilful Jonathan to a certain point, though without meaning to the casual observer,

has become a messenger of infinite interest to the Christian world, all Judea is involved in the issue, and the Gentile nations shall gather comfort and consolation from the interpretation of its position : from David shall come the Emanucl, who shall reign in righteousness forever and forever more, and a trifle no greater than an arrow shall proclaim the matter.

Since the occurrence of that thrilling soul-stirring event, we multiply the intervening years by hundreds and thousands, every one of which, could we but become acquainted with its history, has hidden away among its fast receding arcana, the little though multifarious hints upon which our present civilization rears its magnificent superstructure ; and the equally trifling suggestions, which gave form and consistency to present social, civil and religious grievances.

Now and THEN are expressive words in certain relations ; they become volumes in their relation to trifles. Then, was and is the meager beginning of every endeavor ; now, its perfect or elaborate fulfilment as the case may be. Though ‘ comparisons’ are odious in most cases, they are not so when applied to trifles.

THEN, men gave to God the husks of faith, and trust, and homage, in roughly hewn altars, whereon were offered up the holy sacrifice ; now, upon the same trifle, is poured out marvelous wealth, and domes, and spires, and gaudy piles,

not only indicate the immense disparity, but often painfully assure us, that for the trifle we have exchanged the marrow and fat things of Holiness, and with the gorgeous shell we must be content.

But, a trifle, which would be sadly out of place at one time, marks an era at another.

The appliances of wealth and a generous civilization surround us; the 'forked lightnings' have been put in harness, and do duty above our heads and in the far a-down vastness of the great deep:—when it is said 'play' they play, and when commanded to be still they cease; they are made to write out our thoughts, and to serve our most necessary purposes. Fire which consumeth is stayed in its destructiveness, and the shrill steam whistle tells aloud the story of its subserviency—the fire element has been subordinated, and steam, subtle and volatile though it be, is made to forward the heaviest burdens and to reciprocate relations among remote peoples; yet, the hints which were the first starting point of these wondrous instrumentalities, were but trifles; a paper kite and bit of string suggests the one, and a heated flask and a few drops of whisky the other.

But, proofs on proofs multiply to show that on most simple matters, in themselves, the most momentous events depend. A bit of selfishness,—a little misplaced charity may cause generations of men to weep tears as of blood. The physically strong man becomes a moral dwarf, the weak man a power for evil;—the good man dare not practise the simplest offices of mercy and benevolence, but the bad man may grow fat with the accumulated hoard of wicked years.

There are, for instance, points in the

history of oppression in both hemispheres, which had their origin in inconsiderable beginnings, yet, so great is the magnitude of slavery, that talent, and energy, and conscience, seem unequal to withstand its wide spreading influence.

It is in vain that the legislator, the minister, the moralist, apply their respective vocations with more than probable results,—the humble friendless slave and the powerful citizen, alike, ply themselves against it, each in his way, the one pleading piteously that its ponderous tread may not crush out every lingering spark of vitality; the other, with powerful words in its condemnation, and with weighty material interests, battering away against its citadel of old, drawn by a sort of skilful alchemy from human blood and brain and sinews, but it continues to pile up to the world's gaze its grim and ghastly pile of human skulls. This was once but a little speck, a mere trifle; now, grown to be a giant 'raw head and bloody bones.' But enough of this, and as this subject must have an end, but a single example more shall be given to illustrate this chapter of 'trifles.'

The decalogue is but a miniature compendium of moral and religious duties; though ample for the guidance of a world, it consists of the commandments upon which hang all the law and the prophets; these, to the worldly wise, are few in number and unadorned by elaborately devised rhetoric, yet their influence upon humanity is so great as to be beyond finite comprehension.

The moral of all this is the oft repeated proverb, 'great results spring from little causes,' and it embodies a hint which to the young is full of significance.

Fragments of Thought—No. 1.

BY D. A. P.

THE PSALMS.

What a sweet, what a precious book is this! 'Tis the harp, strung and tuned in heaven, which God himself has put in the hand of Man to cheer him through his earthly pilgrimage.

Is he passing through the shady glen, where, from the mountain's hollow sides, bubbling fountains pour their cooling streams? Or, does he traverse beneath the scorching sunbeams, the grassy prairie, or the sandy waste? Here, there, yonder—this harp can fill his soul with gladness, and his tongue with melting songs.

With this harp in hand, I have seen the weakest saint enter the dark valley of the shadow of death, and all the journey through; heard her sing as cheerily as the guiltless lark; seen her touching its thrilling chords, sweeter, louder, till her rapturous song seemed more like voices from the gates of heaven, than the tongue of mortal, verging into the dreary regions of the grave.

How wonderfully varied are the notes of this harp. No instrument on earth is like it. More potent than the 'Golden Shell' of Orpheus, it casts out evil spirits, and brings back from the gates of hell, souls that had been lost to innocence, virtue, and truth.

The Organ, sweet, full, varied, sublime as it is, has not the compass of this harp divine;—whose strings, whose notes, are tender as the midnight sighings of the mocking bird—and as loud, grand, sublime as the echoing thunders!

Listening to its gracious melodies, you hear now the sad moanings of the captive daughter of Judea—then the thrilling shouts of the royal victor, who, with the lion's leap, could run

through a troop, and with the giant's strength, break in pieces the bow of steel.

O David! Sweet Harper of Israel! nearly thirty centuries have listened to thy matchless voice, now soft, then loud, now full of joy, then laden with grief—now pouring forth the bitter wailings of the penitent sinner, then uttering the bold, joyous anthem of the raptured saint.

Upon the mountains of Zion, and in the valleys of Judea, thy harp did first pour forth its lofty strains—now, the cloud-capped mountains and green valleys of every land, of every isle, of every nation under heaven, are vocal with the flying joys.

O that one could hear as God hears, the different languages of earth; the million tongues of her children; what music might be heard! What raptures realized! Mayhap, it would seem as though Heaven were listening to singing Earth—and Earth had been electrified by the music of Heaven!

Divine Harp! heaven-strung and heaven-attuned, the Church of God shall listen to thy sprightly carols, thy rapturous songs, thy solemn hymns, thy sublime odes, till with one mind, one heart, one tongue, all the redeemed, led on by the triumphant Saviour, shall exclaim, 'Let every thing that hath breath praise the Lord.'

And when my own blood-bought soul shall be standing upon the promontory of time, pluming her wings, clapping, stretching them for the celestial flight—then, Oh then! let me hear the harp of David sounding, sounding, still sounding in my ears, till I hear the matchless music of the heavenly harpers *sounding in Eternity!*

The Coming Man.

BY W. J. WILSON.

I exist, and yet of what avail am I ;
 What poor human need leans on me ?
 What aid am I to fellow weakness ?
 The iron hoof of nations has trod upon me,
 As upon the worm that crawls the ground ;
 But unlike the worm, I turn not crushed.
 The contumely, scorn, malice, hatred
 Of the would-be Gods of Earth—they see no
 further,
 Have been heaped upon me,
 Tho' I wear the bright image of my Maker.
 I look round upon the undefinable present ;
 I look back into the dim misty past ;
 I strive to penetrate the unknown future ;
 To find a satisfaction or even a present quiet ;
 There is a discontent that stirs within.
 It may be an attribute of the soul,
 It may be the undying soul itself,
 That bids me yearn for some other state.
 I rouse from apathy my grim sluggish self,
 And shake off the accumulated dust of cycles
 Wherein man and mission till now have lain.
 I break the chains that have been clanging
 Down through the dim vault of ages ;
 I gird up my strength—mind and arm,
 And prepare for the terrible conflict,
 I am to war with principalities, powers, wrongs,
 With oppressions,—with all that curse human-
 ity.
 I am resolved. 'Tis more than half my task ;
 'Twas the great need of all my passed existence.
 The glooms that have so long shrouded me,
 Recede as vapor from the new presence,
 And the light-gleam—it must be life
 So brightens and spreads its pure rays before,
 That I read my Mission as 'twere a book.
 It is life—life in which none but *men*,
 Not those who only wear the form can live,
 To give this life to the *World*—to make men
 Out of the thews and sinews of oppressed
 slaves,
 Of the feeble, of the strong, the high, the good
 If such there be. Of oppressors, rulers—
 To try them in the crucible and in the furnace
 Of stern, vigorous, earnest truth from God
 Is my high Commission.

Comets.

BY M. R. DELANY.

What are *Comets*? This probably is the most difficult question known to natural science. Many have been the deductions upon this most interesting subject, learned astronomers giving different views; but as yet there has not been even a plausible theory adduced upon which to settle an opinion.

Some philosophers believe that comets are *nebulous*, that is, collections of thin, vaporous matter, which idea has gained much favor in Europe and America.

That comets are spherical is certainly beyond dispute, since all circular bodies assume that figure. If spherical they must be *solid*, else their motion would destroy their figure, since all vapors—as clouds moved by the wind—continually change, attaining various forms. Another evidence of their solidity is their *brilliancy*, because, if this were not the case, the body would appear as a faint light, similar to that of the *trail*, or the reflection of the *aurora borealis*. If solid, they must be planets beyond a doubt, if any distant sphere may be so termed—as their motion and magnitude prove.

Regarding their magnitude, the same means by which the size of other distant orbs is proven, applies as well to comets.

Why then, if planets, are not comets governed by the general laws of the planetary system? This is an important point of investigation, as it has been long since decided that they

are *transient* bodies, having no fixed centers—no definite time or path for revolution, but dashing on through space, visiting unknown regions, probably by chance returning, and probably never again returning to the same point of transit. Why should they at random thus elliptically fly through eternal space, without a fixed point or center of motion? A solution to this is a mystery, equal only to the established fact that they never clash with any planet known to our system.

The *trail* (the term is used in preference to 'tail' as used by philosophers, as we never could see its appropriateness) is another important point of interest. Here is a spherical body, contrary to the laws of light, sending forth in one direction, columns instead of regular radiations from all sides.

According to the laws of reflection, radiation should be equal from all sides of a luminous body, and no velocity, however great, would in the least affect it sensibly along the line of transit. To this there is an exception in the case of comets, tasking the ingenuity and wisdom of philosophers to comprehend it.

A comet must be a great sphere of electric fire in a constant state of action, which like the nucleus termed a 'thunder bolt,' flies darting, blazing and sparkling through space, leaving far behind streams of electricity, similar to lurid flashes of lightning amidst the darkness of clouds.

The momentum of these extraordi-

nary orbs, will justify the conclusion that they are electrical. The trail of the last comet, the past autumn, was calculated by some learned men at 65,000,000 of miles in length, or only 30,000,000 less than the distance of the sun from the earth; and when considering the motion necessary to leave such a trail, and comparing this with lightning flashes in the skies, the velocity of these bodies is beyond human conception. No other force than that of electricity, could possibly be the motive power which impels them on with such speed. Unlike the revolutionary planets, which are alternately impelled and retarded by positive and negative influences, the comet, on the contrary, has a continuous succession of accelerated motions, every center it approaches impelling it onward in its course.

Though their course is irregular, it is equally as impossible for comets as any other planets to come in contact with any of the heavenly bodies, because guided and directed by the same laws as they.*

The repelling power of the solar centers, extends beyond all secondary or negative planets—as the earth, moon, &c.—so as to prevent the approach of comets too near their line of revolution.

Supposing a comet just ushered out of Almighty grasp, it goes on in the line of projection—blazing and sparkling, leaving behind a trail of electric sparks, similar to the chimney of a locomotive after night—until coming within the influence of the center of a solar system, which is always in a state of positive intensity, is repelled changing its direction, being repelled by each proximate sun, thus continually chang-

ing direction, and continuing without a definite course forever. Each center of a solar system, if not fixed, doubtless would themselves be comets, since they must necessarily possess the same properties as great electric planets, only requiring projectile motion, to leave a fiery pathway.

If they have *fixed orbits and periods of revolution*, they must be attracted by far off distant centers, to which they (the comets) are *negative*, in a state of electrical intensity infinitely greater than our systems of suns, and thus capable on their approach of rendering them positive, driving them off to still more distant worlds, till after the lapse of hundreds or thousands of years, it may be, they return again in their former path of transit.

The purpose of comets would seem to be to distribute electricity throughout universal space, re-supplying the continual loss that must be sustained to systems and planets by various causes, and thereby giving life, action, health and vigor to both animate and inanimate creation, to this and distant worlds, worlds to us unknown; as it is a point worthy of attention, that on the approach of a comet, whether observed or not, there is always a sensible effect produced on the weather, which sometimes continues during a season.

Thus then, are comets, the source and fountain from which comes supplies of electricity:

‘Giving motion to the seas—
Power to the breeze,
Excitement to vegetation,
And stimulus to animation;

health to mankind, and the indisputable evidence of the existence, mercy, goodness, justice and power of an omnipresent God, whom all should acknowledge, obey, and reverence as the Father of us all, the source of our existence, and the Author of all things.

* See article ‘The Attraction of Planets.’ in the first number of ‘The Anglo African Magazine.’

My Cherished Hope, my Fondest Dream.

WRITTEN, COMPOSED AND ARRANGED FOR THE PIANO-FORTE,

AND MOST RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO

MISS SARAH MATILDA CORNISH.

By A. J. R. CONNOR.



seem, And life would life - - - less, life-less be; The place thy

The first system of the musical score. The vocal line is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The piano accompaniment consists of a right-hand part in treble clef and a left-hand part in bass clef. The lyrics are: "seem, And life would life - - - less, life-less be; The place thy".

pres - ence glad's to seek, Is where I'm ev-er bless'd, And when I

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics: "pres - ence glad's to seek, Is where I'm ev-er bless'd, And when I". The piano accompaniment continues with a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a more active bass line in the left hand.

hear . . . thee kindly speak, and speak to me, I'm bless'd, And when I

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics: "hear . . . thee kindly speak, and speak to me, I'm bless'd, And when I". The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic patterns.

hear . . . thee kindly speak, and speak to me, I'm bless'd.

The fourth system of the musical score. The vocal line concludes with the lyrics: "hear . . . thee kindly speak, and speak to me, I'm bless'd." The piano accompaniment concludes with a final chord in the right hand and a sustained note in the left hand.

Selected Items.

Ira Aldridge, the Colored Tragedian.

The St. Petersburg correspondent of 'Le Nord' writes, Dec. 5: 'The success of the negro actor, Ira Aldridge, has been wonderful. At his *debut*, people were curious to see an Othello who needed neither crape nor pomade to blacken his face. Many expected tears of laughter rather than tears of emotion, when they learned that Iago and Desdemona would reply to him in German. (The absence of an English troupe forced him to play with German actors.) Those who counted on this were strangely deceived. From his appearance on the stage the African artist completely captivated his audience by his harmonious and resonant voice, and by a style full of simplicity, nature, and dignity. For the first time we had seen a tragic hero talk and walk like common mortals, without declamations and without exaggerated gestures. We forgot that we were in a theater, and followed the drama as if it had been a real transaction.

The scene in the Third Act, when the sentiment of jealousy is roused in the ferocious Moor, is the triumph of Aldridge. At the first word of the wily insinuation you see his eye kindle; you feel the tears in his voice when he questions Iago, then the deep sobs which stifle it; and finally, when he is persuaded that his wretchedness is complete, a cry of rage, or rather a roar like that of a wild beast starts from his abdomen. I still seem to hear that cry; it chilled us with fear and made every spectator shudder. Tears wet his cheeks; his mouth foamed and his eyes flashed fire. I have never seen an artist identify himself so perfectly with the character which he represents. An actor told me he saw him sob for some moments

after his exit from the scene. Everybody, men and women, wept. Boileau was right in saying to actors: 'Weep yourselves, if you would make other weep.' Rachel, in the fourth act of *Les Horace*, is the only artist who ever produced so great an effect. At the first representation the poor Desdemona was so horror-stricken at the terrible expression of the Moor, that she sprang from the bed and fled, shrieking with fright.

In spite of his stony nature, Aldridge can contain himself to those scenes which require calmness and subdued passion. In Shylock, to see him trembling with fear and indignation before the tribunal which is endeavoring to force Christianity upon him, makes one of those impressions which are never effaced. The severest critics find but one fault with him—that when speaking to characters at the back of the stage he has the bad habit of turning his back to the public. The director remonstrated with him about this, but it was of no avail.'

The correspondent of the New York Herald, says: 'An American negro, named Ira Aldridge, has been performing at the Imperial Theater in several of Shakespeare's pieces, and has met with great applause. His principal character, of course, is Othello, and he portrays the jealous African with such truth and energy that even those amateurs who recollect our great Russian tragedian, Karatugin, acknowledge the superiority of his sable successor. In Shylock, too, he shows unusual dramatic power; and, painted and tricked out for the stage, he passes very well by lamplight for 'the Jew that Shakespeare drew.' The worst is that Mr. Aldridge is accompanied by a German troupe, who perform the

parts assigned to them in their vernacular, and the effect produced by their German answers to his English speeches is the most comical imaginable, and puts all illusion out of the question. Only think of Othello calling for his handkerchief, a Shylock claiming his pound of flesh, in English, and Desdemona excusing herself, or Portia expounding the law, in High Dutch! Fortunately, the majority of our Petersburg audiences, both English and German are 'heathen Greek,' so that the incongruity of the performance is not felt by them so strongly as by the comparatively small portion of the spectators who were acquainted with the two languages.

The Literary Gazette tells a story of Dumas: Taking up by chance the last number of his periodical, the *Monte Cristo*, I saw three lines in one of his letters from Russia, where he now is, and, astonished, went no further: 'I was asked to allow myself to be presented to the Emperor Alexander on his return from Archangel. *I refused.*'

A good thing well done.

THE PROVINCIAL FREEMAN of Jan. 14th, (in which is found our Prospectus entire with a neat notice of our first No.) contains one of the most interesting facts in the progress of our race in that quarter. At a recent election for Councilmen in the 2nd ward of the Town of RALEIGH, C. W., the candidates were William Emerson Esq., a member of the County Council, and A. D. Shadd, Esq., a colored gentleman. It seems that up to a late hour preceding the day of the election, Mr. Emerson and his friends canvassed the town with a view to secure a triumph over Mr. Shadd. Well, the day came—the polls were opened—the candidates faced the voters—the contest began. It went on warmly; but long before the closing of the polls on the last day of the election, Mr. Emerson withdrew and Mr. Shadd beat him by a vote of two to one.

The name of SHADD is honorably

connected with every stage of our struggle for years past in these United States. The ring of the family metal is known to every one who sat with A. D. Shadd in the Conventions in Philadelphia years ago, convened for the improvement of our people. We shall never forget the earnest, dignified, logical demeanor of Mr. Shadd as a debater, and public spirited man, in these Conventions. His present honorable position it is believed, is but the beginning of a still more elevated station in that important Province. May he long live to enjoy the honors yet in store for him! P.

The First African Church of Louisville have erected a new, elegant, and capacious house of worship. The body of the church will hold about 700 persons. The cost of the church is about \$15,000, of which some \$5,000 remain unpaid. The pastor is the Rev. Henry Adams, said to be a scholar and a (colored) man of considerable reputation as a pulpit orator.

The negro slave Bob Butts, who buried 1,159 victims of the yellow fever in Norfolk, Va., and who visited Philadelphia, on his parole of honor, to participate in the imposing ceremonies in honor of the Norfolk martyrs, which took place recently, makes, in the advertising columns of *The Press*, an appeal for assistance to purchase his freedom and that of his wife and two children.

The report that Fred. Douglass's daughter was about to be sold as a slave in Tennessee, is not true. He has no daughter in Slavery.

By an accident at the pressroom the word 'Invasion' was dropped from a small part of our edition, on page 44. We hope the reader is lucky enough to obtain one of the corrected copies.

THE Anglo-African Magazine.

VOL. I.

MARCH, 1859.

NO. 3

A Statistical View

OF THE COLORED POPULATION OF THE UNITED STATES—FROM 1790 TO 1850.

Continued.

By an examination of the table with which we concluded the article on this topic in the February number, it appears that the States of Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, North and South Carolina, lost by migration (internal slave trade), 162,101 slaves, whilst Georgia Kentucky, Tennessee, Mississippi, Louisiana, Alabama, Missouri and Arkansas gained from the same source, 185,840 slaves; to this may be added 7000 in Florida, which was admitted in 1821, containing about 8000 slaves.

Gain of Southern slave States	Slaves. 185,840
Loss of Northern slave States	162,101

Excess of slaves from an unknown source 20,739

We have here again 20,739 slaves who can only be accounted for on the hypothesis of an over-count by the marshals, to swell the basis of representation, or, as seems most probable, by the African slave trade secretly carried on. The fact that Alabama with a coast well fitted for such a trade, was the gainer of nearly sixty thousand slaves above the natural increase of that class, would point it out as the principal slave trading mart.

The movement of the free colored population in this decade was as follows:

	Free colored in 1810	inc. 30 per cent.	Pop in 1850	Gain	Loss
N. E. States	21,248	27,626	21,331		6,295
N. York	29,900	39,650	44,870	5,220	
N. Jersey	12,609	16,389	18,203	1,914	
Delaware	12,958	16,479	15,855		624
Penn.	32,153	41,798	37,930		3,668
Md.	39,730	51,649	52,938	289	
Va.	37,139	48,278	47,348		930
N. C.	14,612	18,995	19,453	548	
S. C.	6,826	8,873	7,921		952
Ga.	1,767	2,287	2,486	199	
Tenn.	2,941	3,341	4,555	1,214	
La.	10,960	14,248	16,710	1,462	
Ala.	633	822	1,672	750	

The increase of 30 per cent. in ten years, cannot be accurately predicated of the entire free colored population of the United States, and is therefore used in this table rather as a standard of comparison. The normal increase of this class would seem to vary, that is to be at a maximum in the Southern States, and diminish gradually as we proceed North. South of Mason and Dixon's line 30 per cent. in ten years, in Pennsylvania, 20 per cent in the same period, and in New York and the New England States 12 per cent. in a decade, or about 1.2 per cent. per annum, which is the nor-

mal standard for Great Britain. From 1800 to 1820, such was the increase of this class in the New England States; but from 1820 to 1830 the same class only increased about .3, or one third of one per cent.; in other words there was a loss of 2,549 persons, allowing an increase of 12 per cent, as the normal increase. There was an emigration to Hayti, and to Africa of this class in 1820-30, but the larger number probably sought New Orleans, which then presented many attractions to colored Yankees, as a place in which they could rapidly make money. Emancipation accounts for the large gains of this class in New York and New Jersey, and possibly also in North Carolina and Tennessee.

This is perhaps the best point to renew the consideration of the statement that the Abolition agitation retarded the emancipation of the slaves.

Emancipated in 1800-1810	39,733
1810-1820	6,900
1820-1830	11,596

But of the 11,596 emancipated in the last named ten years, 7,134 were emancipated in New York and New Jersey, in consequence of laws passed in the previous decade, leaving the whole number actually emancipated at only 4,462, showing an actual and steady decrease of emancipation since 1810. Virginia and Maryland which emancipated 25,827 slaves in 1800-1810, show no emancipations in 1820-30. Among the causes of the diminished emancipation in this decade, were the increased demand for slaves to cultivate cotton and sugar, and the Nat Turner insurrection. Hence it is absolutely true, that emancipation, in the slave states, was rapidly diminishing, apart from and before the inauguration of the Great Anti-Slavery movement. It was the Hour when the doom of Slavery had set its dark and bloody seal on Maryland and Virginia, with an apparently eternal stamp, which awakened the MAN Wm. Lloyd Garrison, a fettered felon in the Baltimore jail, to arouse and startle the nation to a vivid sense of the frightful deed.

In 1840, the distribution, increase and ratio of the population of the United States were as follows:

		Inc. per cent.	Dis. per cent.
Whites	14,189,555	34.65	81.90
Free colored	386,348	20.88	2.48
Slaves	2,487,355	23.81	15.62
Whole Color'd	2,873,703	23.4	18.10
Whole Pop.	17,063,353	32.67	

The geographical movement of the slave population was as follows:

	Slave population in 1830	Inc. 24 per cent.	Actual slave pop. in 1840	Gain	Loss
Del.	3,292	4.082	2,605		1,487
Md.	102,994	127.712	89,737		37,975
Vir.	469,757	582.498	448,987		133,511
N. C.	245,601	304.545	245,817		58,728
S. C.	315,401	391.097	327,038		64,059
Ga.	217,531	269.738	280,944	11,246	
Tenn.	141,603	175.787	183,059	7,272	
La.	109,588	135.889	168,452	32,563	
Ala.	117,549	145.760	253,532	107,772	
Mo.	25,091	31.112	58,240	27,138	
Ark.	4,576	5.674	19,535	13,861	
Ky.	165,213	204.864	182,258		22,606
Flor.	15,501	19.221	25,717	6,496	
Miss.	65,659	81.417	195,400	113,794	

320,102 318,366

The increase of the slave population, which had been, 33.40 per cent. in 1800-1810, and 29.57 per cent. in 1810-1820, and 30.15 per cent. in 1820-1830, is suddenly diminished to 23.81, or about 24. per cent. in 1830-40. This loss of 6 per cent., is due to the Asiatic cholera which raged in 1832-34. The slave breeding and exporting states, sent south 318,364, whilst the slave buying states, increased from this source, about 320,102 slaves, showing the entire loss from cholera, to be

6 per cent on 2,009,043 slaves 120,054

Of this number Louisiana alone lost about 81,162 slaves by cholera, and, as we shall afterward show, by the sugar cultivation. The probabilities of the continuance of the foreign slave trade during this period, are made evident by the fact that whilst the increase of slaves from all sources in Louisiana was only 27,138, the increase in Mississippi and Alabama was 221,556, more than two thirds of the entire number exported from the other slave States. A gentleman of color, who has travelled over a large portion of Alabama and Mississippi, states to the writer of this paper, that

he 'frequently met in those states with slaves whose features, general appearance and language reminded him very strongly of a similar class whom he had often seen in Cuba, and entirely differing in all these respects from the slaves of Maryland and Virginia.' The Cuban slaves were Bozals.

The movement of the Free Colored Population in the ten years 1830-40 was as follows.

	Free Col'd, 1830.	Increase 20 per ct. 1840.	Act. pop., 1840.	Gain	Loss
N. Eng States	21,331	23,597	22,633		964
New York	44,870	53,844	50,027		3,827
N. Jersey	18,303	21,963	21,044		929
Pennsylvania	37,930	45,516	47,834	2,348	
Ohio	9,568	11,481	17,342	5,861	
Delaware	15,835	19,026	16,919		2,117
Maryland	52,938	63,525	62,078		1,447
Virginia	47,348	56,860	49,842		7,018
N. Carolina	19,453	23,343	22,732		611
S. Carolina	7,921	9,505	8,276		1,229
Georgia	2,486	2,983	2,753		1,230
Tennessee	4,555	5,460	5,524		64
Louisiana	16,710	20,052	25,502	5,450	
Alabama	1,572	1,886	2,039		153
Missouri	569	642	1,574		932
Ind. & Illinois	2,266	2,719	10,763		8,044
Kentucky	4,917	5,906	7,317		1,411

By this table we find that the Free colored of the New England States, whose increase in 1820-30 was only .9 per cent. gained 11 per cent. in 1830-40; New York gained 12 per cent., New Jersey 19 per cent., partly the result of the law for gradual emancipation. Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana and Illinois gained in the aggregate 16,253, above the average 20 per cent. Delaware, Virginia and Maryland lost 10,582, that is, fell that number below the average increase of 20. per cent.

The Nat. Turner insurrection had raised a strong excitement in these states in regard to the free colored population, and caused many of them to emigrate from them into Pennsylvania, Ohio and Illinois; and it is remarkable, as showing the little influence of prohibitory law, that the largest gain of this forced free black migration accrued to those states distinguished by the atrocity of their Black Laws. To the free blacks of the above named slave States, a change from the enraged public sentiment of

Maryland and Virginia which vented itself in midnight assaults on the domicils, and midnight scourgings of the persons of the free blacks, to the merely legal disabilities opposed to them in the Western States, was a change for the better. Besides, in seeking a new home in the growing West, they obeyed the general movement of their fairer skinned American cousins.

As these western States gained some 6,253 more than the slave States lost of increase in colored population, it is fair to set down this number as the result of emancipation in them. But Louisiana, Alabama, Missouri and Kentucky, also gained an aggregate of 7,206 free colored above the average increase. Adding these sums together we have 13,459 as the probable number emancipated in 1830-40, which is nearly double the number emancipated in the slave States in 1820-30; that is to say, that the Abolition Movement, so far from retarding, actually accelerated two-fold, the emancipations which occurred in the slave States, during the first ten years of that movement.

It may be added that a portion of these emancipations were made without the consent of the reputed owners of the slaves, and that the migrations were made by men no longer willing to be slaves. But this circumstance, surely cannot detract from the fair fame of the Abolition movement as a means to abolish slavery.

The large loss of Delaware, 2,117 is another anomaly in the history of that State. The large gain of Louisiana 5,861, was doubtless, in large part due to immigration.

In 1850, the distribution, increase and ratio in the population of the United States were as follows.

	Number	Inc. per cent.	1850.	1840.
			Dist. per cent.	Dist. per ct.
Whites	19,553,068	39.31	81.40	81.90
Free col'd	434,495	14.08	2.22	2.48
Slaves	3,204,313	29.20	16.38	15.68
Whole col.	3,638,808	26.68	18.60	18.10
Wh. pop.	23,191,876	37.03		

By inspection it will be seen that

the slave population gained .76 on the white population as compared with the distribution in 1840. The enormous increase at 39.31 per cent. made by the whites, is largely due to immigration. The immigration in 1840-50 was 1,235,540 souls, which being deducted from 19,553,068 the white population of 1850, reduces the increase of the whites in the United States in 1840-50 to 22.57 per cent., or nearly 7 per cent. smaller than the increase of the slaves. Should we go farther back and deduct from the white population of 1850 the children born of the emigrants of 1830-40, the actual increase of the native population would be reduced to 12 or 14 per cent, or about the normal standard of Great Britain, and of the free colored of the State of New York. The diminished emigration in 1850-60 will probably reduce the per centage of increase, and of distribution of the whites as compared with the slaves.

The geographical distribution of the slave population was as follows.

Slave pop 1840	Inc. 30 per ct.	Act. pop. 1850	Gain	Loss
Del. 2,605	3.386	2,290		1,196
Md. 89,737	116.192	90,368		25,824
Va. 449,087	583,813	472,528		111,285
N. C. 245,817	319,662	258,548		51,014
S. C. 327,038	424,149	384,954		40,165
Ga. 280,944	365,226	387,682	16,456	
Tenn. 183,059	237,976	239,459	1,483	
La. 168,452	218,987	244,802	25,822	
Ala. 253,532	329,591	342,864	13,253	
Mo. 58,240	75,712	87,422	11,710	
Ark. 19,239	25,399	47,100	21,701	
Ky. 182,258	236,935	210,981		25,954
Flo. 25,717	33,432	39,310	5,878	
Miss. 195,400	254,029	309,878	55,858	
Texas		58,160	58,160	

210,522 235,338

This is a most instructive table. It is the first census in which, assuming the same per cent. of increase for all the slave States, the North loses more than the South gains. Of the 25,016 thus unaccounted for, probably 10,000 escaped to the free States and Canada. It is also probable that the ratio of increase in some of the exporting States may not be so high as 30 per cent., probably only 22 to 25 per cent., which would more than account for the remaining 15,000.

The hypothesis of the continuance of the slave trade up to 1840 or 1854 is not weakened by these results. From 1846 to 1849, the Gulf, of Mexico swarmed with vessels of war, transports &c. &c., engaged in the Mexican war. The foreign slave trade which had hitherto been carried on secretly, would have run the risk of exposure in so thickly traveled a highway. And we find that Alabama, Mississippi and Georgia, which gained 100,000 slaves, above 30 per cent. increase in 1820-30, and gained in like manner, 233,000 slaves in 1833-40, only gain 85,567 slaves in 1840-50.

The movement of the free colored population of the ten years 1840-50, was as follows.

	Free colored 1840	Inc. 14 per ct.	Act. pop. 1850	Gain	Loss
N. Eng.	22,663	25,855	23,021		2,814
N. Y.	50,027	57,630	49,069		7,003
N. J.	21,044	23,990	23,810		180
Penn.	47,854	54,543	53,626		917
O.	17,342	19,760	25,279	5,510	
Del.	16,919	19,287	18,073		1,214
Md.	62,078	70,768	74,723	4,045	
Vir.	49,842	56,819	54,333	2,486	
N. C.	22,732	25,904	27,463	1,559	
S. C.	8,276	9,434	8,960		474
Ga.	2,753	3,138	2,921		207
Tenn.	5,524	6,297	6,422	125	
La.	25,502	29,072	17,462		11,610
Ala.	2,039	2,324	2,265		139
Mo.	1,574	1,794	2,618	824	
Ind. & Ill.	10,763	12,269	16,698	4,429	
Ky.	7,317	8,341	10,011	1,670	
Cal. Mich. & Iowa.	1,040	1,185	3,942	2,757	
Dist. Col.	8,361	9,531	10,059	428	
All other Territories			2,765	2,765	

The marked diminution of increase of the whole free colored population in this decade is its strongest characteristic. Yet this diminution does not reduce the increase as low as 12 per cent for ten years, which is the nominal increase of Great Britain. There are good reasons to know, however, that the census takers of 1850, in at least one of the northern states (New York) in which an actual decrease of population was repeated, neglected to count all the colored people, especially in the city of New York, where houses containing several colored families, were often reported as containing the individuals

belonging to one family. In the same city, moreover, intermarriages between white (Celtic) women and colored men had become frequent in 1840—50, and the census taker finding the wife at home, reported the whole family as white. This view derives support from the fact, that the neighboring states New Jersey and Pennsylvania, with climactic and other influences identical with New York, increased in colored population about the average of 14 per cent during the same period when the latter state is reported to have lost as above.

The large diminution of the free colored in Louisiana 11,000 was due to the passage in 1845 of a law driving out of that state all the free colored persons who were not natives, or who had not been in the state as far back

as 1801. Those thus driven from Louisiana found their way to Ohio, Indiana, Mexico and Hayti.

It is noticeable that a fair proportion of the free colored found their enterprise carry them into the New States and Territories of the far west.

The noticeable increase of the free colored in Maryland, North Carolina, Missouri and Kentucky was in part due to the emancipation, in part due to an increase above the average of 14 per cent.

The diminution in Virginia is due to a custom largely prevalent in that state, of binding out free colored orphans to parties who move out of the state to the South, and there convert these apprentices into slaves.

(To be Continued.)

Blake: or, the Huts of America.

A TALE OF THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY, THE SOUTHERN UNITED STATES, AND CUBA.

BY M. R. DELANY.

CHAPTER VI.

HENRY'S RETURN.

Early on Monday morning, a steamer was heard puffing up the Mississippi. Many who reside near the river, by custom can tell the name of every approaching boat by the peculiar sound of the steam-pipe, the one in the present instance being the Sultana.

Daddy Joe had risen and just leaving for the plantation, but stopped a moment to be certain.

'Hush!' admonished mammy Judy, 'hush! sho chile, do'n yeh heah how she hollah! Sholy dat's de wat's name! wat dat yeh call eh? "Suck-ana," wat not; sho! I ain' gwine bautha my head long so—sho! See,

ole man see! dah she come! See dat now! I tole yeh so, but yeh uden bleve me!' and the old man and woman stood for some minutes in breathless silence, although the boat must have been some five miles distant, as the escape of steam can be heard on the western waters a great way off.

The approach toward sunrise, admonished daddy Joe of demands for him at the cotton farm, when after bidding 'good monin' ole umin,' he hurried to the daily task which lie before him.

Mammy Judy had learned by the boy Tony, that Henry was expected on the Sultana, and at the approach of every steamer, her head had been thrust out of the door or window to catch a distinct sound. In motionless

attitude after the departure of her husband this morning, the old woman stood awaiting the steamer, when presently the boat arrived. But then to be certain that it was the expected vessel—now came the suspense.

The old woman was soon relieved from this most disagreeable of all emotions, by the cry of news boys returning from the wharf—

'Ere's the Picayune, Atlas, Delta! lates' news from New Orleans by the swift steamer Sultana!

'Dah now!' exclaimed mammy Judy in soliloquy; 'dah now! I tole yeh so!—de wat's name come!' Hurrying into the kitchen, she waited with anxiety the arrival of Henry

Busying about the breakfast for herself and other servants about the house—the white members of the family all being absent—mammy Judy for a time lost sight of the expected arrival. Soon however, a hasty footstep arrested her attention, when on looking around it proved to be Henry who came smiling up the yard.

'How'd you do mammy! how's Mag' and the boy?' inquired he, grasping the old woman by the hand.

She burst into a flood of tears, throwing herself upon him.

'What is the matter?' exclaimed Henry, 'is Maggie dead?'

'No chile,' with increased sobs she replied, 'much betteh she wah.'

'My God! has she disgraced herself?'

'No chile, may be betteh she dun so, den she bin heah now an' not sole. Maus Stephen sell eh case she!—I dun'o, reckon dat's da reason!'

'What!—Do you tell me mammy she had better disgraced herself than been sold! By the—!'

'So, Henry! yeh ain' gwine swah! hope yeh ain' gwine lose yeh 'ligion? Do'n do so; put yeh trus' in de Laud, he is suffishen fah all!'

'Don't tell me about religion! What's religion to me? My wife is sold away from me by a man who is one of the leading members of the very church to which both she and I

belong! Put my trust in the Lord! I have done so all my life nearly, and of what use is it to me? My wife is sold from me just the same as if I did n't. I'll—'

'Come, come, Henry, yeh mus'n talk so; we is po' weak an' bline cretels, an' cah see de way uh da Laud. He move' in a mystus way, his wundahs to puhfaum.'

'So he may, and what is all that to me? I don't gain anything by it, and—'

'Stop, Henry, stop! ain' de Land bless yo' soul? ain' he take yeh foot out de miah an' clay, an' gib yeh hope da uddah side dis vale ub teahs?'

'I'm tired looking the other side; I want a hope this side of the vale of tears. I want something on this earth as well as a promise of things in another world. I and my wife have been both robbed of our liberty, and you want me to be satisfied with a hope of heaven. I won't do any such thing; I have waited long enough on heavenly promises; I'll wait no longer. I—'

'Henry, wat de mauttah wid yeh? I neveh heah yeh talk so fo'—yeh sin in de sight ub God; yeh gone clean back, I reckon. De good Book tell us, a tousan' yeahs wid man, am but a day wid de Laud. Boy, yeh got wait do Laud own panted time.'

'Well mammy, it is useless for me to stand here and have the same gospel preached into my ears by you, that I have all my life time heard from my enslavers. My mind is made up, my course is laid out, and if life last, I'll carry it out. I'll go out to the place to-day, and let them know that I have returned.'

'Sho boy! what yeh gwine do, bun house down? Bettah put yeh trus' in de Laud!' concluded the old woman.

'You have too much religion mammy for me to tell you what I intend doing,' said Henry in conclusion.

After taking up his little son, impressing on his lips and cheeks kisses for himself and tears for his mother, the intelligent slave left the abode of

the care-worn old woman, for that of his master at the cotton place.

Henry was a black—a pure negro—handsome, manly and intelligent, in size comparing well with his master, but neither so fleshy nor heavy built in person. A man of good literary attainments—unknown to Col. Franks, though he was aware he could read and write—having been educated in the West Indies, and decoyed away when young. His affection for wife and child was not excelled by colonel Franks for his. He was bold, determined and courageous, but always mild, gentle and courteous, though impulsive when an occasion demanded his opposition.

Going immediately to the place, he presented himself before his master. Much conversation ensued concerning the business which had been entrusted to his charge, all of which was satisfactorily transacted, and full explanations concerning the horses, but not a word was uttered concerning the fate of Maggie, the Colonel barely remarking ‘your mistress is unwell.’

After conversing till a late hour, Henry was assigned a bed in the great house, but sleep was far from his eyes. He turned and changed upon his bed with restlessness and anxiety, impatiently awaiting a return of the morning.

CHAPTER VII.

MASTER AND SLAVE.

Early on Tuesday morning in obedience to his master's orders. Henry was on his way to the city, to get the house in readiness for the reception of his mistress, Mrs. Franks having much improved in three or four days. Mammy Judy had not yet risen when he knocked at the door.

‘Hi Henry! yeh heah ready! huc-cum yeh git up so soon; arter some mischief I reckon? Do’n reckon yeh arter any good!’ saluted mammy Judy.

‘No mammy,’ replied he; ‘no mischief, but like a good slave such as you wish me to be, come to obey my master's will, just what you like to see.’

‘Sho boy! none yeh nonsens’; huc-cum I want yeh bey maus Stephen? Git dat nonsens’ in yeh head las’ night long so, I reckon! Wat dat yeh gwine do now?’

‘I have come to dust and air the mansion for their reception. They have sold my wife away from me, and who else would do her work?’ This reply excited the apprehension of mammy Judy.

‘Wat yeh gwine do Henry? yeh arter no good; yeh ain’ gwine ‘tack maus Stephen is yeh?’

‘What do you mean mammy, strike him?’

‘Yes! reckon yeh ain’ gwine hit ‘im?’

‘Curse—!’

‘Henry, Henry, membeh wat ye ‘fess! fah de Laud sake, yeh ain gwine take to swahin?’ interrupted the old woman.

‘I make no profession mammy. I once did believe in religion, but now I have no confidence in it. My faith has been wrecked on the stony hearts of such pretended christians as Stephen Franks, while passing through the stormy sea of trouble and oppression! and—’

‘Hay, boy! yeh is gittin high! yeh call maussa “Stephen?”’

‘Yes, and I’ll never call him “master” again, except when compelled to do so.’

‘Bettah g’long ten’ t’ de house fo’ wite folks come, an’ nebeh mine talkin’ ‘bout fightin’ long wid maus Stephen. Wat yeh gwine do wid white folks? Sho!’

‘I don’t intend to fight him, mammy Judy, but I’ll attack him concerning my wife, if the words be my last! Yes, I’ll—!’ and pressing his lips to suppress the words, the outraged man turned away from the old slave mother, with such feelings as only an intelligent slave could realize.

The orders of the morning were barely executed, when the carriage came to the door. The bright eyes of the foot boy Tony sparkled when he saw Henry approaching the carriage.

'Well Henry! ready for us?' enquired his master.

'Yes sir,' was the simple reply. 'Mistress!' he saluted, politely bowing as he took her hand to assist her from the carriage.

'Come Henry, my man, get out the riding horses,' ordered Franks after a little rest.

'Yes sir.'

A horse for the Colonel and lady each, was soon in readiness at the door, but none for himself, it always having been the custom in their morning rides, for the maid and man-servant to accompany the mistress and master.

'Ready did you say?' enquired Franks on seeing but two horses standing at the stile.

'Yes sir.'

'Where's the other horse?'

'What for sir?'

'What for? yourself to be sure!'

'Colonel Franks!' said Henry, looking him sternly in the face, 'when I last rode that horse in company with you and lady, *my wife* was at my side, and I will not now go without her! Pardon me—my life for it, I won't go!'

'Not another word you black imp!' exclaimed Franks, with an uplifted staff in a rage, 'or I'll strike you down in an instant!'

'Strike away if you will sir, I don't care—I won't go without my wife!'

'You impudent scoundrel! I'll soon put an end to your conduct! I'll put you on the auction block, and sell you to the negro traders.'

'Just as soon as you please sir, the sooner the better, as I don't want to live with you any longer!'

'Hold your tongue sir, or I'll cut it out of your head! you ungrateful black dog! Really things have come to a pretty pass, when I must take impudence off my own negro! By gra-

cious!—God forgive me for the expression—I'll sell every negro I have first! I'll dispose of him to the hardest negro trader I can find!' said Franks in a rage.

'You may do your mightiest, colonel Franks. I'm not your slave, nor never was, and you know it! and but for my wife and her people, I never would have staid with you till now. I was decoyed away when young, and then became entangled in such domestic relations as to induce me to remain with you; but now the tie is broken! I know that the odds are against me, but never mind!'

'Do you threaten me, sir! Hold your tongue, or I'll take your life instantly, you villain!'

'No sir, I don't threaten you, colonel Franks, but I do say that I won't be treated like a dog. You sold my wife away from me, after always promising that she should be free. And more than that, you sold her because ——! and now you talk about whipping me. Shoot me, sell me, or do anything else you please, but don't lay your hands on me, as I will not suffer you to whip me!'

Running up to his chamber, colonel Franks seized a revolver, when Mrs. Franks grasping hold of his arm exclaimed—

'Colonel! what does all this mean?'

'Mean, my dear? It's rebellion! a plot—this is but the shadow of a cloud that's fast gathering around us! I see it plainly, I see it!' responded the Colonel, starting for the stairs.

'Stop Colonel!' admonished his lady, 'I hope you'll not be rash. For Heaven's sake, do not stain your hands in blood!'

'I do not mean to, my dear! I take this for protection!' Franks hastening down stairs, when Henry had gone into the back part of the premises.

'Dah now! dah now!' exclaimed mammy Judy as Henry entered the kitchen, 'see wat dis gwine back done foh yeh! Bettah put yo' trus' in de Laud! Henry, yeh gone clean back t'de wuhl ghin, yeh knows it!'

'You're mistaken mammy, I do trust the Lord as much as ever, but I now understand him better than I use to, that's all. I dont intend to be made a fool of any longer by false preaching.'

'Henry!' interrogated Daddy Joe, who apprehending difficulties in the case, had managed to get back to the house, 'yeh gwine lose all yo' ligion? Wat yeh mean boy!

'Religion!' replied Henry rebukingly, 'that's always the cry with black people. Tell me nothing about religion when the very man who hands you the bread at communion, has sold your daughter away from you!'

'Den yeh 'fen' God case man 'fen' yeh! Take cah Henry, take cah! mine wat yeh 'bout; God is lookin' at yeh, an' if yeh no' willin' trus' 'im, yeh need'n call on 'im in time o' trouble.'

'I dont intend, unless He does more for me then than he has done before. "Time of need!" If ever man need-ed his assistance, I'm sure I need it now.'

'Yeh do'n know wat yeh need; de Laud knows bes.' On'y trus' in 'im, an' 'e bring yeh out mo' nah conkah. By de help o' God I's heah dis day, to gib yeh cumfut!'

'I have trusted in Him daddy Joe, all my life, as I told mammy Judy this morning, but—'

'Ah boy, yeh's gwine back! Dat on't do Henry, dat on't do!'

'Going back from what? my oppressor's religion! If I could only get rid of his inflictions as easily as I can his religion, I would be this day a free man, when you might then talk to me about "trusting."'

'Dis Henry, am one uh de ways ob de Laud; 'e fus 'ficks us an' den he bless us.'

'Then it's a way I dont like.'

'Mine how yeh talk, boy!'

'God moves in a myst'us way
His wundahs to pehfahm,' an—'

'He moves too slow for me daddy Joe; I'm tired waiting so—'

'Come Henry, I hab no sich talk like dat! yeh is gittin' rale weakened; yeh gwine let de debil take full 'ses-

sion on yeh! Take cah boy, mine how yeh talk!'

'It is not wickedness, daddy Joe; yondont understand these things at all. If a thousand years with us is but a day with God, do you think that I am required to wait all that time?'

'Dont Henry, dont! de wud say "Stan' still an' see de salbation."'

'That's no talk for me daddy Joe, I've been "standing still" long enough; I'll "stand still" no longer.'

'Den yeh no call t' bey God wud? Take cah boy, take cah!'

'Yes I have, and I intend to obey it, but that part was intended for the Jews, a people long since dead. I'll obey that intended for me.'

'How yeh gwine bey it?'

'"Now is the accepted time, to-day is the day of salvation." So you see, daddy Joe, this is very different to standing still.'

'Ah boy, I's feahd yeh's losen yeh 'ligion!'

'I tell you once for all daddy Joe, that I'm not only "losing," but I have altogether lost my faith in the religion of my oppressors. As they are our religious teachers, my estimate of the thing they give, is no greater than it is for those who give it.'

With elbows upon his knees, and face resting in the palms of his hands, daddy Joe for some time sat with his eyes steadily fixed on the floor, whilst Ailcey who for a part of the time had been an auditor to the conversation, went into the house about her domestic duties.

'Never mind Henry! I hope it will not always be so with you. You have been kind and faithful to me and the Colonel, and I'll do anything I can for you!' sympathetically said Mrs. Franks, who having been a concealed spectator of the interview between Henry and the old people, had just appeared before them.

Wiping away the emblems of grief which stole down his face, with a deep toned voice, upgushing from the recesses of a more than iron-pierced soul, he enquired—

'Madam, what can you do! Where is my wife?' To this, Mrs. Franks gave a deep sigh. 'Never mind, never mind!' continued he, 'yes, I will mind, and by—!'

'O! Henry, I hope you've not taken to swearing! I do hope you will not give over to wickedness! Our afflictions should only make our faith the stronger.'

"Wickedness!" Let the righteous correct the wicked, and the Christian condemn the sinner!

'That is uncharitable in you Henry! as you know I have always treated you kindly, and God forbid that I should consider myself any less than a Christian! and I claim as much at least for the Colonel, though like frail mortals he is liable to err at times.'

'Madam!' said he with suppressed emotion—starting back a pace or two—'do you think there is anything either in or out of hell so wicked, as that which colonel Franks has done to my wife, and now about to do to me? For myself I care not—my wife!'

'Henry!' said Mrs. Franks, gently placing her hand upon his shoulder, there is yet a hope left for you, and you will be faithful enough I know, not to implicate any person; it is this: Mrs. Van Winter, a true friend of your race, is shortly going to Cuba on a visit, and I will arrange with her to purchase you through an agent on the day of your sale, and by that means you can get to Cuba, where probably you may be fortunate enough to get the master of your wife to become your purchaser.'

'Then I have two chances!' replied Henry.

Just then Ailcey thrusting her head in the door, requested the presence of her mistress in the parlor.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE SALE.

'Dah now, dah now!' exclaimed mammy Judy; 'jis wat ole man been tellin' on yeh! Yeh go out yandah, yeh

kick up yeh heel, git yeh head clean full proclamation an' sich like dat, an' let debil fool yeh, den go fool long wid wite folks long so, sho! Bettah go 'bout yeh bisness; been salivin' God right, yeh no call t'do so eh reckon!'

'I dont care what comes! my course is laid out and my determination fixed, and nothing they can do can alter it. So you and daddy Joe, mammy, had just as well quit your preaching to me the religion you have got from your oppressors.'

'Soul-driveh git yeh, yeh cah git way fom dem eh doh reckon! Sho chile, yeh, ain' dat mighty!' admonished mammy Judy.

'Henry my chile, look to de Laud! look to de Laud? case 'e 'lone am able t' bah us up in ouah trouble! an—'

'Go directly sir, to captain John Harris' office and ask him to call immediately to see me at my house!' ordered Franks.

Politely bowing, Henry immediately left the premises on his errand.

'Laud a' messy maus Stephen!' exclaimed mammy Judy, on hearing the name of John Harris the negro-trader; hope yeh arteh no haum! gwine sell all on us to de tradehs!

'Hoot-toot, hoot-toot! Judy, give yourself no uneasiness about that, till you have some cause for it. So you and Joe may rest contented Judy,' admonished Franks.

'Tank'e maus Stephen! case ah heahn yeh tell Henry dat yeh sell de las' nig—'

'Hush! ole umin, hush! yeh tongue too long! Put yeh trus' in de Laud!' interrupted daddy Joe.

'I treat my black folks well,' replied Franks; 'and all they have to—'

Here the door bell having been rung, he was interrupted with a message from Ailcey, that a gentleman awaited his presence in the parlor.

At the moment which the Colonel left the kitchen, Henry stepped over the style into the yard, which at once disclosed who the gentleman was to whom the master had been summoned.

Henry passed directly around and behind the house.

'See, ole man, see! reckon 'e gwine dah now! whispered mammy Judy, on seeing Henry pass through the yard without going into the kitchen.

'Whah!' enquired daddy Joe.

'Dun'o out yandah, whah 'e gwine way from wite folks!' she replied.

The interview between Franks and the trader Harris was not over half an hour duration, the trader retiring, Franks being prompt and decisive in all of his transactions, making little ceremony.

So soon as the front door was closed, Ailcey smiling bore into the kitchen a half pint glass of brandy, saying that her master had sent it to the old people.

The old man received it with compliments to his master, pouring it into a black jug in which there was both tansy and garlic, highly recommending it as a 'bitters' and certain antidote for worms, for which purpose he and the old woman took of it as long as it lasted, though neither had been troubled with that particular disease since the days of their childhood.

'Wat de gwine do wid yeh men son?' enquired mammy Judy as Henry entered the kitchen.

'Sell me to the soul-drivers! what else would they do?'

'Yeh gwin 'tay 'bout till de git yeh?'

'I shant move a step! and let them do their—!'

'Maus wants to see yeh in da front house Henry,' interrupted Ailcey, he immediately obeying the summons.

'Heah dat now!' said mammy Judy, as Henry followed the maid out of the kitchen.

'Carry this note sir, directly to captain Jack Harris!' ordered Franks, handing to Henry a sealed note. Receiving it, he bowed politely, going out of the front door, directly to the slave prison of Harris.

Eh heh! I see,' said Harris on opening the note; 'colonel Frank's boy; walk in here;' passing through the

office into a room which proved to be the first department of the slave-prison. 'No common negro I see! you're a shade higher. A pretty deep shade too! Can read, write cipher; a good religious fellow, and has a Christian and sir name. The devil you say! Who's your father? Can you preach?'

'I have never tried,' was the only reply.

'Have you ever been a member of Congress?' continued Harris with ridicule.

To this Henry made no reply.

'Wont answer hey! beneath your dignity. I understand that you're of that class of gentry who dont speak to common folks! You're not quite well enough dressed for a gentleman of your cloth. Here! Mr. Henry, I'll present you with a set of ruffles: give yourself no trouble sir, as I'll dress you! I'm here for that purpose,' said Harris, fastening upon the wrists of the manly bondman, a heavy pair of handcuffs.

'You hurt my wrist!' admonished Henry.

'New clothing will be a little tight when first put on. Now sir!' continued the trader, taking him to the back door and pointing into the yard at the slave gang there confined; 'as you have been respectably dressed, walk out and enjoy yourself among the ladies and gentleman there; you'll find them quite a select company.'

Shortly after this the sound of the bell-ringer's voice was heard—a sound which usually spread terror among the slaves: 'Will be sold this afternoon at three o'clock by public outcry, at the slave-prison of captain John Harris, a likely choice negro-fellow, the best trained body servant in the state, trained to the business by the most accomplished lady and gentleman negro-trainers in the Mississippi Valley. Sale positive without a proviso.'

'Dah, dah! did'n eh tell yeh so? Ole man, ole man! heah dat now! Come heah. Dat jis what I been tellin on im, but 'e uden blieve me!

ejaculated old mammy Judy on hearing the bell ring and the hand bill read.

Falling upon their knees, the two old slaves prayed fervently to God, thanking him that it was as 'well with them' as it was.

'Bless de Laud! my soul is happy!' cried out mammy Judy being overcome with devotion, clapping her hands.

'Tang God, fah wat I feels in my soul!' responded daddy Joe.

Rising from their knees with tears trickling down their cheeks, the old slaves endeavored to ease their troubled souls by singing—

'Oh, when shall my sorrows subside,
And when shall my troubles be ended;
And when to the bosom of Christ be conveyed,
To the mansions of joy and bliss;
To the mansions of joy and bliss!'

'Wuhthy to be praise! blessed be de name uh de Laud! Po' black folks, de Laud o'ny knows wats t' come ob us!' exclaimed mammy Judy.

'Look to de Laud ole umin, 'e's able t' bah us out mo' neh conkeh. Keep de monin stah in sight!' advised daddy Joe.

'Yes ole man yes, dat I is done dis many long day, an' ah ain' gwine lose sight uh it now! No, God bein' my helpeh, I is gwine keep my eyes right on it, dat I is!'

As the hour of three drew near, many there were going in the direction of the slave-prison, a large number of persons having assembled at the sale.

'Draw near, gentlemen! draw near!' cried Harris; 'the hour of sale is arrived: a positive sale with no proviso, cash down, or no sale at all!' A general laugh succeeded the introduction of the auctioneer.

'Come up here my lad!' continued the auctioneer, wielding a long red rawhide; 'mount this block, stand beside me, an' let's see which is the best looking man! We have met before, but I never had the pleasure of introducing you. Gentlemen one and all, I take pleasure in introducing to you Henry—pardon me sir—Mr.

Henry Holland, I believe—am I right sir?—Mr. Henry Holland, a good looking fellow you will admit.

'I am offered one thousand dollars; one thousand dollars for the best looking negro in all Mississippi! If all the negro boys in the state was as good looking as him, I'd give two thousand dollars for 'em all myself!' This caused another laugh. 'Who'll give me one thousand five—'

Just then a shower of rain came on.

'Gentlemen!' exclaimed the auctioneer; 'without a place can be obtained large enough to shelter the people here assembled, the sale will have to be postponed. This is a proviso we could'n't foresee, an' therefore is not responsible for it.' There was another hearty laugh.

A whisper went through the crowd, when presently a gentleman came forward saying, that those concerned had kindly tendered the use of the Church which stood near by, in which to continue the sale.

'Here we are again, gentlemen! Who bids five hundred more for the likely negro fellow? I am offered fifteen hundred dollars for the finest negro servant in the state! Come my boy bestir yourself an' dont stan' there like a statue; cant you give us a jig? whistle us a song! I forgot, the negro fellow is religious; by the by, an excellent recommendation gentlemen. Perhaps he'll give us a sermon. Say, git up there old fellow, an' hold forth. Cant you give us a sermon on Abolition? I'm only offered fifteen hundred dollars for the likely negro boy! Fifteen, sixteen, sixteen hundred dollars, seventeen hundred, just agoing at—eighteen, eighteen, nineteen hundred, nineteen nineteen! Just agoing at nineteen hundred dollars for the best body servant in the State; just agoing at nineteen and without a better bid I'll—going! going! go—!'

Just at this point a note was passed up the aisle to the auctioneer, who after reading it said:

'Gentlemen! circumstances beyond

my control, make it necessary that the sale be postponed until one day next week ; the time of continuance will be duly announced,' when bowing he left the stand.

'That's another proviso not in the original bill !' exclaimed a voice as the auctioneer left the stand, at which there were peals of laughter.

To secure himself against contingency, Harris immediately delivered Henry over to Franks.

There were present at the sale, Crow, Slider, Walker, Borbridge, Simpson, Hurst, Spangler and Williams, all noted slave traders, eager to purchase, some on their return home, and some with their gangs *en route* for the southern markets.

The note handed the auctioneer read thus :

'CAPT. HARRIS :—Having learned that there are private individuals at the sale, who design purchasing my negro man, Harry, for his own *personal advantage*, you will peremptorily postpone the sale—making such apology as the occasion demands—and effect a private sale with Richard Crow, Esq., who offers me two thousand dollars for him. Let the boy return to me. Believe me to be,

Very Respectfully,
STEPHEN FRANKS.

Capt. John Harris.
Natchez, Nov. 29th, 1852.'

'Now sir,' said Franks to Henry, who had barely reached the house from the auction block ; 'take this pass and go to Jackson and Woodville, or anywhere else you wish to see your friends, so that you be back against Monday afternoon. I ordered a postponement of the sale, thinking that I would try you awhile longer, as I never had cause before to part with you. Now see if you can't be a better boy !'

Eagerly taking the note, thanking him with a low bow, turning away, Henry opened the paper, which read :

'Permit the bearer my boy Henry, sometimes calling himself Henry Holland—a kind of negro pride he has—to

pass and repass wherever he wants to go, he behaving himself properly.

STEPHEN FRANKS.

To all whom it may concern.
Natchez, Nov. 29th 1852.'

Carefully depositing the *charte volante* in his pocket wallet, Henry quietly entered the hut of mammy Judy and daddy Joe.

CHAPTER IX.

THE RUNAWAY.

De Laud's good—bless his name !' exclaimed mammy Judy wringing her hands as Henry entered their hut, 'e heahs de prahs ob 'is chilen. Yeh hab reason t' tang God yeh is heah dis day !'

'Yes Henry, see wat de Laud's done fah yeh. Tis true's I's heah dis day ! Tang God fah dat !' added daddy Joe.

'I think,' replied he after listening with patience to the old people, 'I have reason to thank our Ailcey and Van Winter's Biddy ; they, it seems to me should have some credit in the matter.'

'She boy, g' long whah yeh gwine ! Yo' backslidin, gwine git yeh in trouble ghin eh reckon?' replied mammy Judy.

Having heard the conversation between her mistress and Henry, Ailcey as a secret, informed Van Winter's Derba, who informed her fellow servant Biddy, who imparted it to her acquaintance Nelly, the slave of esquire Potter, Nelly informing her mistress, who told the 'Squire, who led Franks into the secret of the whole matter.

'Mus'n blame me, Henry !' said Ailcey in an undertone, 'I did'n mean de wite folks to know wat I tole Derba, nor she di'n mean it nuther, but dat devil, Pottah's Nell ! us gals mean da fus time we ketch uh out, to duck uh in da rivah ! She's rale wite folk's nigga, dat's jus' wat she is. Nevah mine, we'll ketch her yit !'

'I dont blame you Ailcey, nor either of Mrs. Van Winter's girls, as I know that you are my friends, neither of whom would do anything knowing-

ly to injure me. I know Ailcey that you are a good girl, and believe you would tell me—

'Yes Henry, I is yo' fren' an' come to tell yeh now wat da wite folks goin' to do.'

'What is it Ailcey; what do you know?'

'Wy dat ugly ole devil Dick Crow—God fah gim me! but I hate 'im so, case he nothin' but po' wite man, no how—I know 'im he come from Fagina on—'

'Never mind his origin, Ailcey, tell me what you know concerning his visit in the house.'

'I is goin' to, but da ugly ole devil, I hates 'im so! Maus Stephen had 'im in da pahla, an' 'e sole yeh to 'im, dat ugly ole po' wite devil, fah—God knows how much—a hole heap a monee; "two" somethin.'

'I know what it was, two thousand dollars, for that was his selling price to Jack Harris.'

'Yes, dat was da sum, Henry.'

'I am satisfied as to how much he can be relied on. Even was I to take the advice of the old people here, and become reconciled to drag out a miserable life of degradation and bondage under them, I would not be permitted to do so by this man, who seeks every opportunity to crush out my lingering manhood, and reduce my free spirit to the submission of a slave. He cannot do it, I will not submit to it, and I defy his power to make me submit.'

'Laus a messy, Henry, yeh free man! huccum yeh not tell me long'o? Sho boy, bettah go long whah yeh gwine, out yandah, an' not fool long wid wite folks!' said mammy Judy with surprise, 'wat bring yeh heah anyhow?'

'That's best known to myself, mammy.'

'Wat make yeh keep heah so long den, dat yeh ain' gone fo' dis?'

'Your questions become rather pressing mammy; I cant tell you that either.'

'Laud, Laud, Laud! So yeh free man! Well, well, well!

'Once for all, I now tell you old people, what I never told you before, nor never expected to tell you under such circumstances; that I never intend to serve any white man again. I'll die first!'

'De Laud a' messy on my po' soul! An' huccum yeh not gone befo'?''

'Carrying out the principles and advice of you old people "standing still, to see the salvation." But with me, "now is the accepted time, to-day is the day of salvation."'

'Well, well, well!' sighed mammy Judy.

'I am satisfied that I am sold, and the wretch who did it, seeks to conceal his perfidy by deception. Now if ever you old people did anything in your lives, you must do it now.'

'Wat dat yeh want wid us?'

'Why, if you'll go, I'll take you on Saturday night, and make our escape to a free country.'

'Wat place yeh call dat?'

'Canada!' replied Henry, with emotion.

'How fah yeh gwine take me?' earnestly enquired the old woman.

'I cant just now tell the distance, probably some two or three thousand miles from here, the way we'd have to go.'

'De Laus a messy on me! an' wat yeh gwine do wid little Joe; ain gwine leave 'im behine?'

'No, mammy Judy, I'd bury him in the bottom of the river first! I intend carrying him in a bundle on my back, as the Indians carry their babies.'

'Wat yeh gwine do fah money; yeh ain' gwine rob folks on de road?'

'No mammy, I'll starve first. Have you and daddy Joe saved nothing from your black-eye peas and poultry selling for many years?'

'Ole man, how much in dat pot undeh de flo' dah; how long since yeh count it?'

'Don'o,' replied daddy Joe, 'las' time ah count it, da wah faughty guinea * uh sich a mauttah, an' ah put in

* Guinea with the slave, is a five dollar gold piece.

some six-seven guinea mo' since dat.'

'Then you have some two hundred and fifty dollars in money.'

'Dat do yeh?' enquired mammy Judy.

'Yes, that of itself is enough, but—'

'Den take it an' go long whah yeh gwine; we ole folks too ole fah gwine headlong out yandah an' don'o whah we gwine. Sho boy! take de money an' g'long!' decisively replied the old woman after all her inquisitiveness.

'If you dont know, I do mammy, and that will answer for all.'

'Dat ain' gwine do us. We ole folks ain' politishon an' undehtan' de graumma uh dese places, an' w'en we git dah den maybe do'n like it an' caln' git back. Sho chile, go long whah yeh gwine!'

'What do you say, daddy Joe? Whatever you have to say, must be said quick, as time with me' is precious.'

'We is too ole dis time a-day chile, t'go way out yuah de Laud knows whah; bettah whah we is.'

'You'll not be too old to go if these whites once take a notion to sell you. What will you do then?'

'Trus' to de Laud!'

'Yes, the same old slave song—"Trust to the Lord." Then I must go, and—'

'Ain' yeh gwine take de money Henry?' interrupted the old woman.

'No mammy, since you will not go, I leave it for you and daddy Joe, as you may yet have use for it, or those may desire to use it, who better understand what use to make of it than you and daddy Joe seem willing to be instructed in.'

'Den yeh 'ont have de money?'

'I thank you and daddy most kindly, mammy Judy, for your offer, and only refuse because I have two hundred guineas about me.'

'Sho boy, yeh got all dat, yeh no call t'want dat little we got. Whah yeh git all dat money? Do'n reckon

yeh gwine tell me! Did'n steal from maus Stephen, do'n reckon?'

'No mammy I'm incapable of stealing from any one, but I have, from time to time, taken by littles, some of the earnings due me for more than eighteen years' service to this man Franks, which at the low rate of two hundred dollars a year, would amount to sixteen hundred dollars more than I secured, exclusive of the interest, which would have more than supplied my clothing, to say nothing of the injury done me by degrading me as a slave. "Steal" indeed! I would that when I had an opportunity, I had taken fifty thousand instead of two. I am to understand you old people as positively declining to go, am I?'

'No no, chile, we cahn go! We put ouh trus' in de Laud, he bring us out mo' nah konkah.'

'Then from this time hence, I become a runaway. Take care of my poor boy while he's with you. When I leave the swamps, or where I'll go, will never be known to you. Should my boy be suddenly missed, and you find three notches cut in the bark of the big willow tree, on the side away from your hut, then give yourself no uneasiness; but if you don't find these notches in the tree, then I know nothing about him. Good bye!' and Henry strode directly for the road to Woodville.

'Fahwell me son, fahwell, an' may God a'mighty go wid you! May de Laud guide an' tect yeh on de way!'

The child, contrary to his custom, commenced crying, desiring to see mamma Maggie and dadda Henry. Every effort to quiet him was unavailing. This brought sorrow to the old people's hearts and tears to their eyes, which they endeavored to soothe in a touching lamentation:

'See wives and husbands torn apart,
Their children's screams, they grieve my heart.

They are torn away to Georgial

Come and go along with me—

They are torn away to Georgia!

Go sound the Jubilee!'

American Cast, and Common Schools.

BY J. HOLLAND TOWNSEND.

The Common School system of our country, for the general diffusion of knowledge, may be regarded as the pride of the American Institutions and the very corner-stone of our Republic.

The prosperity and happiness of a nation depends mainly upon the intelligence of the great mass of the people, especially in a country like that of our own, where the popular will is the law of the land. It is a well established fact, that an ignorant people must always be a poor people; it matters not how fortune may favor them, for a time, in the accumulation of wealth, sooner or later it will find its way into the hands of the more intelligent.

There can be no better illustration of the truthfulness of this proposition than the history of Spain, whose treasury was filled with the gold and silver of Mexico and Peru, until her wealth became almost fabulous, yet at the present day that nation who has less wealth than Spain, must be poor indeed.

The duty as well as the right to educate our children at the public expense in the common schools, is one that justly and properly belongs to us, in common with other Americans, and every attempt to proscribe or limit us on account of our complexion, is an indignity to our manhood, that we cannot tamely nor quietly submit to.

The idea that the presence of our children in the common schools of this country, is degrading to those of fairer complexion, is so preposterous, that it scarcely needs a serious consideration. Carry out this doctrine and it would exclude us from Heaven itself.

The Common School, that Institution of indelible early impression, that verdant spot amid life's dreary wastes, around which memory delights to linger, and recount the halcyon days of youth, American proscription would close up the doors against us.

The fire on the sacred altars, it would put out, and place the cold hand of death upon the warm breathings of the heart, in order to gratify the caprices of a few political demagogues.

Fugitive Slave Enactments, Supreme Court Decisions, together with refusals of the general government to allow us the right to preempt the Public lands, may be imposed upon us, yet in the majesty of our manhood, we will by perseverance overcome them all.

Right will eventually triumph over physical might, the potent right-arm shall not always rule. Our grandest theatre of action is not the embattled field, our noblest representative is not the armed warrior. Man gains wider dominion by the cultivated intellect, than the hero of a hundred battles. Up from the deep depths of degradation and slavery have we come, broke the fetters that have bound us for the last two hundred years, and stand upon the same platform side by side with the great and good men of our day and generation. We should remember that old and sublime maxim that 'knowledge is power,' hence its importance to us as an oppressed people.

That we are rapidly progressing, it is only necessary to compare the present with the past.

The yoke of bondage we believe will soon be broken and the oppressed go free. The great question of Freedom makes the nation rock from the shores of the Atlantic to the Pacific, and one might as well attempt to turn back the waters of the Ocean, as to stop its onward progress. Industry, intelligence and the spirit of genius, when it shall be fully developed among us by the mental training of our common schools, when ignorance which has so long ruled over us shall be dispelled by the light of science, darkness then shall pass away, and the intellectual morning begin to dawn.

Within twenty-five years we have overturned the Pro-slavery Enactments and revolutionized all the New England States, driven proscription out their common schools and colleges, compelled the most enlightened section of the Union to acknowledge our right to citizenship in common with the rest of our fellow countrymen.

It is but a few years since that Prudence Crandall was fined, ordered to leave the Puritanical town of Canterbury, Ct., a state formerly noted for its Blue Laws, because she had the audacity to receive colored pupils into her school, and when she remonstrated with the town authorities for such unjust conduct they went so far as to threaten her with the lash.

We likewise remember how the people of Canaan, an obscure town in the State of New Hampshire, turned out and drove three young colored gentlemen from the academy in that town, and then to make sure that no more such improprieties as educating colored people should take place there, with one hundred yoke of oxen drew the building from its foundation into an adjacent swamp and then set it on fire. After having achieved this brilliant victory over three pious young men who were studying for the ministry, they soon began to repent of their folly, and being determined to redeem what they had lost by impru-

dence, sought out the only colored man in the town and made him justice of the peace.

Although the history of New Hampshire and Connecticut have these foul spots upon their pages, they would gladly blot them out if they could, yet they will remain as monuments of their oppression of God's poor, through all coming time; yet there is not a school in New Hampshire to day that will reject a student on account of complexion.

The struggle for our rights, in the Common Schools of the State of California, have been attended also with many interesting incidents. In the village of Grass Valley, Nevada Co., a school was opened in the year 1854. The supervisors, after taking the census of the children, found that three of the white children had colored parents; but as these children were as white as themselves, they very wisely determined to leave them in the school. This action greatly offended the feelings of some of the parents, who petitioned the supervisors to remove these children from the school. But they refused to do so, informing these sensitive parents that there were no colored children in the school, and that they intended to keep all the children that were at present there, until they should see good reason to expel them. These F. F. Vs. finding themselves thwarted in their attempts to deprive these poor unfortunate children of the benefits of the common school, applied to the State Superintendent, who immediately ordered the supervisors to exclude these children, or he would deprive them of the State Funds belonging to that District; but all honor to the people of Grass Valley, who refused to obey the mandate of a man who would compel our children to grow up in ignorance. The Common Council of Sacramento City, in the year 1855 made an appropriation for the education of colored children. Hon. J. L. English, who was Mayor at the time, vetoed the Bill upon the ground that a majority of the inhabi-

tants of that city were Southerners, and opposed to the education of colored children; yet the Common Council, satisfied of the justice of the ordinance passed the Bill over the Mayor's veto, and it became law.

The first Public School for colored children in the State of California, was established in the city of San Francisco in 1855.

Hon. C. K. Garrison was at that time Mayor of the city, and Wm. O. Grady, Esq., Superintendent of Public Schools. To the latter gentleman we are mostly indebted for the deep interest manifest in behalf of the education of our children. Rev. John J. Moore was appointed teacher, and \$150 per month was appropriated for this school.

The character and rank was that of a mixed school for colored children. Prosperity attended the inauguration of this new enterprise, and the average attendance was about 40 scholars, yet a school of this grade was not destined to meet the wants of a flourishing and an increasing community, like San Francisco; families continued to migrate from the East, with their children who had received the advantages of the common schools, and were far in advance of the studies pursued in a mixed school. The result was that a few of the more advanced children were admitted into the Grammar Schools, in the Districts where they resided. One of these pupils, an interesting young lady, from the city of Brotherly Love, the daughter of a respectable merchant, standing at the head of the list as a scholar, in one of the Grammar Schools, was after examination by a committee of the Board of Education, admitted to the High School, where she soon distinguished herself as one of the first scholars in the institution, and by her amiable disposition and lady-like deportment, gained the good will and esteem of both teachers and scholars, as well as the Board of Education.

This was too much for a pro-slavery public sentiment, like that of Califor-

nia, quietly to submit to; the fact was soon heralded forth through the political press, that the children of the negroes were admitted into the Grammar, and even into the High School of San Francisco. The Board of Education were denounced and stigmatized as abolitionists, and called upon to exclude these children from the schools to which they had been assigned on account of their superior scholarship; all the lower and baser passions were appealed to by a corrupt political news paper, remonstrances were sent to the Board, signed by the modern chivalry for the abatement of that great nuisance, the education of colored children in the same schools with the white ones. New England was denounced as the land of niggerdom, and Massachusetts as the hot-bed of fanaticism, South Carolina and Virginia were lauded as model States, where gentlemen were respected, and 'niggers kept in their places.' The pressure soon became so great that the Board were obliged to come out and define their position on the question. A resolution was adopted by that body which 'directed all colored children to attend the school provided for them in San Francisco.' Another resolution was then proposed, directing the superintendent to carry out the first resolution. But the Board voted to lay it on the table, by a decided majority, thus leaving the whole matter stand as it was. F. F. V. being now thwarted in attempts to deprive our children of the advantages of education, for which we had paid in common with others, appealed to the State Superintendent of Public Instruction, a Tennessee gentleman, but he wisely declined, informing them that the people of San Francisco had elected a Board of Education to manage the affairs of Common Schools according to their own judgment, and he could not interfere with them in the discharge of their duties.

While this contest was going on, we were encouraged by the people who resided in the 12th District of San

Francisco, who presented a petition to the Board of Education to admit into the Grammar School of that District, the children of all persons who resided within the District, without reference to their complexions.

Notwithstanding all these disabilities, we are rapidly progressing both in intelligence and wealth, in this new State of the far West; soon it is expected that the iron horse will thunder through the defiles of the Rocky Mountains, and hasten away to the Pacific. California, Oregon, Washing-

ton, and New Caledonia, already send upon air the hum and tread of their busy thousands. China and the Isles of the Sea, hover like a dream in the western horizon. America will soon become the mid-way of the earth, the center and heart of the world, and with a common school system that shall educate all of her sons and daughters alike, her dominion shall be like that of 'Julius'—terminate her boundaries by the ocean, and her fame by the stars.

The German Invasion.

BY JAMES M' CUNE SMITH.

In 1853* the Irish population of New York city was 110,000
The German, 55,000

Their relative mortality in the same city was,

	Irish		German
1851	4,326	1 in 25	1,044
1852	4,135		1,265

The Irish mortality was 37 1-2 per cent greater than the German. In the year 1858 the mortality in New York city was as high as one in 27, which a leading daily attributes to the increased unhealthiness of said city; the truth is, that this mortality is largely due to Ward's Island Hospital, where the feeble and emaciated and disabled emigrants of two years standing are sent.

The Irish emigrants either linger about large cities, or spread over the country, cutting canals and railroads, and exposed to malaria from Michigan to Texas. The German emigrants, already well informed by numerous books on the United States published in Germany, seek in their new homes the healthiest localities, and betake themselves to husbandry.

Of all the invaders of our land, the Germans pre-eminently maintain their nationality; the southwest and northeast portions of New York

city are rapidly assuming the appearance of a German city, and almost every week a new cellar is opened in the mid-regions of the metropolis with WIRTHSCHAFT, GASTHAUS, or LAGER BIER, emblazoned above it in staring red or blue German text. Their newspapers, too, are a significant element in the maintenance of their nationality. It was the boast of Tucker in his 'Progress of the United States,' that in a population of seventeen millions the United States had 130 daily, and 1142 weekly newspapers: 'Such a diffusion of intelligence and information as had never existed in any other age or country.'

In the city of New York there are ten dailies to 500,000 of Anglo-American population, or 1 to 50,000; in the same city the Germans have four dailies to 55,000, or 1 to 14,000. Whilst the Irish have not one daily to their 110,000, and only three or four weeklies, and those largely supported by office-holders at the bid of our Democratic Executive at Washington.

In 1853,* in the whole United States the American people had

one daily to	130,769 population
The Germans had	" " 61,800 "
The Americans had one newspaper to	13,655
The Germans had	" " 6,866

In other words, taking newspapers as indices of intelligence, activity and movement, the

* This paper was written in 1853; it is printed without any alterations of moment, for in this way only can the soundness of the views which it contains be fairly tested.

German population excel us one hundred per cent!

Such is the material of the German invasion, a persistent vitality, strong nationality, intelligence and a capacity for organized effort; let us glance at the character or idiosyncracies which this powerful element is introducing into our midst.

The thrift of the Germans is proverbial. We, flesh-devouring Americans, twenty-five years ago, jeered at the Irish emigrant who fed on buttermilk and potatoes while performing hard labor; now the Irish furiously declare that 'the Dutch live on nothing, grow fat and make money.'

This example of thrift is one which we need very much as a set-off to our extravagant habits and rapid living.

There is, moreover, a truthfulness in the German character, strongly exemplified in their deportment and dealings—a truthfulness which comes, like a precious manna, among a people whose boasted principles of liberty, are hourly contradicted and belied, by their combined maintenance of a most cruel system of chattel slavery.

A love of rational enjoyment, and the practice of holidays, are two other elements in the German character, whose refining, not to say hallowing influences, are already felt, and in the future will be largely imitated by us. The Sanger bands, and Turner verein, are institutions, more especially the latter, entirely new to us, and of the most admirable character. The prevailing beauty of them is their ideality; they meet and sing, and utter myriad harmonies, for the very love of music itself; and of companionship and social union.

There is nothing in our national make-up which at all compares with these stated reunions, in all that softens the manners, and polishes away the rust of barbarism. Neither in our Christmas feast, with its solemn rituals, nor our New Year's day, in which the highest meed is due to him who can walk the fastest, eat the greatest number of indigestible substances, drink the widest variety of alcoholic compounds, be in the greatest hurry, and earn the most violent headache, for the beginning of the year—nor on the Fourth of July, in which the loudest cannon, the loudest pistols, the loudest bragging and self-laudation indicate our short remove from the savage state—nor when on the other hand, the vile desecration of the

pulpit to the begging of alms to remove from our midst our sable brother, shows how little of Christian love dwells amongst us—nor in our Thanks-giving day, in which, characteristically enough, we set ourselves up to a certain measure of enjoyment, under the pretence of *fasting* and prayer. No, none of these at all compare with those vast gatherings, in the month of May or June, on the banks of the Hudson, beneath the grand old trees, and the grander canopy above them—when these German men and women and children happiest of all, 'sing a new song,' 'sing with the harp,' 'with trumpets and sound of cornet,' 'make a joyful noise,' and like the floods, 'clap their hands' and like the hills 'are joyful together.'

Another element in the character of our German invaders, worthy of thoughtful attention, is the position which woman holds in their social fabric. The man and his wife are the warp and woof, not only of their domestic, but also of their social relations; in his house, in his business and in his amusements; in laying out his plans of life and in executing the same, his *crow* is in old Scripture language, 'a help meet' for the German man.

This is not a new element in the German character; it has been part and parcel of their institutions in the *vaterland*, for nearly two thousand years. In that fine passage in which Tacitus speaks of the noble simplicity of the German marriages, he tells us 'That the bride offers not a dowry to the husband, but the husband to the bride. Parents and relatives are present to approve the gifts; gifts not intended as female toys, nor to be consumed at the nuptials—but oxen, and a bridled horse, and a shield with javelin and sword; and she in turn presents a few arms. This do they regard as the highest bond, these are the sacred arcana, these the household gods. Nor does the woman regard herself as without the pale of bravery, nor the hap of war; she is admonished by the very ceremonies of marriage that she comes into a compact of difficulties and dangers; alike in peace and in war to suffer and to dare! Thus they live, thus they die.*'

Tempora mutantur: the times are changed, but in the eighteen centuries that have rolled over their heads, since these words were written, and though they have passed through all the phases of society that intervene between

* De Germania xviii.

barbarism and the highest culture, the relation between the German man and his wife remains the same in all things except the 'in praelio passuram ausuramque,' to do and dare in battle.

And the noisy things we call mass meetings, and the furious vortices we call political meetings, and the popinjay martial shows in which citizen soldiers show how nearly they can imitate in dress, in step and in music, the standing armies which tyrants alone require—all these mannish, but hardly manly exhibitions, are in painful contrast with, and let us trust, will be gradually exchanged for, the more humanizing influences of the pleasure gardens and fetes in which the German and his wife, and prattling children quietly enjoy the songs and the dances of the fatherland.

But Tacitus also says of this people, 'Diem noctemque continuare potando, nulli probrum.' Frequent fights, rarely with noise, often with murder and wounds, occur, as they will, among wine drinkers.' 'Crebræ, ut inter vinolentes rixæ, raro conviciis, sæpius caede et vulneribus transiguntur.'

The Germans still drink, but their beer fights are now confined to the students at their Universities at home; for there is a mildness about their 'lager bier,' altogether different from the fiery fluid which excited them in the savage state—but the worst of it is, that not content with drinking thus moderately themselves—they offer 'fire waters' of the most poisonous quality to the people whom they invade on this continent. It is the same way that our fathers conquered and destroyed the red man, and unless the majesty of the law be interposed, we cannot avoid a similar fate.

In painful contrast to all that is admirable and desirable in the German character, appears the fact that in a recent State election, sharp-witted politicians secured the German vote in the metropolis, for men whom they declared in handbills printed in that language, to be practical opponents of the Maine liquor law. And, fitting commentary on this fact, is the other, that in the city of New York, of the keepers of liquor stores, there are (in 1853)

Americans	1,043	350,000
Irish	2,327	(colored 22) 100,000
Germans	3,272	50,000

Every seventeenth German in the city of New York is engaged in selling rum—and the vilest of rum, which festers and poisons the

persons of the lowest classes—men and women too poor to drink themselves to death in the shilling or sixpenny drinks find in the Dutch groceries vile stuff by the three cents' worth: two cents' worth and more frequently the one cent's worth! The Dutch grocers, except in rare instances, avoid tasting the poison with which they fill our prisons and our gallows.

The other negative quality in our German invaders, is their inertia in relation to rights and government. If Franklin Pierce should, by a *coup d'état*, declare himself Emperor of all the Americas, our German friends, with few exceptions, would take the matter quietly, except so far as it might affect the price of groceries, or produce, or lager bier! And by consequence there is a like inertia in regard to the question of liberty or slavery—of the 180 newspapers published by them in this land, only one recently started is anti-slavery—the National Democrat, published in Washington by Frederick Schmidt.*

But, while this constitutional inertia, combined with their ignorance of the English language, must withhold the Germans from an direct interference with the politics of the day these very circumstances place them in a most important relation to a more remote, but what must soon be a most imminent question—the influence of Romanism upon our institutions.

So long as it leaned upon the Irish immigration, Romanism in our land advanced stealthily and warily, in selecting its footholds, and assumed an attitude that seemed to deprecate assaults, and to seek for pity when assailed. In all this was exhibited a wise consciousness that the Irish population, however strong in numbers, presented a fluctuating and vanishing basis both from their proclivity to mingle with the American people, and from their terrible mortality—two causes which diminished the number of Catholics more than one-half in each succeeding generation.

But when the German Catholics flowed in, Rome felt that she had reason to change her attitude. In more than one State she assails our common schools with a bold and bitter energy that indicates her conviction that she has more reliable elements in the strife. She relies upon the German Catholic population whose intense nationality keeps them ignorant

* Since failed. One has recently been established in St. Louis, (1859.)

of our language; whose intense Catholicity, unmoved by the fiery trials of the Reformation, is regarded as proof against the immediate contact of Protestantism, and the remote contact—remote because expressed and carried on in a language they do not comprehend—with our republican institutions.

It is this aspect, then, of the German invasion, which most seriously threatens the integrity of our institutions, and which is most worthy the careful scrutiny of all who value those institutions. It can no longer be concealed that there is an essential contrariety between Romanism and Republicanism, which has already led to collision, and which must terminate in the triumph of the one or the other.

The policy which ten years ago complained of the reading of the Bible in the public schools and then having virtually driven that book from the school-houses, raises the cry of godless schools—the policy which seeks, at one stroke, to grasp the public school monies to teach Romanism therewith, and to separate Protestantism into sects that they may be more readily crushed in detail; and which at the same time closes the mouths of 'able editors,' by threatening the withdrawal of Catholic votes—is, beyond all question, directly and energetically opposed to our institutions, such as have hitherto most happily flourished amongst us.

With the German Roman Catholics to rely on—and this will be a constantly increasing vote—the Roman church may exact of our editors and legislators whatever they may see fit.

If indeed, our institutions were as true to their own principles, as Rome is to hers, there would be less fear of the result in this contest; but when our most solemn declaration of elementary rights, are proclaimed with a mental reservation—that *all men* means *all white men*, and that liberty for all means slavery to some—then the case is altered, and Rome's strongest ally is our own faithlessness to freedom.

I have said nothing of German culture, for German culture has not yet mingled in the flood of emigration—probably never will. Bonn and Heidelberg, Berlin and Gottingen cannot be transported into our midst. No Genie of the Lamp, has the power in a moment, in a year, nor in a century to remove to this side of the Atlantic those hoary seats of learn-

ing which are the growth of a long and patient and unremitting toil, through generation after generation, and which have penetrated to the verge of human thought, in all ages and nations. The very noise and hurry of our times would frighten from amongst us such seats of learning, even if they came.

We may buy with our money, the library of Neander, the chisels of Thorwaldsen, or the easel of Michael Angelo, yet there remains behind a something which gold cannot purchase—the *genius loci*, the charmed atmosphere, that has blazed with so many lamps of science, has been brilliant with so many lights of genius, and in which there still lingers the spirits of the great departed, breathing their divine afflatus upon those who there come after them, and who are thus enabled to put on the armor and wield the weapons of the giants who have gone before them.

We cannot then, import German culture, nor will it seek our land; a portion of it will doubtless reach us through the multitude of our young men seeking to complete their studies at the German universities, but we cannot have the German culture in our midst, nor do we want it. If we live—and God grant that we may—we must have a culture of our own, a culture grand beyond all European example because the result of a larger combination of the varied intellect of the human race—a culture, the foundation stones of whose altars are not yet laid, whose priests have not yet begun their novitiate.

In conclusion, I have endeavored to lay before you what facts I could cull, relative to this, the most important, perhaps the best invasion or immigration we have received in the nineteenth century. They come among us, a thrifty, docile, law-abiding people—for the code of Justinian has entered the very marrow of their being, and from the difference of their language, and their intense nationality, they must amalgamate slowly.

Whilst we receive and cherish the good that they bring us, we must not be slow in return, to give them back the complementary elements of character which are ours and not theirs, we must awaken them from the hazy dream of physical content, which beams from their countenances—we must talk to them of liberty and justice, and their guarantee—eternal vigilance. We must not permit them to sleep on, nor lie dumb while the chains clank, and the lash resounds, and women shriek for help and freedom.

A POLYLOTT STATE—The Secretary of State of Wisconsin informs the Legislature that of the amount of money expended for public printing during the past three years, about \$27,000 was for English, \$30,000 for German, and \$14,000 for the Norwegian languages.—*N. Y. Tribune*.

Afric-American Picture Gallery.—Second Paper.

BY ETHIOP.

PICTURE VII.—TOUISSANT L'OVERTURE.

Pictures are teachings by example. From them we often derive our best lessons. A picture of a once beloved mother, an almost forgotten grandfather whose image perhaps we bear, or a long lost child, once the centre of our affections; such a picture occasionally taken down from its hiding-place, and looked at, calls up associations and emotions, and produces troops of thought that paint the memory afresh with hues the most beautiful, touching, beneficial and lasting. A picture of a great man with whose acts we are familiar, calls up the whole history of his times. Our minds thus become reimpresed with the events and we arrive at the philosophy of them.

A picture of Washington recalls to mind the American Revolution, and the early history of the Republic. A picture of Thomas Jefferson brings before the mind in all its scope and strength that inimitable document, the Declaration of Independence; and in addition, carries us forward to the times, when its broad and eternal principles, will be fully recognised by, and applied to the entire American people. I had these conclusions forced upon me by looking not upon either the picture of Washington or Jefferson in the gallery. Far from it; but by a most beautiful portrait of one of the greatest men the world ever saw—TOUISSANT L'OVERTURE. This painting hangs in the south east corner of the Gallery in a favourable position and in good light as it ought; as it portrays the features of one of God's and Earth's noblemen long since retired.

Far be it from me to venture to a description of either the picture or the man. I have no pencil and no pen with which I can do it. Some future historian in other times, will yet write the name of Touissant L' Overture higher and in purer light than that of any man that has lived up to to-day. But the special point to which I wish to call attention, and upon which I may venture a remark, is the long and interesting train of historical facts in relation to Hayti, that gem of the sea, this portrait associates in the mind of the intelligent beholder. To say nothing of him who led the breathings of this people after liberty; the breaking in pieces the yoke that galled them their heroic struggles, the routing finally and utterly from the soil their oppressors; their almost superhuman efforts thereafter, to rise from the low state in which the degradation of slavery and chains had placed them and their final triumph over every obstacle; in fine the whole history from first to last of this Island and this people is so vividly brought before the mind, by merely this likeness of the inimitable Touissant L'Overture, that it is reimpresed with the extraordinary, *useful and touching lesson it teaches.*

PICTURE VIII.—SOLOUQUE AND HIS COURT.

If any thing else was needed to carry the mind over the field of Haytian events, and complete our history; or in leading us for the first time to study that history, this additional picture ought to be sufficient. It is of largest size, consisting of portraits of the sable Emperor and the magnates that move round his Imperial person; and hangs

beside that of L'Overture. The various descriptions given me of these persons lead me to believe, that these likenesses, unlike many that have been gotten up for the *American prejudice Market*, are genuine and up to the originals. That of the Emperor's is superior as he is known to be a superior looking man.

PICTURE IX.—MOUNT VERNON.

Our artist must have taken time by the forelock in the execution of this picture; as MOUNT VERNON has become of late the great popular theme of the American people. Mount Vernon just now enters into everything. It has something to do with every spring of the machinery of American society; social, political, and religious. It is Mount Vernon in the pulpit, Mount Vernon on the rostrum, Mount Vernon from the Press, Mount Vernon from every lip.

The boys in the streets busily cry out Mount Vernon; the fashionable young belle simpers Mount Vernon.

Mount Vernon exclaims the breast-laden patriot; Mount Vernon echoes the good old ladies, Mount Vernon is piped, Mount Vernon is harped; Mount Vernon is danced; Mount Vernon is sung. Even men walk by the aid of Mount Vernon canes, manufactured from some of its decaying relics. And what is Mount Vernon?

MOUNT VERNON as the readers must know is a spot of earth somewhere in Virginia, and once the Home of the Father of his Country. How careful ought we to be, then, in word or deed about Mount Vernon.

I must plead in excuse, therefore, that in the conception of this picture, the Artist has simply failed; if not in faithfulness to the original, certainly in gratifying the popular American feeling. The Picture hangs on the south side of the Gallery, and in excellent light.

It is of largest size, exhibiting the grounds, the mansion, out-house, slave huts and all; once planned, laid out, and erected with so much care by

Washington; but now alas, all in a state of dilapidation and decay. Decay is written by the Artist's pencil more legibly than in letters, on everything.—On the house top, on the door sill is written decay. On the chimney, on the gables, on the eaves, is written decay. The consuming fingers of decay and delapidation mark each and every out house.—Every old slave hut, like so many spectres shadows forth decay.—Decay stands staring in the gate-ways, staring in the porches, staring in the cellars.—The very wind which bends the here and there scattering tree-tops, (land marks of the past) seem to creak through the many visible crevices of the Old Mansion and sigh decay, decay! decay!!

I never saw Mount Vernon; and as I gaze upon this Picture I ask myself is it true? Is this the home of the *Father of his Country*? Is it, that, every thing Washington possessed should so perish? Or, so perish the all, that we should have left to us, but his name; and yet with a tendency to forget names however great, I am at a loss to know how we shall preserve even the name of Washington many years longer.

But there is another feature in this Picture besides the stern solemn passing away, that I desire to direct attention to. The Artist has located, and I suppose correctly enough, on the banks, where sluggishly glides the Potomac's waters, the Tomb of WASHINGTON.

The first thing that here arrests the eye is the recently dug up coffin of Washington; just behind which stands the ghost of his faithful old slave and body servant; while in front, a living slave of to-day stands, with the *bones* of Washington gathered up in his arms, and labelled 'For Sale' 'Price \$200,000; this negro included.' 'Money wanted.'—A number of other slaves, men, women, and children, are placed in a row along the bank just beyond, bearing about the neck of each the following inscription: *These negroes for sale. Money wanted.'*

Proceeding from the Old Mansion to the *Tomb*, are two elderly, portly, aristocratic looking gentlemen, bearing unmistakable evidences of being the present proprietors of the Mount Vernon estate, and celebrated relatives of the great Virginian, and Father of his Country; and a noted son of Massachusetts. These gentlemen are followed towards the tomb by a few pious-looking old ladies.

Such is but a faint description of this picture of Mount Vernon; and as obscurely as it is hung in our midst, Edward Everett the distinguished limner of Washington should see it, and if any, point out its defects.

Our Gallery begins to draw. Numerous have been the inquiries about it, and two individuals who after sundry searchings and prying have found out our *secret*.—Our pleasant hiding-place, where we have so often and so long shut up ourselves from the blast and chill of the world, is no longer our own. The luxury of solitude is even gone, gone forever!

Just as I had finished the sketch of the last picture, (luckily for me) and pointed my pencil for another, the little brown-faced boy in attendance, bowed in, to my great surprise, a very respectable appearing gentleman—a little seedy, though very genteel with all notwithstanding—and not Anglo-African, but Anglo-Saxon, or Anglo-American or something of that sort; botheration, I never could get the hang of these Angloes! but no matter, he was genteel in manner and intellectual in appearance.

‘I read your Picture Sketches in the last number of the Anglo-African Magazine, and have sought out your Gallery,’ said he. ‘Well, what do you think of it?’ said I. ‘Your Gallery? well, I must examine it,—but your Magazine!!!’ ‘Magazine,’ rejoined I, ‘yes, that is the question.’ ‘Your magazine,’ said he (not regarding the interruption) is uncalled for.’ I started up. ‘I am a well-known friend to your race.’ I started a little more upright, and said, ‘my dear sir, if you

mean Anglo-Africans, well; but do not say “your race.”’ here I brought my fist down on the table, added—‘there is but one race of men on the face of the earth, sir!!!’ Our visitor colored a little. ‘I was about to remark,’ he said, ‘that if your men had capacity they might write for our anti-slavery journals and other ably conducted magazines in the country, such as Harpers’ or the Atlantic Monthly. It would be more creditable. You don’t want a separate magazine and pen up your thoughts there.’ ‘The “Anglo-African” is not such as you designate it,’ said I, ‘it is simply headed by colored men, but excludes no man on account of his color from its pages, and it were unfortunate,’ I said this with emphasis, ‘that since colored men are the oppressed, it were unfortunate that every anti-slavery journal in the country is not edited by colored men.’ This was a little too sharp, and our new friend colored more deeply than before. ‘What do you think of that statue of Ira Aldridge, just over on the other side of of the Gallery, there?’ said I, as anxious to turn the conversation as he was. He examined it a few moments and said, ‘It is quite a clever attempt for —’ he was about to add something more, but suddenly turning asked who modelled it. ‘All I know,’ said I, ‘is, Mr. Aldridge went from this country to Europe when quite a young man, took to the stage, his color being no bar to eminence there, and step by step he has ascended until now he stands on the very highest round of the actor’s ladder. He stands to day, as an actor, the most renowned in the world. The statue before us I believe was modelled in Europe.’ Our visitor hastily glanced at it again, and pronounced it excellent, adding a few criticisms about its breadth of forehead and a few doubts about its want of faithfulness to the original, he passed around the Gallery. I sat down again to make a sketch of this plaster statue of Aldridge, the world-renowned actor (by the way, an excellent model of him as

Othello), when our little brown-faced boy bowed his head in the doorway, and announced this time a lady—a colored lady. I laid down my pencil, and though much confused, tried my hand at politeness. The lady, plainly, but neatly attired and rather stiff, was all politeness, but it was of that kind that first chills, and then freezes you. Eye-glass up, and with sarcastic smile, she hurriedly scanned several of the pictures. Her air was a dissatisfied one in the outset; she had come to find fault and quarrel with our poor Gallery from the first. I felt this, and determined on revenge. ‘What nonsense is all this!’ she exclaimed, and proceeded to criticise quite freely. I caught up my pencil, and wrote: ‘An old maid; a little dimmed in sight; somewhat faded, but a few good traces of beauty yet left: face a little too sharp, and eye too restless and a little prudish with all: quite ready in speech, but rather too second-hand in opinion.’ I stopped. A kind of nervous feeling came over me, and I began to fumble for my knife, to scratch the words *old*, *dimmed*, and all the other unpleasant adjectives I had thrown into my sentences, for in truth she was not old, though I learned afterwards

she was a maid. My lady friend perceiving my embarrassed manner, laid it to her own superciliousness, and her eye dilated at the supposed effect and proceeded freely with her criticisms. My old revenge came back upon me: ‘Madam, or mam,’ said I at last, ‘these pictures, as a whole, make no claim to the high artistic merit you look for in them, though I think some of them rather clever as works of *art*; but they serve as simple reminders of what the people of color were, now are, and will yet be. What they have gone through, are going through, and have yet to go through.’ This last speech of mine had the desired effect. With glass still to her eye, she passed on in her strictures, and on, too, in the Gallery. I adjusted myself again to make the sketch of *Aldridge*, and taking position, looked up for the purpose. Lo, and behold! my visitors were both gone. I was alone. My paper for my intended sketch was scribbled out, and my pencil whittled away. Bothered and puzzled, I snatched up my hat and started for the door, bidding the boy at the same time to bar it against all further intruders, I rushed into the street.

Struggles for Freedom in Jamaica.

BY ROBERT CAMPBELL.

Thirty years ago there was, perhaps, no place in which the condition of free people of color was more intolerable than in Jamaica; nor, if we except Hayti, was there any place in which more vigorous efforts were made to achieve political enfranchisement than in that island. The political disqualifications under which they labored were even greater than those to which the same class of persons are exposed in this country. Here they are, it is true, denied the right of suffrage, there they were in addition denied even the

privilege of an oath in court in defense of their property or persons. They might be violently assaulted, their limbs broken, their wives and daughters outraged before their eyes by villains having white skins, yet they had no legal redress, except another white man chanced to see the deed. Oppressed and wronged though this class of people are here, no legal impediments exist to the acquirement of wealth among them, while there they had to contend against an enactment which prohibited any white man be-

queathing, or in any manner giving, his colored son or daughter more than six thousand dollars. Here they have access to schools, there they were prohibited this blessing, both by private and legal measures.

Though such was the case, however, this strange exception existed—that those who were wealthy, and well recommended for good moral and intellectual character, might, at an enormous expense, purchase privileges in common with the whites, from the government, by which they were exempted only from a seat in the island legislature. There were, sorry to say, a few who to the pecuniary ruin of themselves and families, accepted positions on these terms. But it was not a measure calculated to conciliate men who were now fully awakened to their proper interests. They were not content. They knew their rights as men, and as men they were determined to secure them, though they should pave the way with their lifeless bodies. To this end a union was organized throughout the island, and by means of secret correspondence, the most effectual plan for liberating themselves was discussed. But this conspiracy (for so it was) could not long be hid. It was discovered, and then commenced that struggle in Jamaica, which resulted in their complete enfranchisement. Persuasions, intimidations, and finally persecutions were resorted to, but in vain, to extinguish the spreading flames of their indignation.

Foremost in the van of liberty, stood forth the dauntless, noble, and talented Edward Jordon. As editor of the *Watchman*, perhaps the first newspaper ever published by a colored man, he fearlessly asserted the rights of his brethren, and told the trembling tyrants how they would 'by a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether, bring down the system by the run, knock off the fetters, and let the oppressed go free!' For these words, which have become memorable and the very watchword of freedom, Edward Jordon was arraigned to answer

with his life the charge of treason. Then it was that the oppressors were made to perceive the character of those with whom they were contending. The martial spirit that had long slumbered in the breast of Afric's tawny sons, was already rekindled. But there is a point at which even tyranny must halt. Fear triumphed over all other considerations. They saw the mighty throng of colored men who flocked around the court-house, and they learned too in time, how they were determined at whatever hazard, to rescue their champion, should the sentence of death be passed. Reluctantly he was acquitted.

Still again the *Watchman* was at his post, and dauntless and seditious as ever. The contagion of liberty spread with increased fury, until the legislature in the plenitude of their might and wisdom undertook measures which would, as they deemed, be 'effectual in forever suppressing agitation.'

Now was the proper time for action, the time when the final blow must be struck. Mr. Jordon issued circulars, stating the extent to which the colored people had organized and were prepared to meet all the emergencies consequent upon securing their full and complete enfranchisement. He defiantly demanded that they should immediately remove every disqualification, or abide the consequence of a simultaneous rising, in which they would 'shout war and wage it, until the streets of Kingston should run blood.' This completed the victory. The tyrants were at last convinced of their earnestness and determination. The assembly convened, and at one sweep annulled every unjust and oppressive law, and removed every barrier to entire freedom. From that day the free people of color in Jamaica assumed the position which to the present they have creditably filled, in spite of those in this boasted land of science and civilization who have declared that they are inferior beings and unfit to rule themselves. This triumph occurred in

1831. The first step taken subsequently was electing Edward Jordon to the house of representatives, in which he continued until recently called to the council, the next higher branch of the legislature, which position, however, he soon resigned, and being re-elected by his old constituents, he now, and for more than four years past, as first minister in the cabinet of the executive, administer the government to Jamaica, respected and honored by all classes and parties in the island for his dignity, patriotism, and consummate statesmanship.

In 1834 the enfranchisement of the free colored people was succeeded by the British Act of Emancipation, and shortly after, in 1838, every man in Jamaica was placed on the same footing of political equality. Since then, with the circumstances which engendered it, prejudice—that offspring of ignorance and weakness,—has crumbled to the earth, and all the distinction that is recognised is that which emanates from character, affluence, and social position. In spite of those who blindly urge that the negro and his alliances are unconstitutionally incapacitated to fulfil on earth the high destinies of humanity, they will be found in Jamaica creditably acquitting themselves in every position in which capaciousness of intellect

is essential. The clergy numbers them among its most eminent divines. In the legislative halls their eloquence, learning, and patriotism, command for them profound admiration and respect. The effulgence of their intellect radiates from the bar and the judiciary. In medicine their superior skill is universally acknowledged. As a philosopher, Richard Hill can compare with the most forward son of America,—as a statesman, Edward Jordon has no superior in the world; and go where you will in Jamaica, from the mansion of the luxurious and opulent to the humble cot of the most abject, and after instituting the most searching scrutiny contrast them with the most favored of any land, and there will be nothing in the comparison to cause Jamaicans to blush for their country or their race.

But while such is the case it must be admitted that she is still very deficient of much that is essentially necessary to the furtherance of her proper interests. From many causes which would be tedious to enumerate, she is destitute of many of the class of improvements which serve to enrich other prosperous countries. But such a state of things seems almost inevitable when it is considered how short a period has elapsed since the emancipation.

Mrs. Partington and Mrs. Freshington.

BY HETROGENE.

‘What is the matter there sir?’ enquired a gentleman of a passenger, (at the instant, an old lady took her seat also in a West Broadway car,) on seeing a gathering in the street.

‘A person fell down, seriously wounding the abdominal region, producing quite a confusion,’ was the reply.

‘What was it madam?’ enquired a well-dressed female.

‘Dear me!’ answered Mrs. Partington, ‘a inhuman critter fell down into the abominable regions, sereptiously traducing a confusion, the foolish crit-

ter! I shouldn’t wonder if they arn’t tuck up,’ and the old lady, adjusting her specs, looked to be certain that Ike was at her side.

‘Sho! dat nuffin foh white folks! da all’as in ’fusion ob some saut; if da ain’ qawlin long wid black folks, da quawl ’mong deh scf! I doh mine em no how!’ replied Mrs. Freshington, who sat near. After admonishing Gabe to ‘mine how yeh fool long wid dat po’ white boy,’ the old soul threw back her head and sat as though the whole line of cars belonged to her.

A Review of Slavery and the Slave Trade.

BY J. W. C. PENNINGTON

We have considered the present moment a congenial one for descanting at some length on the subject of Slavery, and that commerce of the human species, denominated the slave trade. But as the mere subject of slavery may be considered by some as a stale topic, we shall endeavor to invest it with as much interest as possible, by tracing it to its origin; to consult, in fact, the history of slavery, and to lay before you, in as concise a manner as possible, a general view of it from its earliest appearance to the present day.

Addressing, as we do, citizens who have very recently in the strongest possible manner signalized their abhorrence of slavery, it may be becoming to give an account of those humane and worthy persons who were the first to draw towards slavery that share of the public attention which it has obtained. Of those who have exerted themselves to suppress the abject personal slavery, introduced in the original cultivation of the European colonies in the western world, *Bartholomew de Las Casas*, the pious bishop of *Chiapa*, in the fifteenth century, seems to have been the first. This amiable man, during his residence in Spanish America, was so sensibly affected at the treatment which the miserable Indians underwent, that he returned to Spain, to make a public remonstrance before the Emperor Charles the 5th, declaring that heaven would one day call him to an account for those cruelties which he then had it in his power to prevent; but his entreaties by the opposition of avarice, were rendered ineffectual; and we do not find by any books which we have read upon the subject, that any other person interfered till the seventeenth century, when *Morgan Godwyn*, a British clergyman, distinguished himself

in the cause. The last century also produced some zealous and able opposers of colonial slavery, and it was the privilege of at least one of them to live long enough to witness the final success of his efforts; this person was *Thomas Clarkson*. About the middle of the last century, two members of the Quaker Society, named *John Woolman* and *Anthony Benezet*, devoted much of their time to the subject. The former travelled through most parts of North America on foot, to hold conversations with the members of his own sect, on the impiety of retaining those in a state of involuntary servitude, who had never given them offense. The latter kept a free school in Philadelphia for the education of colored people, and at his death, he left the whole of his fortune in support of the school to which he had so generously devoted his time and attention when alive. Animated by the example of the Quakers, the members of other sects began to deliberate about adopting the same measure; and some of those of the church of England, of the Roman Catholics, and of the Presbyterians and Independents, freed their slaves in Pennsylvania. Among the most zealous opposers of colonial slavery at this period were *Mr. Granville Sharp* and *Rev. James Ramsay*, and subsequently the before-named *Thomas Clarkson*, and *Mr. Wilberforce* became no less conspicuous—we might say illustrious for their devotion to the cause of slave emancipation, and the abolition of the slave trade.

It had been the custom to transport slaves from the colonies to England, and there to sell them under the milder name of servants, to merchants and others, when their masters had no further use for them.

Mr. Sharp was the means of putting a stop to this iniquitous traffic, under the following circumstances:—a negro named Somerset, who had been brought by his master from the West Indies, and turned into the streets in consequence of illness, was placed by Mr. Sharp in St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and on his restoration to health, established by his benefactor in a comfortable situation. His former master on ascertaining this, thought proper to seize him, and commit him to prison as a runaway slave, when Mr. Sharp brought the case before the Lord Mayor, who decided in favor of the slave's freedom. His inhuman master, however, grasping him by the collar, and attempting to detain him, Mr. Sharp commenced an action against the former, in the Court of King's Bench; and the result was, by a decision of the twelve judges, that slavery could not exist in Great Britain.

Having premised thus much, we will now proceed to *detail* as succinctly as possible, the HISTORY of slavery and the slave trade, which it will appear has existed in civilized as well as barbarous nations, through a long succession of ages, and from the remotest antiquity.

If length of days were all that was necessary to make a thing praiseworthy, then, unquestionably, would slavery be entitled to the highest laudation; but alas! when we consider that the people thus reduced to a state of servitude, have had the same feelings with the rest of mankind; when we reflect that they have had the same propensities to pleasure, and the same aversions from pain, the mere plea of antiquity becomes unavailable. The first whom we shall mention as having been reduced to a state of servitude, may be comprehended in that class which is usually denominated THE MERCENARY. It consisted of free-born citizens, who from the various contingencies of fortune, had become so poor, as to have recourse for their support to the service of the rich. Of this kind

were those both among the Egyptians and the Jews, who are recorded in the Sacred writings;* and among the Greeks and Romans, there was a class of persons in a similar condition of servitude, which was in many instances similar to that of the servants of the present day. There was an express contract between the parties, they could, most of them, demand their discharge, if they were ill used by their respective masters; and they were treated therefore with more humanity than those who are distinguished by the appellation of slaves. As this class of servants was composed of men who had been reduced to such a situation by the contingencies of fortune, and not by their own misconduct; so there was another among the ancients, composed entirely of those who had suffered the loss of liberty from their own imprudence. To this class may be reduced the Grecian *Prodigals* who were detained in the service of their creditors, till the fruits of their labor were equivalent to their debts. the *delinquents* who were sentenced to the oar, and the German enthusiasts, who were so immoderately charmed with gaming, as when every thing else was gone, to have staked their liberty and their very selves. Servants of this class were in a far more wretched situation than those of the former; their drudgery was more intense; their treatment more severe; and there was no retreat at pleasure from the frowns and lashes of their despotic masters.

Having premised this, we may now proceed to a general division of slavery into *voluntary* and *involuntary*. The *voluntary* will comprehend the two classes which we have already mentioned, for in the first instance, there was a *contract* founded on *consent*, and in the second, there was a *choice* of engaging or not in those practices, the known consequences of which were servitude. The *involuntary*, on the other hand, will comprehend those

* Genesis ch. 47. Leviticus ch. 25, v. 39 40.

who were forced, without any such *condition* or *choice*, into a situation, which, as it tended to degrade a part of the human species, and to class it with the brutal, must have been, of all human situations the most wretched and insupportable. It is to the latter we shall confine our attention in the present address, and the first we shall mention of the *involuntary* were *prisoners of war*. History tells us that it was a law, established from time immemorial among the nations of antiquity to oblige those to undergo the severities of servitude whom victory had thrown into their hands. This was the custom among the Grecians and Romans, and became a part of the polity of all those nations which assisted in overturning the Roman Empire, that whoever should fall into their hands as prisoners of war, should immediately be reduced to the condition of a slave. *Involuntary* slaves were of greater antiquity than *voluntary*. The latter are first mentioned in the time of Pharaoh, whereas the former seem to be dated with more propriety, from the days of Nimrod; who gave rise probably to that inseparable idea of *victory* and *servitude*, which we find among the nations of antiquity, and which has existed ever since, in one country or another, to the present day.

The poet, Pope, says,

‘Proud Nimrod first the bloody chase began,
A mighty hunter, and his prey was man.’

But it was not victory alone, nor any presupposed right, founded in the damages of war, that afforded a pretence for invading the liberties of mankind; the honorable light in which *piracy* was considered in the uncivilized ages of the world, contributed not a little to the slavery of the human species. The piracies which were thus practiced in the early ages, may be considered as *public* or *private*. In the former, whole crews embarked for the benefit of their respective tribes. They made descents on the sea coasts, carried off cattle, surprised whole villages, put many of the inhabitants to the sword, and carried others into slavery. In

the latter, *individuals* only were concerned, and the emolument was their own. The treatment of the unfortunate men who were thus doomed to a life of servitude, will equally excite our pity and abhorrence. They were beaten, starved, tortured, murdered at discretion; they were *dead* in a *civil* sense; they had neither name nor tribe; were incapable of a judicial process; were, in short, without appeal. So far, their condition resembled that of the slaves in the Southern States of this Union, by the Constitution of which forsooth, according to the Declaration of Independence, it is proclaimed that all men are ‘born free and equal, and are entitled to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.’ But with what audacious wickedness is this moral truism set at defiance! Besides the two classes of *involuntary* slaves of which we have spoken, there was a third, namely, their *children* and descendants. There were, however, some places, where their condition, if considered in this point of view, was more tolerable. The Egyptian slave, though perhaps of all others the greatest drudge, yet if he had time to reach the temple of Hercules, found a certain retreat from the persecution of his master; not so in this boasted land of liberty! Oh no!—the slave who reaches Fanenil Hall, the temple of New England freedom, finds no retreat from the persecution of *his* master—a mercenary official is ready to seize and consign him again to a more oppressive phase of slavery; verily the last state of that poor creature is worse than the first. The Egyptian slave received additional comfort from the reflection, that his life, whether he could reach the temple of Hercules or not, could not be taken with impunity. But there was no place so favorable to them as Athens. They were allowed a greater liberty of speech, they had their convivial meetings, their hours of relaxation, pleasantries, and mirth; they were treated, in short, with so much humanity in general, as to occasion the observation that the

condition of a slave at Athens was preferable to that of a free citizen, in many other countries. In case of ill-treatment, however, they then had their temple, like the Egyptian, for refuge, where the legislature was so attentive as to examine their complaints, and to order them, if they were founded in justice, to be sold to another master. Nor was this all: they had a privilege infinitely greater than the whole of these. They were allowed an opportunity of working for themselves, and if their diligence had procured them a sum equivalent to their

ransom, they could immediately, on paying it down, demand their freedom forever.

Here again their condition was better than that of the slaves at the South, where their treatment depends on the caprice and passion of their so-called owners; and as to an appeal to any legislature, that is out of the question, and courts of law are shut to them, inasmuch as their testimony is inadmissible. With what mean and dastardly barriers is the '*peculiar institution*' protected!

To be Continued.

Selected Items.

President Polk's slaves on trial.—A Negro Insurrection.

A correspondent of the *Memphis Avalanche* furnishes the following account of a novel slave trial in Tal-lahatchie county, Tenn:—

The case of the State against Giles and Emanuel, slaves, belonging to Mrs. James K. Polk of Nashville, was the last case of importance upon the State docket, and elicited much discussion from the bar and feeling from the community at large. The defendants were charged with a 'conspiracy to make insurrection,' an offence under our law punishable with death. The evidence showed that the overseer, a timid man, and afraid of the negroes, was in the habit of calling upon his associates to assist him in correcting them; that upon one of such occasions they resisted him and his friends, and apparently with concerted purpose.

Our State declares the term insurrection to mean 'an armed assembly of slaves or freeholders, or both, having intent to resent or subvert lawful

authority.' The indictment having been drawn under this statute, Judge Fisher, the counsel for defendants, contended with great force that it charged no legal offence, because the authority to be resisted or subverted must be governmental authority—that is, the power of the state itself; that the term lawful authority does not mean such authority as that of the master over his slave, and, although the law sanctions and regulates this magisterial authority, it is but an authority derived from a domestic relation—not the creature of the law, but existing independently of it. This view was not, however, sustained by Judge Cothran, and the case was submitted without argument to the jury, who found the defendants 'guilty as charged.' The case being one of life and death will, doubtless, be appealed; and, as the question to be determined is one of novelty and great importance, the bar looks forward with much interest to the decision of the Appellate Court.

T H E

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NO. 4.

A Statistical View

OF THE COLORED POPULATION OF THE UNITED STATES—FROM 1790 TO 1850.

Continued.

The opinion prevails, even among statisticians and writers on political economy, that the negro is peculiarly fitted for laborious occupation in tropical climates. Mr. Blair of Missouri and Mr. Doolittle of Wisconsin have made this assumption the basis of a project for peopling the region of Central America with the blacks who are and who shall be emancipated in these United States; and even H. C. Carey, reasoning upon figures which prove the contrary, arrives at the same conclusion.

It is evidently assumed by these writers that because the negro is *found* indigenous in low marshy coasts within the tropics, with an isothermal temperature of 80 degrees, he is *therefore* adapted by nature to undergo in such climate the same amount of toil and exposure which the white man can endure and perform in the rolling uplands of the temperate zone under an isothermal line of 55 degrees.

It would be absurd to assert, that because the Esquimaux are *found* in the arctic zone, therefore they are especially adapted by nature to labor, develop and thrive where almost perpetual winter reigns, with an isothermal line of 32 degrees, if warmth can be predicated of such a line. Yet this last assertion

is quite as logical as the views of Blair, Doolittle, and Carey.

We shall endeavor to show that the negro, like the esquimaux is one of the family, man; that while he can *endure* a tropical climate, without laborious occupation better than the natives of a temperate climate, he cannot endure laborious occupation under a tropical sun persistently and thrive: on the contrary, he can endure labor best, and thrive most in that climate which being temperate, is fitted to him as a MAN.

Mr. Carey says, 'The number emancipated in the British West Indies was 660,000; and we can scarcely err much in assuming that the number imported (from Africa by the slave trade,) and retained for consumption in those colonies had amounted to 1,700,000. This would give about two and a half imported for one that was emancipated; and there is some reason to think that it might be placed as high as three for one, which would give a total import of almost two millions.' And again, 'the number (of slaves) now (1853) in the Union exceeds 3,800,000, and even if we estimate the import (by slave trade from Africa and West Indies) as high as 380,000, we then have more

than ten for one, whereas in the British Islands we cannot find more than two for five, and perhaps even not more than one for three. Had the slaves of the latter been as well fed, clothed and lodged and otherwise cared for, as were those in the United States, their numbers would have reached seventeen or twenty millions. Had the blacks among the people in these States experienced the same treatment as did their fellows of the islands, we should now have among us less than one hundred and fifty thousand slaves.*

Filled with the belief that the negro is adapted to labor in a tropical climate, Mr. Carey did not stop to enquire how far this exceedingly wide difference in the matter of increase in the United States and the British West Indies depended upon climate and occupation. No man conversant with the narratives of Frederick Douglass, William Bibb and others, who have undergone the privations and sufferings and famishings of what Mr. Carey is pleased to call 'the well fed, clothed, and otherwise cared for slaves of these United States,' can for a moment believe this vast difference in vitality between the United States and British slaves depended upon any difference in treatment. So far as clothing is concerned, the West India slaves had the advantage, and so also, in the matter of food, where the earth spontaneously affords that most proper to man in a tropical climate.

The truth is, that while man is superior to his institutions, to even harshest laws which tyranny can inflict upon him, he is but the creature of those natural laws to which his physical nature is subservient and to which it must succumb. Slavery and climate decimates the negro in Cuba and Jamaica; slavery and climate increase the negro at the rate of 30 per cent. in ten years in Virginia, Maryland and North Carolina: that is to say, the hard-worked negro succumbs to climate in that tropical region to which popular science holds him to be specially adapted, while the same negro is superior to the institution slavery, in the climate to which as a man, God has made him especially fitted!

Fortunately, we have within the United States, data which will adequately prove what we assert. Louisiana is the most tropical of

*The Slave Trade, Foreign and Domestic, pp. 14 19.

our States, has been in the Union fifty years, and grows the same staple which was the principal one in the British West Indies. Let us compare the vital statistics of the slaves of Louisiana first with those of Jamaica, and secondly with those of Virginia and Maryland; it being assumed that the treatment of the slaves, their clothing, lodging, and the 'otherwise cared for,' are the same in all the United States, leaving the difference to climate and occupation alone.

In Louisiana, with an immigration by inter-State slave trade, of 214,249 slaves in forty years, and with an original population of 34,460 slaves, we find only 239,021 slaves in 1850! The method by which this immigration is ascertained, is as follows: The census of 1850 shows that while in all the other slave State, the births exceed the deaths among the slaves, in Louisiana, in the year ending June 1, 1850, there were among the slaves,

Deaths	5,873
Births	4,940

Excess of deaths over births 933

This would give an excess of 9,330 deaths over births in ten years, or three per cent loss of the entire population. Assuming therefore that the slave population of Louisiana loses three per cent. every ten years, we may ascertain the immigrant population of each decade by subtracting therefrom the population of the preceding decade, less three per cent. By this process, and by further calculating what each succeeding immigration would amount to in 1850, with the normal slave increase of 30 per cent. in ten years, we find that

in 1850 the population of Louisiana should be	329,881.
in 1850 " " was	239,021

Loss of slave population in 40 years 90,860

Loss of slave population in British West Indies nearly 1 per cent. per an.

Loss of slave population in Louisiana below nat. inc. 2.6. per cent per an.

Actual loss of slave population in Louisiana 0.33 per cent per an.

The following table, arranged from the census of Louisiana taken in 1850, will throw more light on the point under consideration; the sugar and cotton are the produce of the year ending June 1, 1850; the births and deaths occurred in the same year.

Parish	No. of slaves	Hhd. of 1000 lbs. births	Slave deaths	Excess of deaths
Assumption	5,341	17,160	163	198
Iberville	8,606	23,202	195	316
St. James	7,751	21,670	151	194
St. Marys	9,850	24,765	19	83
Plaquemines	4,779	16,835	2	164
St. John the Baptist	4,540	11,935	102	129
	40,867	115,567	632	1084
				452

Parish.	No. of Slaves	Bales gain. cotton 400 lbs.	Slave births	Slave deaths	Excess of deaths
Carrol	6,443	15,554	218	315	97
Concordia	6,934	18,297	125	154	29
Madison	7,353	12,774	207	360	153
Natchitoches	7,881	15,574	92	174	82
Tensas	8,138	21,668	190	292	102
	36,749	83,864	832	1,295	463

No. of slaves	Bales of cotton	Hhd. of sugar	Excess of deaths
40,867	83,864	115,567	452
36,749			463
77,616	83,864	115,567	915

These tables show that,
 That is to say, the loss of slave population in British West Indies in five years was 38,811 on 780,993 slaves.
 Loss of slave population in the cotton & sugar growing parishes of Louisiana. Excess of loss of slave pop in La. over British W. I.

per cent per annum
 .92
 1.20
 .28

The ratio between the number of slaves, the amount of sugar and cotton they are forced to produce, and the excess of deaths over births in the above tables, is so well marked, that in certain parishes, not named above, where the census omits the number of deaths, interpolation would, very reliably, furnish the missing numbers.

It appears that 915 out of 993 excess of deaths over births in Louisiana, are due to the sugar and cotton growing parishes; and here we have demonstrated, beyond the reach of cavil, that the slaves of the United States, engaged in like occupation, and under nearly the same temperature, die out as rapidly as did the slaves of the British West Indies.

It follows also, that the idea of some philanthropists, among them the Hon. Gerrit Smith, that the acquisition of Cuba would meliorate the condition of the slaves therein, is a mistaken idea; we have a Cuba in our midst, destroying the lives, not of the feeble African heathen, already broken down by the 'middle passage,' but of Christian American men and

women, endowed with the superior energies and vitality of the temperate climates of Maryland and Virginia.

We may now compare the vital statistics of the slave population of Louisiana with that of Virginia and Maryland.

The slave pop. in Va. in 1810 was 392,518
 " " Maryland " " 111,502
 504,020

If we add to this number, 30 per cent. of increase for every 10 years until 1850, we should have,

Slave population of Maryland and Virginia in 1850 } 1,440,140
 But the actual population of Md. and Va. in 1850 was } 562,896
 Loss of slave population of Md. and Va. in 40 years, } 877,244

These figures have been shown to be correct from the portions of this essay already published, in which the distribution of them in the various southern and southwestern States is made out. Then the thousands who went out from Virginia and Maryland in 1810-20 must be considered not to have gone alone.

'A man's body at auction!
 Whatever the bids or the bidders they cannot be high enough for it,
 For it the globe lay preparing quintillions of years without one animal or plant,
 For it the revolving cycles truly and steadily rolled.

'This is not only one man—this is the father of those who shall be fathers in their turns,

'A woman's body at auction!
 She too, is not only herself, she is the teeming mother of mothers,
 She is the bearer of them that shall grow and be mates to the mothers.'*

Compare Virginia and Maryland, exporting 877,244, nearly nine tenths of a million of souls in forty years, and at the end of that time having a joint population of 58,000 slaves over and above the number held by them at the beginning of these forty years—compare these States with Louisiana, receiving by immigration 214,249 souls in the same forty years, and at the end of the period showing a loss of 90,860, and the proof is overwhelming that the black in slavery increases in a temperate cli-

* Leaves of Grass, by Walter Whitman, pp 174—176.

mate, while performing the labor of a slave, and decreases in a tropical climate, while performing labor allotted to the condition of a slave.

The theory that the black man, because he is black, is fitted to undergo severe labor under a tropical sun, vanishes into thin air.

And the fact that the black man, even in lavery, increases, and is thrifty, strong, ener-

getic stock in a temperate climate—for Virginia and Maryland are the best climates on the globe for the human being—proves, not only that the black man is superior to the worst institutions that can be fastened upon him, but also, that this very superiority, demonstrates him to be a UNIT WITH THE GREAT HUMAN RACE.

(To be continued.)

Afric-American Picture Gallery.—Third Paper.

BY ETHIOP.

PICTURE NO. X.—A NEW PICTURE.

Our gallery Boy who barred its doors so firmly against intruders, has just entered the Gallery with his own likeness, and desires that it may be hung up; and, for more reasons than one he shall be gratified. The picture comes to us in mien pleasant, smiling, and as fresh as nature itself.

This boy *Thomas Onward* (I call him *Tom* for shortness,) though he has seen all of life—yea more, is not an *Old Tom* by any means; nor an *Uncle Tom*, nor a *Saintly Tom*, nor even what is commonly deemed a good *Tom*; but a shrewd little rogue, a real live *Young Tom*, up to all conceivable mischief and equal to all emergencies. He is a perfect model of a little fellow in his way, and a fair representative of his class. Sound in limb, symmetrical in form and robust in health, jovial, frank, easy mannered and handsome—ininitely so compared with even the likeness I hold, one would scarcely conclude that this boy has come down to us through nearly three hundred years of hard trial.

And yet it is true. Such is his history. He was almost whipped into existence, whipped into childhood, whipped up to boyhood. He has been whipped up to manhood, whipped down to old age, whipped out of existence. He was toiled into life; he has been toiled through life; toiled out of life. He has been robbed of his toil, robbed of his body, robbed of all but his soul.

He has been hated for what he was, hated for what he was not, and hated for what he ought to have been. He has been dreaded because of his ignorance, and dreaded because of his knowledge, dreaded for his weakness, dreaded for his strength.

Noble, innocent boy! hadst thou been able to remember a tithe of the hard things done to thee; or hadst thou known a tithe of the hard things said of thee; or of the hard feelings entertained towards thee, it would be difficult to conjecture the result. But out of all these mountains of dust and ashes without one bit of sackcloth upon thee, hast thou come forth fresh, smiling and free. *Tom, Tom!!!*

Who shall write a fitting apostrophe to thee and thy rising fortunes.

What sorry figures do the hard, grave, iron, half savage and half barbarous faces of Washington and Jefferson, of Clay, Webster and Calhoun, present beside the fine expressive likeness of this rising little fellow. The American Nation, if it can, may try its hardened hand yet a few centuries longer upon our live little Tom; but it will hardly mould him to their liking. Like gold ore he will lose but the alloy and become brighter and brighter in the oft passing through the furnace of their oppression.

PICTURE NO. XI.—THE BLACK FOREST.

Two days after I had hung up the picture of the Gallery boy Tom, I sat examining another marked the *Black Forest*, which from its grand and beautiful scenery, dark back ground shadows and the air of profound mystery which seemed to pervade it, so attracted me that I intended to make a sketch, but my mind turned towards the boy and my eyes towards the portrait, and I sat gazing upon its beauty, and meditating upon its superior excellence as a *Work of Art*, and the probable whereabouts of the unknown Artist, and also upon the destiny of the Boy himself, when his shrill, merry, musical voice rung out: 'a letter sir.'

Taking it from his hand, I instantly broke the seal, and by a single glance discovered it was from an unknown source, and on further perusal that it was from the *Black Forest*; a place and name then wholly unknown to me, except as the landscape painting just alluded to in the gallery. The purport of the letter was an invitation to visit this inhabited or uninhabited part of the globe. Let me give the reader one paragraph of this curious epistle. It ran thus: '*Come over to the Black Forest and examine some of the Pictures and other curiosities there. Two days journey by stage and by foot for a man, and none others are asked!*' As it is no part of my purpose to disclose the precise locality of the Black

Forest, nor fully the manner of people dwelling there, nor yet wholly their doings, I shall reveal no more of the contents of this letter than to say it pointed out the route so minutely that no careful observer could mistake it; while without such a description, the keenest mind could not by any process penetrate even the recesses of the Black Forest, much less the precise spot in question. 'Come over to the Black Forest and examine some of the Pictures and other curiosities there. Two days journey by stage and by foot for a man, and none others are asked!'

This paragraph I read over a dozen times ere I laid down the letter, and then all my old love of adventure, of ramble and of picture hunting came back upon me.

Filled now with new thoughts and new projects, I repaired to my lodgings, wrote a few hasty lines to a friend, and retired for the night. But the sentences 'Come over to the Black Forest. Examine some pictures and other curiosities. Two days journey by stage and by foot for a man. None others are asked,' had fastened themselves in my mind and insisted so pertinaciously in remaining there, that it was with unusual effort sleep could take entire possession of me.

Early next morning I commenced preparations for my journey, and my arrangements completed, I started on what to many might have seemed not only hazardous but profitless undertaking. But to him who bears perseverance about with him in his breast and determination in his face, and holds communion with all things around him, nothing is hazardous, nothing profitless.

PICTURE NO. XII—TWO PORTRAITS THAT OUGHT TO BE HUNG UP.

The forepart of my journey contained little of interest if I except the appearance and movements of two travellers whose portraits ought to be

hung up in our Gallery for the benefit of both Afric and Anglo American.

One by one the stage emptied its passengers till these two individuals and myself only were left. Let me give a rough pencilling of each. One of them, and by far the most attractive of the pair, was a lean, sawn-faced, lantern-jawed, hyena-looking little man, standing about four and a half feet in his boots, with a long, narrow, retreating forehead, heavy brow and small piercing black eyes and long black hair. His nervous excitability rose and fell with every jolt of the stage coach, and with every whiff of the wind.

The other was an animal of yet a meaner cast. Though not a greyhound, nor a blood, still a kind of hound, a two legged one of a genuine American stock.

He was large in frame and bloated in flesh. His hands resembled a pair of oyster rakes, and his feet shovels, such as are used by ditchers. Upon his large bullet head, which was closely cropped of its coarse bristly hair, jauntingly sat a low slouched hat, from beneath which his blood-shot eyes, when they dared to look directly at you, seemed truly terrible. His coarse, vulgar mouth contained a quid of tobacco nearly as large as your fist—genuine Virginian—the juice of which he squirted freely in all directions. His clothes were loose and slovenly, and his linen dirty. From his trousers' pockets obtruded a pair of shackles, from his vest a revolver, and from his inner shirt a dagger.

Reader, here surely was a pair of portraits for you. I would have given the half of all I ever possessed to have had these two rare specimens of Anglo humanity for our *Afric-American* Gallery. I was certainly in a menagerie.

They eyed me and I eyed them. Incidentally I learned that they were a *Slave Holder* and a *Slave Catcher* in search of runaways, and mistook me for one. I prepared myself accord-

ingly, and should have made summary work with them, had a hand to hand encounter taken place, just such as fugitives should make in a like case.

To assure themselves that their suspicions were correct, they struck up a conversation in good Old Virginia style, and I, willing to enliven or drive away I cared not which, the dull hours of the stage coach, readily joined in.

They were not long in discovering not only their mistake but were soon routed. White men generally, and slave holders in particular, dislike nothing so much as to stumble over and wake up black men capable of a single thought, much less intellectually equal, and none laugh more heartily than common sense black men over the extreme folly of the continually assumed or imagined mental superiority of white men over them.

In this instance matters began to look quite serious, and I began to fear something more than a wordy encounter, as fingers began to twitch and pistols move from their places, but by dint of chewing and spitting and frothing and hard swearing and round ponderous oaths, affairs assumed their wonted state. But so chagrined were my companions at their sad discomfiture, that I verily believe had it been possible, they would have crawled into the harness of our horses and took their places if thus they could have passed from observation.

Thus ended my first day's journey towards the Black Forest. The second was to be mostly the pedestrian's task.

The stage coach sat me down by ten o'clock next morning, and my two companions eyed me so wistfully till the thick tangle wood separated us, that I was well satisfied that their desire to make me their prey, was strong to the last.

PICTURE NO. XIII.—A PICTURE OUTSIDE OF THE GALLERY.

Freed from this cage of wild beasts quite as miraculously as was Daniel

from the lion's den, I sat out in good earnest, and for a time made fine head-way ; a cold drizzling rain however sat in late in the day and the travel became bad.

The afternoon wore away, and still I found myself wending towards a huge mountain forest, whose crest loomed up blacker and blacker as the clouds of coming evening rolled up from below the horizon. Here in all its grandeur and wild sublimity was the native landscape spread out before me, the same that I saw in beautiful miniature but a day before hanging on the walls of our Afric-American Gallery. Cold and wet, dark, gloomy night at last overtook me still plodding my weary way, now alas, through a dense and pathless forest in the direction of a solitary light. Dim at first, now brighter as I passed on and on.

Three hours more gone, and now dancing still more brightly through the trees this solitary light to my unspeakable joy, suddenly revealed itself fully in a small open space, but almost as suddenly disappeared.

A low growl of a mastiff told me that I was quite near the place of my search. Down, down sir ! said a gruff voice to the dog, and all was silent and dark as the grave.

Used as I was to adventure and a stranger to fear, I confess a peculiar sensation now passed over me in this reign of deathlike stillness, and I for a moment hesitated. 'Men only are asked over to the Black Forest,' whispered a still, small voice in my ear.

I boldly stepped forward, and in a few moments came directly upon the steps of a small and unpretending log hut. I lingered a moment on the landing ; all was quiet within, but a gentle rap soon brought to the door a man who bade me enter.

A cheerful wood fire was blazing on the open hearth, while three vacant chairs quite rural in aspect surround-

ed it, and a small table and an old fashioned settee completed the furniture of the apartment.

PICTURE NO. XIV.—PORTRAIT OF A MAN.

Tall and erect, strong like a forest tree, this man of the Black Forest, for such he was, was a glory to look upon. The frost of at least ninety winters must have fallen upon his head, and yet had not chilled him, nor had their winds bowed him, nor their cold dimmed the fires of his eye.

What a treasure, thought I, as I looked upon him, would this old man's portrait be in our Gallery.

'From G——?' said he, as he fixed his searching eyes upon me. I answered in the affirmative, and a brief but satisfactory conversation ensued. Mine host soon after set before me some cold meats, brown bread, an excellent dish of coffee and a bowl of delicious milk ; thus with the aid of the cheerful fire, making me feel quite comfortable and at home, and the conversation was resumed. I shall not attempt even an outline of it. If I except my own part I could not if I would.

I have listened to many men. It has long been my privilege to converse with men of intelligence and men of mind on all topics common to the day, but never before did I witness such a flood of knowledge poured forth from the lips of man. I am no *Paul*, but surely I sat at the feet of *Gamaliel*. Who was this man ? How came he here ? From whence did he come ? What hidden treasures are there in this place ? What mysteries hang over it ? These interrogatories irresistably came up in my mind as the *old man*, with lamp in hand, began to ascend a rude ladder to a single upper chamber, bidding me follow. Here on a clean bed of rushes, I laid down, wondering at first, but soon buried myself in sound beneficial sleep.

(To be Continued.)

Blake: or, the Huts of America.

A TALE OF THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY, THE SOUTHERN UNITED STATES, AND CUBA.

BY M. R. DELANY.

CHAPTER X.

MERRY MAKING.

The day is Saturday, a part of which is given by many liberal masters to their slaves, the afternoon being spent as a holiday, or in vending such little marketable commodities as they might by chance possess.

As a token of gratitude, it is customary in many parts of the South for slaves to invite their masters to their entertainments. This evening presented such an occasion, on the premises of colonel Stephen Franks.

This day mammy Judy was extremely busy, for in addition to the responsibility of the culinary department, there was her calico habit to be done up—as she would not let Potter's Milly look any better than herself—and an old suit of the young master George's clothes had to be patched and darned a little before little Joe could favorably compare with Craig's Sooky's little Dick. And the cast off linen given to her husband for the occasion might require a 'little doing up.'

'Wat missus sen' dis shut heah wid de bres all full dis debilment an' nonsense fah?' said mammy Judy, holding up the garment, looking at the ruffles; 'sho! missus mus' be crack, sen' dis heah! Ole man ain' gwine sen' he soul to de ole boy puttin' on dis debilment!' and she hastened away with the shirt, stating to her mistress her religious objections. Mrs. Franks smiled as she took the garment, telling her that the objections could be easily removed by taking off the ruffles.

'Dat look sumphen like!' remarked the old woman, when Ailcey handed her the shirt with the ruffles removed.

'Sen' dat debilment an' nonsense heah! sho!' and carrying it away smiling, she laid it upon the bed.

The feast of the evening was such as mammy Judy was capable of preparing when in her best humor, consisting of all the delicacies usually served up on the occasion of corn huskings in the grain growing region.

Conscious that he was not entitled to their gratitude, colonel Franks declined to honor the entertainment, though the invitation was a *ruse* to deceive him, as he had attempted to deceive them.

The evening brought with it much of life's variety, as may be seen among the slave population of the South. There were Potter's slaves, and the people of Mrs. Van Winter, also those of Major Craig, and Dr. Denny, all dressed neatly, and seemingly very happy.

Ailcey was quite the pride of the evening, in an old gauze orange dress of her mistress, and felt that she deserved to be well thought of, as proving herself the friend of Henry, the son-in-law of daddy Joe and mammy Judy, the heads of the entertainment. Mammy Judy and Potter's Milly were both looking matronly in their calico gowns and towlinen aprons, and daddy Joe was the honored and observed of the party, in an old black suit with an abundance of surplus.

'He'p yeh se'f chilen!' said mammy Judy, after the table had been blessed by daddy Joe; 'Henry ain' gwine be heah,'e gone to Woodville uh some whah dah, kick'n up 'e heel. Come chilen eat haughty, mo' whah dis come f'om. He'p yeh se'f now do'n—'

'I is aun Judy; I likes dis heah kine a witals!' drawled out Potter's Nelse, reaching over for the fifth or

sixth time ; 'dis am good shaut cake !'

'O mammy, look at Jilson !' exclaimed Ailcey, as a huge, rough field hand—who refused to go to the table with the company, but sat sulkily by himself in one corner—was just walking away, with two whole 'cakes' of bread under his arm.

'Wat yeh gwine do wid dat bread Jilson?' enquired the old woman.

'I gwine eat it, dat wat I gwine do wid it! I ain' had no w'eat bread dis two hauvest!' he having come from Virginia, where such articles of food on harvest occasion were generally allowed the slave.

'Big hog, so 'e is!' rebukingly said Ailcey, when she saw that Jilson was determined in his purpose.

'Nebek mine dat childen, plenty mo!' responded mammy Judy.

'Ole umin, dat chile in de way dah; de gals haudly tu'n roun,' suggested daddy Joe, on seeing the pallet of little Joe crowded upon as the girls were leaving the table, seating themselves around the room.

'Ailcey my chile, jes' run up to de hut wid 'im, 'an lay 'im in de bed; ef yeh fuhd, Van Wintah' Ben go wid yeh; ah knows 'e likes to go wid de gals,' said mammy Judy.

Taking up his hat with a bland smile, Ben obeyed orders without a demur.

The entertainment was held at the extreme end of a two acre lot in the old slave quarters, while the hut of mammy Judy was near the great house. Ailcey thought she espied a person retreat into the shrubbery, and startled as she went to the back door of the hut, but Ben hooted at the idea of any person out and about on such an occasion, except indeed it was Jilson with his bread. The child being carefully placed in bed, Ailcey and her protector were soon mingled with the merry slaves.

There were three persons generally quite prominent among the slaves of the neighborhood, missed on this occasion; Frank's Charles, Denny's Sam,

and Potter's Andy; Sam being confined to bed by sickness.

'Ailcey, whah's Chaules—huccum 'e not heah?' enquired mammy Judy.

'Endeed, I dun'o mammy.'

'Huccum Pottah's Andy ain' heah nuddah?'

'Andy a' home to-night, aun' Judy, an' uh dun'o whah 'e is,' replied Winny.

'Gone head-long out yandah, artelh no good, uh doh reckon, an' Chaules 'e gone dah too,' replied the old woman.

'Da ain' nothin' mattah wid dis crowd aun' Judy!' complimented Nelse as he sat beside Derba. At this expression mammy Judy gave a deep sigh, on the thought of her absent daughter.

'Come chilren!' suggested mammy Judy, 'yeh all eat mighty haity, an' been mighty merry, an' 'joy yehse'f much; we now sing praise to de Laud fah wat 'e done fah us,' raising a hymn in which all earnestly joined:

'Oh! Jesus, Jesus is my friend,
He'll be my helper to the end,' etc.

'Young folk yeh all bettah git ready now an' go, fo' de patrollas come out. Yeh all 'joy yeh se'f much, now time yeh gone. Hope yeh all sau'v God Sunday. Ole man fo' de all gone, hab wud uh prah,' advised the old woman; the following being sung in conclusion:

'The Lord is here, and the Lord is all around us;

Canaan, Canaan's a very happy home—
O, glory! O, glory! O, glory! God is here!

when the gathering dispersed, the slaves going cheerfully to their homes.

'Come ole man, yeh got maunch? light sum dem shavens dah, quick. Ah cah fine de chile heah on dis bed!' said mammy Judy, on entering the hut and feeling about in the dark for little Joe. 'Ailcey, wat yeh done wid de chile?'

'E's dah, mammy Judy, I lain 'im on de bed, ah spouse 'e roll off.'

The shavings being lit, there was no child to be found.

'My Laud, ole man! whah's de chile? Wat dis mean! O, whah's my po' chile

gone; my po' baby!' exclaimed mammy Judy, wringing her hands in distress.

'Stay, ole 'umin! de tree! de tree!' when going out in the dark, feeling the trunk of the willow, three notches in the bark were distinct to the touch.

'Ole 'umin!' exclaimed daddy Joe in a suppressed voice, hastening into the hut, 'it am he, it am Henry got 'im!'

'Tang God, den my po' baby safe!' responded mammy Judy, when they raised their voices in praise of thankfulness:

'O, who's like Jesus!'

Hallelujah! praise ye the Lord;

O, who's like Jesus!

Hallelujah! love and serve the Lord!

Falling upon their knees, the old man offered an earnest, heartfelt prayer to God, asking his guardianship through the night, and protection through the day, especially upon their heart-broken daughter, their runaway son-in-law and little grand-son, when the two old people retired to rest with spirits mingled with joy, sorrow, hope and fear; Ailcey going into the great house.

CHAPTER XI.

A SHADOW.

'Ah, boys! here you are, true to your promise,' said Henry, as he entered a covert in the thicket adjacent the cotton place, late on Sunday evening, 'have you been waiting long?'

'Not very,' replied Andy, 'not mo' dan two-three ouahs.'

'I was fearful you would not come, or if you did before me, that you would grow weary, and leave.'

'Yeh no call to doubt us Henry, case yeh fine us true as ole steel!'

'I know it,' answered he, 'but you know Andy, that when a slave is once sold at auction, all respect for him—'

'O pshaw! we ain' goin' to heah nothin' like dat a tall! case—'

'No!' interrupted Charles, 'all you

got to do Henry, is to tell we boys what you want, an' we're your men.'

'That's the talk for me!'

'Well, what you doin' here?' enquired Charles.

'W'at brought yeh back fom Jackson so soon?' farther enquired Andy.

'How did you get word to meet me here?'

'By Ailcey; she give me the stone, an' I give it to Andy, an' we both sent one apiece back. Did'n't you git 'em?'

'Yes, that's the way I knew you intended to meet me,' replied Henry.

'So we thought,' said Charles, 'but tell us Henry, what you want us to do.'

'I suppose you know all about the sale, that they had me on the auction block, but ordered a postponement, and—'

'That's the very pint we cant understand, although I'm in the same family with you' interrupted Charles.

'But tell us Henry, what yeh doin' here?' impatiently enquired Andy.

'Yes,' added Charles, 'we want to know.'

'Well, I'm a runaway, and from this time forth, I swear—I do it religiously—that I'll never again serve any white man living!'

'That's the pint I wanted to git at before,' explained Charles, 'as I cant understand why you run away, after your release from Jack Harris, an'—'

'Nah I, nuthah!' interrupted Andy.

'It seems to me,' continued Charles, 'that I'd 'ave went before they 'tempted to sell me, an' that you're safer now than before they had you on the block.'

'Dat's da way I look at it,' responded Andy.

'The stopping of the sale was to deceive his wife, mammy, and daddy Joe, as he had privately disposed of me to a regular soul-driver by the name of Crow.'

'I knows Dick Crow,' said Andy, 'e come fom Faginy, whah I did, da same town.'

'So Ailcey said of him. Then you know him without any description from me,' replied Henry.

'Yes 'n deed! an' I knows 'im to be a inhuman, mean, dead-po' white man, dat's wat I does!'

'Well, I was privately sold to him for two thousand dollars, then ordered back to Franks, as though I was still his slave, and by him given a pass, and requested to go to Woodville where there were arrangements to seize me and hold me, till Crow ordered me, which was to have been on Tuesday evening. Crow is not aware of me having been given a pass; Franks gave it to deceive his wife; in case of my not returning, to make the impression that I had run away, when in reality I was sold to the trader.'

'Then our people had their merry-making all for nothin',' said Charles, 'an' Franks got what 'e didn't deserve—their praise.'

'No, the merry-making was only to deceive Franks, that I might have time to get away. Daddy Joe, mammy Judy, and Ailcey, knew all about it, and proposed the feast to deceive him.'

'Dat's good! sarve 'im right, da 'sarned ole scamp!' rejoined Andy.

'It couldn't be better!' responded Charles,

'Henry uh wish we was in yo' place an' you none da wus by it,' said Andy.

'Never mind, boys, give yourselves no uneasiness, as it wont be long before we'll all be together.'

'You think so, Henry?' asked Charles.

'Well uh hope so, but den body can haudly 'spect it,' responded Andy.

'Boys,' said Henry, with great caution, and much emotion, 'I am now about to approach an important subject, and as I have always found you true to me—and you can only be true to me by being true to yourselves—I shall not hesitate to impart it! But for Heaven's sake!—perhaps I had better not!'

'Keep nothin' back, Henry,' said Charles, 'as you know that we boys 'll die by our principles, that's settled!'

'Yes, I wants to die right now by mine; right heah, now!' sanctioned Andy.

'Well it is this—close boys! close!' when they gathered in a huddle beneath an underbush, upon their knees, 'you both go with me, but not now. I—'

'Why not now?' anxiously enquired Charles.

'Dat's wat I like to know!' responded Andy.

'Stop boys, till I explain. The plans are mine and you must allow me to know more about them than you. Just here, for once, the slave-holding preacher's advice to the black man is appropriate, "Stand still and see the salvation."'

'Then let us hear it, Henry,' asked Charles.

'Fah God sake!' said Andy, 'let us heah w'at it is, anyhow, Henry; yeh keep a body in 'spence so long, till I's mose crazy to heah it. Dat's no way!'

'You shall have it, but I approach it with caution! Nay, with fear and trembling, at the thought of what has been the fate of all previous matters of this kind. I approach it with religious fear, and hardly think us fit for the task; at least, I know I am not. But as no one has ever originated, or given us anything of the kind, I suppose I may venture.'

'Tell it! tell it!' urged both in a whisper.

'Andy,' said Henry, 'let us have a word of prayer first!' when they bowed low, with their heads to the ground, Andy, who was a preacher of the Baptist persuasion among his slave brethren, offering a solemn and affecting prayer, in whispers to the Most High, to give them knowledge and courage in the undertaking, and success in the effort.

Rising from their knees, Andy commenced an anthem, by which he appeared to be much affected, in the following words:

'About our future destiny,
There need be none debate—
Whilst we ride on the tide,
With our Captain and his mate.'

Clasping each other by the hand, standing in a band together, as a plight of their union and fidelity to each other, Henry said—

‘I now impart to you the secret, it is this: I have laid a scheme, and matured a plan for a general insurrection of the slaves in every State, and the successful overthrow of slavery!’

‘Amen!’ exclaimed Charles.

‘God grant it!’ responded Andy.

‘Tell us, Henry, how’s dis to be carried out?’ enquired Andy.

‘That’s the thing which most concerns me, as it seems that it would be hard to do in the present ignorant state of our people in the slave States,’ replied Charles.

‘Dat’s jis wat I feah!’ said Andy.

‘This difficulty is obviated. It is so simple that the most stupid among the slaves will understand it as well as if he had been instructed for a year.’

‘What!’ exclaimed Charles.

‘Let’s heah dat aghin!’ asked Andy.

‘It is so just as I told you! So simple is it that the trees of the forest or an orchard illustrate it; flocks of birds or domestic cattle, fields of corn hemp or sugar cane; tobacco rice or cotton, the whistling of the wind, rustling of the leaves, flashing of lightning, roaring of thunder, and running of streams all keep it constantly before their eyes and in their memory, so that they cant forget it if they would.’

‘Are we to know it now?’ enquired Charles.

‘I’m boun’ to know it dis night befo’ I goes home, ’case I been longin’ fah ole Pottah dis many day, an’ uh mos’ think uh got ’im now!’

‘Yes boys, you’ve to know it before we part, but—’

‘That’s the talk!’ said Charles.

‘Good nuff talk fah me!’ responded Andy.

‘As I was about to say, such is the character of this organization, that punishment and misery are made the instruments for its propagation, so—’

‘I cant understan’ that part—’

‘You know nothing at all about it Charles, and you must—’

‘Stan’ still an’ see da salvation!’ interrupted Andy.

‘Amen!’ responded Charles.

‘God help you so to do, brethren!’ admonished Henry.

‘Go on Henry tell us! give it to us!’ they urged.

‘Every blow you receive from the oppressor impresses the organization upon your mind, making it so clear that even Whitehead’s Jack could understand it as well as his master.’

‘We are satisfied! The secret, the secret!’ they importuned.

‘Well then, first to prayer, and then to the organization. Andy!’ said Henry, nodding to him, when they again bowed low with their heads to the ground, whilst each breathed a silent prayer, which was ended with ‘Amen’ by Andy.

‘Whilst yet upon their knees, Henry imparted to them the secrets of his organization.

‘O, dat’s da thing!’ exclaimed Andy.

‘Capital, capital!’ responded Charles, ‘what fools we was that we didn’t know it long ago!’

‘I is mad wid mysef now!’ said Andy.

‘Well, well, well! Surely God must be in the work,’ continued Charles.

‘E’s heah; Heaven’s nigh! Ah feels it! it’s right heah!’ responded Andy, placing his hand upon his chest, the tears trickling down his cheeks.

‘Brethren,’ asked Henry, ‘do you understand it?’

‘Understand it? Why a child could understand, it’s so easy!’ replied Charles.

‘Yes,’ added Andy, ‘ah not only undelstan’ mysef, but wid da knowledge I has uv it, ah could make Whitehead’s Jack a Moses!’

‘Stand still, then, and see!’ said he.

‘Dat’s good Bible talk!’ responded Andy.

‘Well, what is we to do?’ enquired Charles.

‘You must now go on and organize continually. It makes no difference when, nor where you are, so that the

slaves are true and trustworthy, as the scheme is adapted to all times and places.'

'How we gwine do Henry, 'bout gittin' da things 'mong da boys?' enquired Andy.

'All you have to do, is to find one good man or woman—I dont care which, so that they prove to be the right person—on a single plantation, and hold a seclusion and impart the secret to them, and make them the organizers for their own plantation, and they in like manner impart it to some other next to them, and so on. In this way it will spread like small-pox among them.'

'Henry, you is fit fah leadah ah see,' complimentingly said Andy.

'I greatly mistrust myself, brethren, but if I cant command, I can at least plan.'

'Is they anything else for us to do Henry?' enquired Charles.

'Yes, a very important part of your duties has yet to be stated. I now go as a runaway, and will be suspected of lurking about in the thickets, swamps and caves; then to make the ruse complete, just as often as you think it necessary, to make a good impression, you must kill a shoat, take a lamb, pig, turkey, goose, chickens, ham or bacon from the smoke house, a loaf of bread or crock of butter from the spring house, and throw them down into the old waste well at the back of the old quarters, always leaving the heads of the fowls lying about and the blood of the larger animals. Everything that is missed do not hesitate to lay it upon me, as a runaway, it will only cause them to have the less suspicion of your having such a design.'

'That's it,—the very thing!' said Charles, 'an it so happens that they's an ole waste well on both Franks' and Potter's places, one for both of us.'

'I hope Andy, you have no religious objections to this?'

'It's a pant ah my 'ligion Henry, to do whateveh I bleve right, an' shall sholy do dis, God being my helpah!'

'Now he's talkin'!' said Charles.

'You must make your religion subserve your interests, as your oppressors do theirs!' advised Henry. 'They use the Scriptures to make you submit, by preaching to you the texts of "obedience to your masters" and "standing still to see the salvation," and we must now begin to understand the Bible so as to make it of interest to us.'

'Dat's gospel talk' sanctioned Andy. 'Is da anything else yeh want tell us boss—I calls 'im boss, 'case 'e aint nothing else but "boss"—so we can make 'ase an' git to wuck? 'case I feels like goin' at 'em now, me!'

'Having accomplished our object, I think I have done, and must leave you to-morrow.'

'When shall we hear from you Henry?' enquired Charles.

'Not until you shall see me again; when that will be, I dont know. You may see me in six months, and might not not in eighteen. I am determined, now that I am driven to it, to complete an organization in every slave state before I return, and have fixed two years as my utmost limit.'

'Henry, tell me before we part, do you know anything about little Joe?' enquired Charles.

'I do!'

'Wha's da chile?' enquired Andy.

'He's safe enough, on his way to Canada!' at which Charles and Andy laughed.

'Little Joe on 'is way to Canada?' said Andy, 'mighty young travelah!'

'Yes,' replied Henry with a smile.

'You're a joking Henry?' said Charles, enquiringly.

'I am serious, brethren,' replied he, 'I do not joke in matters of this kind. I smiled because of Andy's surprise.'

'How did 'e go?' farther enquired Andy.

'In company with his "mother" who was waiting on her "mistress!" replied he quaintly.

'Eh heh!' exclaimed Andy, 'I knows all 'bout it now; but whah'd da "mammy" come f'om?'

'I found one!'

'Aint 'e high!' said Andy.

'Well brethren, my time is drawing to a close,' said Henry, rising to his feet.

'O!' exclaimed Andy, 'ah like to forgot, has yeh any money Henry?'

'Have either of you any?'

'We has?'

'How much?'

'I got two-three hundred dollahs!' replied Andy.

'An' so has I, Henry!' added Charles.

'Then keep it, as I have two thousand dollars now around my waist, and you'll find use for all you've got, and more, as you will before long have an opportunity of testing. Keep this studiously in mind and impress it as an important part of the scheme of organization, that they must have money, if they want to get free. Money will obtain them every thing necessary by which to obtain their liberty. The money is within all of their reach if they only knew it was right to take it. God told the Egyptian slaves to "borrow from their neighbors"—meaning their oppressors—"all their jewels," meaning to take their money and wealth wherever they could lay hands upon it, and depart from Egypt. So you must teach them to take all the money they can get from their masters, to enable them to make the strike without a failure. I'll show you when we leave for the North, what money will do for you, right here in Mississippi. Bear this in mind; it is your certain *passport* through the *white gap*, as I term it.'

'I means to take all ah can git; I bin doin' dat dis some time. Ev'ry time ole Pottah leave 'is money pus, I borrys some, an' 'e all'as lays it on Miss Mary, but 'e think so much uh huh, dat anything she do is right wid 'im. Ef 'e 'spected me, an' Miss Mary say 'twant me, dat would be 'nough fah 'im.'

'That's right!' said Henry, 'I see you have been putting your own interpretation on the Scriptures, Andy,

and as Charles will now have to take my place, he'll have still a much better opportunity than you, to "borrow from his master."'

'You needn't fear, I'll make good use of my time!' replied Charles.

The slaves now fell upon their knees in silent communion, all being affected to the shedding of tears, a period being put to their devotion by a sorrowful trembling of Henry's voice singing to the following touching words:

'Farewell, farewell, farewell!

My loving friends farewell!

Farewell old comrades in the cause,

I leave you here, and journey on;

And if I never more return,

Farewell, I'm bound to meet you there!'

'One word before we part' said Charles. 'If we never should see you again, I suppose you intend to push on this scheme?'

'Yes!

Insurrection shall be my theme!

My watchword "Freedom or the grave!"

Until from Rappahannock's stream,

To where the Cuato * waters lave,

One simultaneous war cry

Shall burst upon the midnight air!

And rouse the tyrant but to sigh—

Mid sadness, wailing, and despair!'

Grasping each eagerly by the hand, the tears gushing from his eyes, with an humble bow, he bid them finally 'farewell!' and the runaway was off through the forest.

CHAPTER XII.

THE DISCOVERY.

'It can't be; I won't believe it!' said Franks, at the breakfast table on Sunday morning, after hearing that little Joe was missed, 'he certainly must be lost in the shrubbery.'

After breakfast a thorough search was made, none being more industrious than Ailcey in hunting the little fugitive, but without success.

* A river in Cuba.

'When was he last seen?' enquired Franks.

'He wah put to bed las' night while we wuh at de suppeh seh!' replied Ailcey.

'There's something wrong about this thing, Mrs. Franks, and I'll be hang-ed if I don't ferret out the whole be-fore I'm done with it!' said the Co-lonel.

'I hope you dont suspect me as—'

'Nonsense! my dear, not at all—no-thing of the sort, but I do suspect re-spectable parties in another direc-tion.'

'Gracious, Colonel! whom have you reference to? I'm sure I can't imagine.'

'Well, well, we shall see! Ailcey call Judy.'

'Maus Stephen, yeh sen' fah me?' enquired the old woman, puffing and blowing.

'Yes Judy. Do you know any-thing about little Joe? I want you to tell me the truth!' sternly enquired Franks.

'Maus Stephen! I cah lie! so long as yeh had me, yu nah missus neveh knows me tell lie. No bless de Laud! ah sen' my soul to de ole boy dat way? No maus Stephen, ah uhdn give wat I feels in my soul—'

'Well never mind Judy about your soul, but tell us about—'

'Ah! maus Stephen, ah 'spects to shout wen de wul's on fiah! an'—'

'Tell us about the boy Judy, and we'll hear about your religion another time.'

'If you give her a little time Colo-nel, I think she'll be able to tell about him!' suggested Mrs. Franks on seeing the old woman weeping.

'Sho, mammy!' said Ailcey in a whisper with a nudge, standing be-hind her, 'wat yeh stan' heah cryin' befo' dese ole wite folks fah!'

'Come, come, Judy! what are you crying about! let us hear quickly what you've got to say. Dont be frightened!'

'No maus Stephen, I's not feahed; ah could run tru troop a hosses an' face de debil! My soul's happy, my

soul's on fiah! Whoo! blessed Jesus! ride on King!' when the old woman tossed and tumbled about so dexter-ously, that the master and mistress considered themselves lucky in getting out of the way.

'The old thing's crazy! We'll not be able to get anything out of her Mrs. Franks.'

'No maus Stephen, blessed be God a'mighty! I's not crazy, but sobeh as a judge! an—'

'Then let us hear about little Joe, as you can understand so well what is said around you, and let us have no more of your whooping and nonsense, distracting the neighborhood!'

'Blessed God! blessed God! Laud sen' a nudah gale! O, fah a nudah showeh!'

'I really believe she's crazy! We 've now been here over an hour, and no nearer the information than before.'

'I think she's better now!' said Mrs. Franks.

'Judy, can you compose yourself long enough to answer my questions?' enquired Franks.

'O yes, mausta! ah knows wat I's 'bout, but w'en mausta Jesus calls, ebry body mus' stan' back, case 'e's 'bove all!'

'That's all right Judy, all right; but let us hear about little Joe; do you know anything about him, where he is, or how he was taken away?'

'E wah dah Sattiday night, maus Stephen.'

'What time Judy, on Saturday eve-ning was he there?'

'W'en da wah eatin suppeh seh.'

'How do you know, when you were at the lower quarters, and he in your hut?'

'E wah put to bed den.'

'Who put him to bed, you?'

'No, seh, Ailcey.'

'Ailcey—who went with her, any one?'

'Yes seh, Van Wintah Ben went wid uh.'

'Van Winter's Ben! I thought we'd get at the thieves presently; I knew I'd ferret it out! Well now Judy, I

ask you as a *Christian*, and expect you to act with me as one Christian with another—has not Mrs. Van Winter been talking to you about this boy ?

‘No seh, nebeh!’

‘Nor to Henry?’

‘No seh!’

‘Did not she, to your knowledge, send Ben there that night to steal away little Joe?’

‘No seh!’

‘Did you not hear Ailcey tell some one, or talking in her sleep, say that Mrs. Van Winter had something to do with the abduction of that boy?’

‘Maus Stephen, ah do’n undelistan’ dat duckin uh duckshun, dat w’at yeh call it—dat big wud!’

‘O! “abduction” means stealing away a person, Judy.’

‘Case ah waun gwine tell nothin’ bout it.’

‘Well, what do you know Judy?’

‘As dah’s wud a troof in me, ah knows nothin’ bout it.’

‘Well Judy, you can go now. She’s an honest old creature I believe!’ said Franks, as the old fat cook turned away.

‘Yes, poor old black fat thing! she’s religious to a fault,’ replied Mrs. Franks.

‘Well Ailcey, what do you know about it?’ enquired the master.

‘Nothin’ seh, o’ny mammy Judy ask me toat ’im up to da hut an’ put ’im in bed.’

‘Well, did you do it?’

‘Yes seh!’

‘Did Ben go with you?’

‘Yes seh!’

‘Did he return with you to the lower quarters?’

‘Yes seh!’

‘Did he not go back again, or did he remain in the house?’

‘E stay in.’

Did you not see some one lurking about the house when you took the boy up to the hut?’

‘Ah t’ot ah heahn some un in da bushes, but Ben say ’twan no one.’

‘Now Ailcey, dont you know who that was?’

‘No seh!’

‘Was’nt it old Joe?’

‘No seh, lef’ ’im in de low quahteh.’

‘Was it Henry?’

‘Dun no seh!’

‘Was’nt it Mrs. Van Winter’s—’

‘Why Colonel!’ exclaimed Mrs. Franks with surprise.

‘Negroes I mean! You did’nt let me finish the sentence my dear!’ explained he, correcting his error.

‘Ah dun’o seh!’

‘Now tell me candidly, my girl, who and what you thought it was at the time?’

‘Ah do’n like to tell!’ replied the girl, looking down.

‘Tell Ailcey! who do you think it was, and what they were after?’ enquired Mrs. Franks.

‘Ah do’n waun tell missus!’

‘Tell, you goose you! did you see any one?’ continued Franks.

‘Ah jis glance ’em.’

‘Was the person close to you?’ farther enquired Mrs. Franks.

‘Yes um, da toched me on da shouldeh an’ run.’

‘Well, why don’t you tell then Ailcey, who you thought it was, and what they were after. you stubborn jade you, speak!’ stormed Franks, stamping his foot.

‘Don’t get out of temper, Colonel! make some allowance for her under the circumstances. Now tell Ailcey, what you thought at the time?’ mildly asked Mrs. Franks.

‘Ah tho’t ’twah maus Stephen afteh me.’

‘Well, if you know nothing about it, you may go now!’ gruffly replied her master. ‘These negroes are not to be trusted. They will endeavor to screen each other if they have the least chance to do so. I’ll sell that girl!’

‘Colonel don’t be hasty in this matter, I beg of you!’ said Mrs. Franks, earnestly.

‘I mean to let her go to the man she most hates, that’s Crow.’

‘Why do you think she hates Crow so badly?’

‘By the side looks she gives him when he comes into the house.’

'I pray you then Colonel, to attempt no more auction sales, and you may avoid unpleasant associations in that direction.'

'Yes, by the by, speaking of the auction, I really believe Mrs. VanWinter had something to do with the abduction of that little negro.'

'I think you do her wrong Colonel Franks; she's our friend, and aside from this, I don't think her capable of such a thing.'

'Such friendship is worse than open enmity my dear, and should be studiously shunned.'

'I must acquit her Colonel, of all agency in this matter.'

'Well mark what I tell you Mrs. Franks, you'll yet hear more of it, and that too at no distant day.'

'Well it may be, but I can't think so.'

'May be!' I'm sure so. And more: I believe that boy has been induced to take advantage of my clemency, and run away. I'll make an example of him, because what one negro succeeds in doing, another will attempt. I'll have him at any cost. Let him go on this way and there won't be a negro in the neighborhood presently.'

'Whom do you mean Colonel?'

'I mean that ingrate Henry, that's who.'

'Henry gone!'

'I have no doubt of it at all!' as he had a pass to Woodville and Jackson; and now that the boy is stolen by some one, I've no doubt himself. I might have had some leniency towards him had he not committed a theft, a crime of all others the most detestable in my estimation.'

'And Henry is really gone?' with surprise again enquired Mrs. Franks.

'He is my dear, and you appear to be quite inquisitive about it!' remarked Franks as he thought he observed a concealed smile upon her lips.

'I am inquisitive Colonel, because whatever interests you should interest me.'

'By Monday evening, hanged if I don't know all about this thing. Ail-

cey call Charles to get my saddle horse!'

'Charles ain't heah maus Stephen.'

'Where's old Joe?'

'At de hut, seh.'

'Tell him to saddle Oscar immediately, and bring him to the door.'

'Yes seh!' replied the girl, lightly tripping away.

The horse was soon at the door, and with his rider cantering away.

'Tony, what is mammy Judy about?' enquired Mrs. Franks as evening approached.

'She's sifen meal missus to make mush fah ouah suppah.'

'You must tell mammy not to forget me Tony, in the distribution of her mush and milk.'

'Yes missus. ah tell uh right now!' when away ran Tony bearing the message, eager as are all children to be the agents of an act of kindness.

Mammy Judy smiling received the message with the assurance of 'Yes, dat she shall hab much as she want!' when turning about she gave strict orders that Ailcey neglect not to have a china bowl in readiness to receive the first installment of the hasty pudding.

The hut of mammy Judy served as a sort of head quarters on Saturday and Sunday evenings for the slaves from the plantation, and those in town belonging to the 'estate,' who this evening enjoyed a hearty laugh, at the expense of daddy Joe.

Slaves are not generally supplied with light in their huts, consequently, except from the fat of their meat and that gathered about the kitchen with which they make a 'lamp,' and the use of pine wood tapers, they eat and do everything about their dwellings in the dark.

Hasty pudding for the evening being the bill of fare, all sat patiently awaiting the summon of mammy Judy, some on blocks, some on logs of wood, some on slab benches, some on inverted buckets and half barrel wash tubs, and whatever was convenient, while many of the girls, and other young

people, were seated on the floor around against the wall.

'Hush chilen!' admonished mammy Judy, after carefully seeing that each one down to Tony, had been served with a quota from the kettle.

'Laud, make us truly tankful fah wat we 'bout to 'ceive!' petitioned daddy Joe with uplifted hands. 'Top dah wid yo' nause an' nonsense ole people cah heah deh yeahs to eat!' admonished the old man as he took the pewter dish between his knees and commenced an earnest discussion of its contents. 'Do'n yeh 'heah me say hush dah? Do'n yeh heah!'

'Joe!' was the authoritative voice from without.

'Sah!'

'Take my horse to the stable!'

'Yes, sah!' responded the old man, sitting down his bowl of mush and milk on the hearth in the corner of the jam. 'Do'n any on yeh toch dat, yeh heah?'

'We ain gwine to daddy Joe,' replied the young people.

'Huccum de young folks, gwine eat yo' mush and milk? Sho, ole man, g' long whah yeh gwine, ad' let young folk 'lone!' retorted mammy Judy.

On returning from the stable, in his hurry, the old man took up the bowl of a young man who sat it on his stool for the moment.

'Yoheh daddy Joe, dat my mush!' said the young man.

'Huccum dis yone?' replied the old man.

'Wy ah put it dah; yeh put yone in de chimby connoh.'

'Ah! dat eh did!' exclaimed he, taking up the bowl eating heartily. 'Wat dat yeh all been doin' heah? Some on yeh young folks been prank-in' long wid dis mush an' milk!' continued the old man, champing and chewing in a manner which indicated something more solid than mush and milk.

'Deed we did'n daddy Joe; did'n do nothin' to yo' mush an' milk so we did'n!' replied Ailcey, whose word was always sufficient with the old people.

'Hi, what dis in heah! Sumpen mighty crisp!' said daddy Joe, still eating heartily and now and again blowing something from his mouth like course meal husks. 'Sumpen heah mighty crisp ah tells yeh! Ole umin, light dat pine knot dah; so dahk yeh cah'n see to talk. Git light dah quick ole umin! Sumpen heah mighty crisp in dis mush au' milk!—Mighty crisp!'

'Good Laud! see dah now! Ah tole yeh so!' exclaimed mammy Judy when on producing a light, the bowl was found to be partially filled with large black house *roaches*.

'Reckon daddy Joe do'n tank'im fah dat!' said little Tony, referring to the blessing of the old man; amidst an outburst of tittering and snickering among the young people.

Daddy Joe lost his supper, when the slaves retired for the evening.

The Educational Wants of the Free Colored People.

BY M. H. FREEMAN.

The education of the free colored man is one of the most prominent measures proposed for the alleviation of the ills which black humanity suffers in this country. 'We must educate, we must educate,' is the cry of friends without, and leaders among ourselves, if, we wish to rise from our present depressed condition. Since then the importance of education is so universally admitted, it is a matter of no little moment that we should clearly understand what education is, in general, and what special education is most needed by us as a people.

What then is an education? It is certainly not, as many seem to suppose, merely a large collection of facts laid up in the store-house of memory, whence may be brought forth at any time and in any quantity things new and old. Nor is it a mere knowledge of languages, mathematics, histories and philosophies. The various sciences, each and all, may be used as a means of education, but they are not the education itself. Education is the harmonious development of the physical, mental, and moral powers of man. To educate is '*educare*,' to lead forth, or develop the highest manhood, and a perfect education implies a clear and just perception of the varied relations man sustains to his Maker, to his fellow men, and to himself. In other words education is the opening of the individual mind to the facts of life, and their several relations, with the capacity to deduce therefrom rules for the guidance and control of conduct. The process of education commences with the first effort of physical power, the first dawn-

ing of intellect, and the first perception of truth and duty in the infant mind, continues through the whole term of mortal life, and demands for its perfect exercise the freedom of body and mind. The term educated slave is a misnomer, and to expect a man laboring under social, civil, or political oppression to achieve an equitable and harmonious development of all his powers, is asking too much of poor human nature.

But as a discussion of the general subject of education is not to be attempted, within our present limits, I propose to confine myself to this single point, viz. the educational wants of the free colored people of this country. I have before stated that the process of education does not begin in the school room, nor is it confined to the instruction of the teacher. The precept and example of parents, the character of the companions of our childish sports, and more than all the general sentiments of the community in which we reside, are in fact the most potent educators of the youthful mind, and often do the evil influences of the family circle, the bad habits of playmates, and the power of a corrupt public sentiment render of no effect the best instruction and discipline of the schools.

Now, if I mistake not, it is these outdoor educational influences that repress our energies and retard our progress in manly development. Our oppressed condition in this country has rendered us deficient in the first essentials of true manhood, self-respect and self-reliance. Homer, the old Greek poet, more than a thousand years ago,

said, 'the day that sees a man a slave takes half his manly worth away.' If this be true of the individual man once free reduced to slavery, how much so is it true of a race long enslaved, born and bred in servitude. By slavery I mean not only the chattel bondage of the South, but every form of social, civil, and political oppression, for these are scarcely less inimical to true manhood than whips and chains. By these forms of oppression we are still surrounded even in the free North, and by reason of them we are deprived of certain primary educational influences which are most potent in forming the mind and manners of the ruling race in this country.

We need the educating power of wealth, of civil and political honors and offices for our children, for these are the means that first develop in the children of the other race, that due self-respect and self-reliance which must lie at the foundation of any just and harmonious development of mind. The child learns to respect the wealth, office and influence of his parents, hence to respect himself as the child of such parents, long before he can appreciate or even understand the mental and moral qualifications by which this wealth, office or influence was acquired. The children of the statesman, the politician and the professional man learn self-respect from the deference paid to the standing and talents of their father—the children of the merchant, from bales of goods, stores of merchandise, and the chink of dollars in the counting room—the farmer's children from the waving grass and growing corn on the broad acres of the paternal farm : and the children of the day laborer, yea of the poorest among the whites, are early taught to regard themselves as belonging to the ruling race, and incited to strive to attain the highest positions in society. Under the influence of such teaching, and incited by these high hopes, their self-respect and pride of race expand till 'every mother's son feels all his country's magnitude his

own.' Contrast with this the condition and prospects of the little colored child. Instead of seeing his parents in honor and office with power to command and be obeyed, he sees them at the command of others. Instead of the deferential greeting, and the respectful salutation, he hears his father nicknamed 'Dick' 'Jake' or 'Ole uncle,' or perhaps 'Cuffy,' or 'Old nigger;' his mother he hears addressed as 'Moll, Dinah, Suke, or Black Bets.' Thus in early childhood the circumstances that surround his parents, and the treatment they receive from community all tend to diminish his respect and reverence for them, hence to depreciate his respect for himself. As the colored child grows older and more observing he looks around and sees all the power, wealth and honors of society in the hands of white men, which tends still farther to depreciate his already waning self-respect.

I once overheard a sprightly little colored girl of five or six years old, thus talking to herself—'O dear,' said she with a sigh, 'I do wish I was white.' Knowing that her parents were proud of their African descent, and that they spared no pains to imbue their children with the same sentiment, I was desirous to learn what influences more powerful than parental teaching had been brought to bear upon her mind, to induce such a wish. Calling the little girl I said to her, 'J—why do you wish to be white, do you not think you are just as good as if you were white?' 'Why, yes' said she hesitatingly, 'I suppose I am, but then the white people are so rich and grand, they have such fine houses and such nice things that I do wish I were white too.' Here then was an instance of the power of outside influences to fashion the mind, the precepts and example of the family circle in vain opposing.

But more deplorable still, in many cases the child is taught directly or indirectly by its parents that he or she is pretty, just in proportion as the fea-

tures approximate to the Anglo-Saxon standard, and even if the child does not learn it at home, he naturally imbibes this opinion from out-door teachings and influences. Hence flat noses must be pinched up. Kinky hair must be subjected to a straightening process—oiled, and pulled, twisted up, tied down, sleeked over and pressed under, or cut off so short that it can't curl, sometimes the natural hair is shaved off, and its place supplied by a straight wig, thus presenting the ludicrous anomaly of Indian hair over negro features. Thick lips are puckered up, and drawn in until the mouth no longer resembles the opening designed by nature for the admission of food, and the emission of sound. Beautiful black and brown faces by the application of rouge and lily white are made to assume unnatural tints, like the livid hue of painted corpses.

Now all this is very foolish, perhaps wicked, but under the circumstances it is very natural, and I mention these practices not so much as a matter of blame to us but as illustrations of the power of public sentiment to thwart nature in us.

The entire influence of both the precept and example of the great mass of community, tends to diminish our self-respect and make us ashamed of our natural characteristics. Examples are not wanting among us of men possessed of large natural and acquired abilities, who would gladly, if it were possible, obliterate every trace of African descent, and join the ignoble ranks of the oppressor.

The question then arises how shall we develop in the rising generation, this due self-respect, which as a people we so much lack? Parental example alone will not do it. It is not enough that parents always exhibit in their intercourse with society a proper degree of self-respect, avoiding every thing servile in their manners and general bearing. However potent parental example may be under ordinary circumstances, it is rendered well

nigh powerless in this case by the influence of public sentiment and the example of the mass of community, which directly oppose it. It cannot be done by the mental acquirements and discipline of the schools, for long before these influences are brought to bear upon the mind of the child, the idea of equal manhood, and self-respect has been crushed out by the weight of a corrupt public sentiment. Colored children learn at a very early age that the general opinion is that they belong to an inferior class, and it requires more mental power and firmness than falls to the lot of most children, or men either, to resist the tendency to adopt the current notion. I repeat it, then, the education of the school will not avail to develop us in this direction. How then shall the degrading influence of this corrupt public sentiment be in a measure counteracted, if not wholly destroyed? If we could by some unheard of means at once attain social, civil, and political equality in this country, the work would be done, our children would then learn self-respect from the respect everywhere paid to their parents, but as the most sanguine cannot expect this at present we must strive to attain the highest degree of respectability and equality that our present on toward circumstances will allow. And here we cannot but regret the manifest tendency of our people to congregate in populous cities and wealthy trade-centers, where medium wealth and mediocre talents are completely thrown in the shade, where to attract the least general attention or command the slightest general respect requires a degree of wealth attainable by only the favored few. There are hundreds of colored men in each of our large cities, of moral worth, mental ability, industry, and energy, who will live and die unknown, and unappreciated, who had they exhibited the same industry, ability and energy in some rural district, or even in some country village, would have been known and esteemed for miles around. We must then turn our at

tention to the country and agricultural pursuits if we would gain a higher respectability for ourselves, and the most favorable conditions for the education of our children. I know that our present callings command higher wages in the cities than in the country, and that there are many of us who cannot well change our whole manner of life and previous habits and go to farming; but still for young men, especially those who are yet unsettled, the country offers advantages not to be overlooked.

In agricultural districts and rural villages wealth and talent are more equally distributed, and mental and moral worth avail more to command respect and win admiration. Go then, young man, to the rural districts of this country, or to Canada if you wish, or if you dread the manual labor of the farm and fear to face the waving grass, and growing corn, and march against the serried ranks of wheat, select some little 'country town, and there wield the implements of your craft, be honest, be industrious and economical and you will secure a position in community for which you might strive in vain in the crowded city.

Again, wealth is another means to the same end. Let the Africo-American father get wealth, if he would gain a powerful lever by which to lift his children to self-respect. And just here it seems to me a great mistake is often made by our teachers generally both public and private. We are too apt to take the precepts that are taught to the ruling race in this country and apply them to ourselves without considering that different traits in our character, either natural or acquired by our different circumstances, require an entirely different treatment. The energetic, scheming, grasping, Anglo-Saxon with his eager desire for wealth, that continually cry, 'give, give, and are never satisfied,' needs to be constantly reminded of the vanity of riches, and the transitory nature of worldly wealth, he should be often and earnestly exhorted to take no 'thought

for the morrow, to labor not for the meat that perisheth, but to lay up treasures in Heaven.' But it is a sad misapplication of scripture when these and similar texts are urged upon us, a people thriftless and improvident of the future, content to live along from day to day, and let the morrow take thought for itself—who with both eyes lifted heavenward are constantly stumbling and falling on the earth. We need directly the contrary teachings, and I approve the good sense, if not the good taste of the praying brother who among other blessings, besought the Lord 'to give us a little more money.' Wealth is power, and he who possesses it will command a degree, at least, of respect.

The Jews in Europe, during the last century have been gradually, but steadily rising from a condition as unenviable as that of the free people of color in the United States, to civil and political equality, and it requires but half an eye to perceive that this amelioration of their condition has been brought about chiefly by the power of their wealth. A people that has among them a Baron Rothschilds, to whose money bags kings and princes are compelled to pay assiduous court, cannot be degraded in this money-getting, money-worshipping age. Let the Africo-American father then, strive to amass riches, not princely fortunes, these few of even the most favored of the ruling race can attain, but comparative wealth, not for selfish miserly ends, but for the benefit of his children and the best interest of his race.

Another means available to all, is this: Let parents strive continually by precept and example to cultivate in the mind of the child a respect for its own individuality. All sneers at any of the physical characteristics of the negro, every disparaging remark in regard to hair or features or colors, are just so many demons let loose to destroy the self-respect of our children. It is needless to particularize on this point. Every one knows such a remark as, 'good hair,' and 'good features,'

meaning simply hair that does not kink, and features that approach the Anglo-Saxon standard, are common among us. Need we wonder then that our children soon learn their lesson of inferiority, when the household training so often combines with the powerful influences without to induce this opinion. Another method by which an inordinate respect for the ruling race in this country may be repressed, and a due self-respect maintained in the minds of our children, is to deeply imbue them with genuine Anti-slavery sentiments. Teach your child that slavery is a sin—that it is robbery in the highest degree, that it is the meanest as well as wickedest of crimes, that those who practise it or in any way sustain or fellowship it, are the meanest of the mean and the vilest of the vile; in a word teach your child to look upon slavery and prejudice, in the light of reason and revelation, and you at once strip this boasted land and its lauded institutions of its grandeur and its glory, and reveal at a glance its true character. Its vaunted freedom and equality, a stupid failure—its high sounding republicanism, a pitiful oligarchy of men-stealers and women-whippers, its religion a shameless inconsistency, and an arrant hypocrisy, lifting its hand red with a brother's blood to Heaven, and mouthing its impious prayers in the face of the great Jehovah, while it tramples on God's image, and traffics in the souls of men. Let children learn from the lips of their

parents the true character of this country and its institutions, and you need not fear, that their self-respect will be greatly diminished by all the wealth, splendor and seeming superiority of the oppressor. Children are stern moralists, and there is no deeper hatred of injustice and wrong than that which throbs and glows in the bosom of a child. If then the child is once brought to understand the wrong and injustice of slavery and colorphobia, there is no fear that he will 'envy the oppressor or desire any of his ways.' But this teaching must be commenced early, and continued constantly, and is best imparted from the lips of parents themselves. Without it vain will be the discipline and instruction of the schools. Unless the parent shall lay broad and deep the foundation of self-respect and self-reliance, mere book-learning will render its possessor more despicable and more degraded. The great want of the free colored race in this country, is not science, but self-appreciation, not the higher mathematics, but a higher manhood, that knowing its own intrinsic worthiness, shall be ever true to itself, loving and loyal to its race.

Let it be ours then to develop around the heartstones of our humble homes, the germs of such a manhood, self-respect, self-reliance, and hatred of oppression. Then will the race arise self-emancipated, self-elevated, and self-redeemed.

Fragments of Thought—No. 2.

BY D. A. P.

KNOWLEDGE AND GOLD.

Knowledge is more to be desired, and really more valuable than gold. Shall we attempt a comparison? Without the former the latter is useless. There are now entire regions of country where dwell myriads of im-

mortal souls, in which, if a man should travel, with millions of gold in his possession, they would fail to secure him the common necessities of animal life.

In those very regions, knowledge has already begun to convert the savage into a civilized man—the heathen into a meek, holy, useful Christian.

Until knowledge illumined the understanding of man, gold lay hidden in the mountain ravine, the rugged quartz and granite, or mingled with the river's sand.

Knowledge drew it forth from all these hiding places—sifting it from the sand—picking it from the ravines or wresting it from the embrace of the granite or the quartz; she converted it into circulating mediums, curious instruments, and beautiful vessels to meet the wants, the luxuries and purposes of civilized and Christian life.

Indeed, all the treasures of nature; varied in their forms, and colors as they are; countless in their number as they may be; are nothing more nor less, than materials out of which knowledge manufactures the comforts and luxuries, for which human hearts are daily sighing, and human desires daily seeking; making and marking the distinctions between savage and civilized man as broad, clear and evident as that which separates the night from the day.

In the formation of gold and its kindred treasures, God did but anticipate the desires and wants of Knowledge; and as a fond, provident father lays up good things for his children; so he hid away in the bosom of the Earth this useful metal, till his noble offspring should require it.

Give your child gold without knowledge, and this will be the self-evident proof that you wish to curse him.

Don't tell us that you have educated him as well as enriched him. For there is many an educated fool. Give him *first of all*, that *knowledge* which will *qualify* him to make a *right, proper and beneficent* use of gold, or give him no gold at all. 'A fool and his money soon parts,' is an old and a truthful proverb. So also, gold in the pocket of a fool is like a contagious disease in the body of a man, it *kills him* at the same time it *corrupts others*.

I admit that gold is a *great power*. But I also *contend*, that *knowledge* is a *greater*. In a country like this, where gold is an *idol* to be worshipped, who fears a 'rich negro?'

Yet, in the same country a negro from whose intellect knowledge shines forth like sun light, is respected and cherished. In the despotic regions of the South, he is indeed a power dreadful and dreaded.

'There is gold and a multitude of rubies, but the lips of knowledge are a precious jewel.' This truth was reduced to a sentiment by the wisest monarch that ever lived. This same truth constrained the Emperor of France, to honor a negro with the splendid present of a hundred volumes, and a company of guards to pay him a salute. So also, Louis Phillippe, the last King of the French, could embrace a colored youth and honor him with a dinner in the Royal palace, because he had made himself master of all those *forms of knowledge* embraced in the course of studies for a graduate of the University of Louis XVI. Millions of dollars of the purest gold in the coffers of an ignorant negro, could not have induced either Louis Phillippe, nor Louis Napoleon thus to do homage to manhood in the person of a '*Black*.'

Stephen Girard, with all his gold, is but a rude piece of humanity along side of the cultivated Gerrit Smith. It is this superior knowledge which makes the difference between the two millionaires.

The former, *hog-like*, was wallowing in his gold, till death dragged him from it. The latter, *God-like*, has converted his into a stream of blessings to our common humanity, sunning all along the pathway of his generous and noble life.

Gold is but perishable dust—knowledge an indestructable power, ever increasing in force and volume as it moves onward and upward.

What I Have Seen.

BY JAMES FIELDS.

I have seen a fair young girl, the child of many prayers, for whom a dear old mother has spent weary, toilsome hours by day, and sleepless hours by night; not only to keep want from their dwelling, but still more to surround the darling of her widowed heart with many luxuries of life.

I have seen, that mother apply the stores of a pure and well cultivated mind, and the experience of a long and useful life, to the careful guidance of the young mind entrusted to her maternal care, with the gentleness and fidelity of the dove.

I have seen, that young girl, like a cherished plant, thrive beneath its fostering care, and put forth the tender buds of innocence and virtue, with a promise that gave to that mother, a trembling, yet earnest hope, that her declining years would be solaced by the fragrance of the fair fruit she had cultivated with such ceaseless care and vigilance.

I have seen again, that face of youth and regal beauty, stand upon life's threshold, replete with every grace, while the rich bloom of health, and maiden modesty, rested upon her fair face, like the soft tint upon the opening rose of early spring.

I have seen her glide within the charmed circle of earth's fairest and most favored daughters, the 'observed of all observers,' the center from which radiated the polished shafts of wit and sprightly humor, sweetly blending personal charms with all the nameless graces of a pure spirit robed in the becoming dress of gentle manners and refined taste.

I have seen that maiden concentrate her whole soul in one life long dream, of constancy and love, from him whose manly beauty and seductive arts, first won her heart, and rul-

ed the future destiny of her life, with a sceptre of iron.

I have seen that sweet face laid trustingly upon the breast of him whose false heart's pulsations beneath, gave the lie, to the honeyed words that fell from his false tongue.

I have seen—that blooming child, that once loved, and loving woman; a houseless, unfriended being; cast upon the world a *blighted flower*, a *vile* and noxious *weed*, whom none regarded but with loathing and disgust.

I have seen in after years, the rank grass waving above the dark grave of that broken hearted mother, whose failing breath went out in one long, earnest prayer for the poor erring child, whose departure from the home of her childhood, was the *knell* of all that mother's long cherished hopes, and the Death Angel sweetly bore her to that realm, where sin and sorrow are unknown.

I have seen that *Tophat*, were the *drunkard's cup*, the *dice box*, and all the dire instruments of soul polluting follies, lure the votaries of false pleasure to their doom; where oblivion of the past, of friends, home, heaven, all, and every thing pure and good are sought in vain, to drown the bitter memories of the past.

I have seen, amidst that demon crew, one, whose wild eye, and haggard face, betrayed the sot, and ruined gambler, lost alike to virtue or to shame.

I have seen, last, and saddest sight of all, the cold and mangled form of the wretched suicide! he, whose vile arts, and base desertion, brought the grey hairs of that doating mother, down in sorrow to an untimely grave, and tenanted yon asylum, with a *raving maniac*!!

YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

Poetry.

BY MAY.

The following is the production of a pupil of one of our Grammar schools, and as we have now opened a Youth's Department, we would be glad to receive contributions from similar sources.

Poetry is defined to be the art of composing in verse. Such is its definition in a literal sense; true poetry, however, is the expression of strong feelings. But to speak of poetry in a more general, figurative sense, to define the signification of the term, by tracing some of the ideas which it conveys to the mind, in its common acceptation, is my purpose. The influence exerted by poetry on the minds of men need not be asserted; it is too universally felt in all stations of life, by rich and poor, high and low, by the uncultivated rustic as well as the polished and refined scholar. The one has a natural taste for it, which has not been improved by intellectual culture, while the other has been accustomed from his earliest childhood to the perusal of the choicest works of the greatest poets, until the love of poetry has become a part of his nature, and his familiarity with it has tended, in some instances, to arouse talents which otherwise would have lain dormant. On the other hand, some of the greatest poets the world has ever produced, have been reared in obscurity; for instance, the immortal Shakespeare, the bard of Avon.

Poetry is often best appreciated by those who have no talent for composing it; they look with an unprejudiced eye on the productions of all, while those who are composers, as well as lovers of poetry, view with mingled sentiments of jealousy and distrust, the composition of another, and are thereby disqualified to appreciate its worth, or to decide on its merits.

Poetry may be divided into two general classes, viz: the poetry of description, and that of sentiment. The former is a greater favorite with the uncultivated than the latter, because it is more easily understood. What is more delightful to either the cultivated or the unculti-

vated mind, than to feast on the eloquent, glowing descriptions of the beauties of nature clothed in charming and original figures of speech, in which the poet so often indulges? It is a fact worthy of note, that those countries most remarkable for the beauty and grandeur of their scenery, have, with few exceptions produced the greatest poets; which may be accounted for by the fact that there is no theme so fruitful, or better calculated to excite emotion, than the varied beauties of the works of God.

Among the many different styles of poetry none is more effective than that which treats of sacred subjects, and which pays homage to virtue. What can be a more fruitful source of inspiration, than a contemplation of the wisdom of our Creator? What poetry is so sublime as that of the Bible? The patriotic mind delights in martial, warlike strains; the romantic, in the sentimental ballads of olden times; each has a particular kind of poetry which is peculiarly pleasing to them; but sacred poetry, in its soothing effect on the troubled mind, and its ability to inspire with seriousness the thoughtless, and to promote virtue, has something to suit the fancy of all. Who can deny the sublimity of Derzhaven's poem on the greatness of God? After expatiating on the glory of the works of the Creator, he exclaims:

'Yes! as a drop of water in the sea,
All this magnificence in Thee is lost!
What are ten thousand worlds compared to Thee?
And what am I, then? Heaven's unnumbered
host,
Though multiplied by myriads, and arrayed
In all the glory of sublimest thought,
Is but an atom in the balance weighed
Against Thy greatness, is a cipher brought
Against Infinity! What am I?—Nought!

There are several causes why the influence of poetry is more perceptible than that of prose, one of which is, that the figurative style in which it is generally written, appeals more directly to the heart, and thus renders it more eloquent, than the literal style belonging to prose. Another reason is, that the majority of poets, in all ages, have been, and still continue to be good, and of course great men; for in goodness consists the only true greatness. There has been the voice that has upheld the cause of freedom, that has advocated Christianity, and they have ever proved themselves to be benefactors to their race, and friends to all mankind.

"Gone to God."

BY FRANCES ELLEN WATKINS.

Finished now the weary throbbing,
Of a bosom calmed to rest ;
Laid aside the heavy sorrows,
That for years upon it prest.

All the thirst for pure affection,
All the hunger of the heart ;
All the vain and tearful cryings,
All forever now depart.

Clasp the pale and faded fingers,
O'er the cold and lifeless form ;
They shall never shrink and shiver,
Homeless in the dark and storm.

Press the death-weights calmly, gently,
O'er the eyelids in their sleep ;
Tears shall never tremble from them,
They shall never wake to weep.

Close the silent lips together,
Lips once parted with a sigh ;
Through their sealed, moveless portals,
Ne'er shall float a bitter cry.

Bring no bright and blooming flowers,
Let no mournful tears be shed,
Funeral flowers, tears of sorrow,
They are for the cherished dead.

She has been a lonely wanderer,
Drifting on the world's highway ;
Grasping with her woman's nature,
Feeble needs to be her stay.

God is witness to the anguish,
Of a heart that's all alone ;
Floating blindly on life's current,
Only bound unto His throne.

But o'er such, Death's solemn angel,
Broodeth with a sheltering wing ;
Till the hopeless hand 's grown weary,
Cease around earth's toys to cling.

Then kind hands will clasp them gently,
On the still, unaching breast ;
Softly treading by, they'll whisper,
Of the lone one gone to rest.

A Review of Slavery and the Slave Trade.

BY J. W. C. PENNINGTON

Continued.

The first circumstance, from whence originated the barbarous and inhuman treatment that generally fell to the lot of slaves, was the *commerce* : for the men could be considered as *possession* ; if, like *cattle*, they could be bought and sold, it will not be difficult to suppose that they could be held in the same consideration, or treated in the same manner. This treatment

did not fail of producing, in the same instant, its *own* effect. It depressed their minds; it numbed their faculties; and, by preventing those sparks of genius from blazing forth, which had otherwise been conspicuous, it gave them the appearance of been endued with inferior capacities to the rest of mankind. This did the *commerce*, by classing them originally with *brutes*, and the consequent treatment by cramping their abilities, and hindering them from becoming conspicuous, give to the slave, at a very early period, the most unfavorable appearance, the rising generation, who received both the commerce and treatment from their ancestors, and who had always been accustomed to behold their *effects*, did not consider their effects as *incidental*, they judged only from what they saw; they believe appearances to be real; and hence arose the combined principle that slaves were an inferior order of men, and perfectly void of understanding. Upon this principle it was that the former treatment began to be fully confirmed and established, and as this principle was handed down and disseminated, so it became in succeeding ages, an *excuse* for any severity that despotism *might suggest*.

It would be easy to collect sufficient materials to show that there was no inferiority in the nature of these slaves; but we shall content ourselves with some few instances, that relate to the *genius* only, among those of a *servile* condition, whose writings have escaped the wreck of time. The first we shall mention as the famous *Æsop*, whose writings are recommended by Quintilian, the greatest of Roman critics, and the next is *TERENCE* the author of those incomparable comedies that bear his name. Perhaps it may be objected that these were not negroes or colored people;—it might have been so, we do not know what was the precise tint of their skin; but we will meet this supposed objection by adducing the case of an African girl, named Phillis Wheatley, who was a

negro slave to a gentleman of Boston. She was kidnapped when only eight years old, and in the year 1761, was transported to America, where she was sold with other slaves. She had no school education there, but receiving some little instruction from the family with whom she was so fortunate as to live, she obtained such a knowledge of the English language within sixteen months from the time of her arrival, as to be able to speak it and read it to the astonishment of those who heard her. She soon afterwards learned to write, and having a great inclination to learn the Latin tongue, she was indulged by her master and made a progress. Her poetical works were published with his permission in 1773. They contained thirty-eight pieces on different subjects; and lest it should be doubted whether these poems were genuine, a certificate of their authenticity was signed by Governor Hutchinson, Lieutenant Governor Oliver, John Hancock (whose signature stands first on the Declaration of Independence,) Mr. Wheatley, her master, and fourteen others, comprising the most distinguished names, lay and clerical, then in Boston. Perhaps it may not be out of place to repeat a few of her lines:—The following are from a hymn to the Evening.

' Filled with the praise of Him who gives thee light,
And draws the sable curtains of the night,
Let placid slumbers soothe each weary mind,
At morn to wake more heavenly and refined;
So shall the labors in the day begin,
More pure and guarded from the snares of sin,' &c. &c.

The next are from a hymn to the Morning.

' Aurora hail! and all the thousand dyes,
That deck thy progress through the vaulted skies!
The morn awakens, and wide extends her rays,
On every leaf the gentle Zephyr plays.
Harmonious lays the feathered race resume,
Dart the bright eye, and shake the painted plume,' &c. &c.

That the commerce of the human species was of a very early date, is evident from the story of Joseph, as

recorded in the sacred writings, whom his brothers sold from an envious suspicion of his future greatness. *Ægypt* is represented, in the first Book of the sacred writings, as a market for slaves, and, in the second, as famous for the severity of its servitude: and Homer points it out as a market for the human species, and by the epithet of "*bitter Ægypt*" (which epithet is peculiarly annexed to it on this occasion), confirms the testimony of the sacred historian. It also appears that men were bought and sold in many islands of *Ægean* Sea; and likewise that it had taken place among the Grecians on the continent of Europe; for it is stated in the *Iliad*, that a fleet arrived from *Semnos*, with a supply of wine for the Grecian camp, and the merchants are described as receiving in exchange, among other articles of barter, "*a number of slaves*." As other states arose, the traffic in slaves extended among them; it prevailed throughout all Asia, spread through the Grecian and Roman world, was in use among the barbarous nations which overturned the Roman empire, and was practised, therefore, at the same period, throughout all Europe. The slaves consisted, for the most part, of barbarian captives, taken in thousands by the chance of war, purchased, says Gibbon, in his "*Rise and Fall of the Roman Empire*," at a vile price, for, (according to *Plutarch*) in the camp of *Lucullus*, an ox sold for a drachma, and a slave for four drachmæ, or about three shillings; but the youths of a promising genius were instructed in the arts and sciences, and their price was ascertained by the degree of their skill and talents:—a learned slave sold for many hundred pounds sterling, and *Cornelius Nepus* tells us that *Atticus*, a very distinguished man, always bred and taught them himself. It was once proposed to discriminate the slaves by a peculiar habit; but it was apprehended that there might be some danger in acquainting them with their own numbers; and *Seneca* says, "What peril would threaten us if we

began to number our own slaves!" or, in other words, how dangerous it would be to us tyrants, if those whom we oppress were conscious of their own strength;—tyranny and timidity always inhabit the same breast. They did, among the Romans, and other slave-holders of ancient time, and very recent events at the South show that they still preserve their alliance. *Gibbon* tells us that in the center of every province, and of every family, there existed an unhappy condition of men who endured the weight without sharing the benefits of society, and that in the *FREE states* of antiquity, the domestic slaves were exposed to the wanton rigor of despotism; and he states that the desperate insurrections of these captive slaves had more than once reduced the republic to the brink of destruction; to which he adds that "the most severe regulations, and the most cruel treatment, seemed *almost justified* by the great law of self-preservation." In using this apologetic language, *Gibbon* seems to have forgotten who were the aggressors, and yet to his credit be it mentioned, that he was one of the first and most consistent opponents of the African slave trade. The celebrated *Adam Smith*, in his "*Wealth of Nations*," says, that "the condition of a slave is better under an *arbitrary* than under a free government," and this, we believe, is supported by the history of all ages and nations. This seems anomalous, but it is not more so than the formal reading, on the 4th of July, in a Slave State, of the first sentence in the Declaration of Independence. Among the ancients, when the supply of slaves was short, they took to *breeding* them, as they do now in Virginia, so that the "*old dominion*," as she is called, cannot lay claim to originality in this *laudable* practice. In condemnation of Slavery we take the high ground that it is a positive, absolute, and enormous wrong; and therefore we do not resort to any collateral or secondary reasoning; but, if we were disposed to do so, and if the heart of the

Slave-holder, and the advocate of Slavery were not too petrified to be susceptible of generous impulse, we could record instances of devotion and self-sacrifice, than which history records nothing more heroic. As, however, we are not addressing an assembly of moral petrifications, but anti-slavery humanities, we will sustain our assertion with three instances of heroic fidelity and generous courage, recorded by Dr. Ferguson, in his "History of the Progress of the Roman Republic." "The slave of one of the proscribed," says the historian, "seeing soldiers come toward the place where his master lay concealed, took the disguise of his clothes, and presented himself to be killed in his stead. Another slave agreed to personate his master, and being carried in his litter, was killed, while the master himself, acting as one of the bearers of the litter, escaped. Another, having been formerly branded by his master for some offence, was easily suspected of a desire to seize this opportunity of being revenged; but he chose the opposite part. While his master fled, he put himself in the way to stop his pursuers, produced a head, which he had severed from a dead body in the streets, and passing it for that of his master, procured him the means of escape."

Besides the involuntary slaves, composed of prisoners of war, there were three other classes, namely, *convicts*, those who were publicly seized by virtue of the authority of their prince,

and of those who were privately *kidnapped* by individuals, and it was in the sale and purchase of these that the *African commerce* or *Slave trade* consisted; they were delivered to the merchants of Europe in exchange for their various commodities, by whom they were transported to their colonies in the West, where their slavery took place; but here, a fifth order arose, composed of all such as were born to the native Africans, after their transportation and slavery had commenced. The Dutch colonists practiced a refinement in cruelty at the Cape of Good Hope, towards the Boshie-man or Hottentot nation, such of whom as are not marked out to be carried away into bondage; they amused themselves by hunting down with horses and dogs, and shooting as they would game, and parties of *pleasure* were made for their destruction! The lion does not imbrue his claws in blood, unless impelled by hunger or provoked by interruption, whereas the merciless Dutch, more *savage* than the brutes themselves, not only murdered their fellow creatures without any provocation or necessity, but even made a diversion of their sufferings, and enjoyed their pain. But the melancholy truth is, that cruelty is the legitimate offspring, the natural concomitant of slavery; it may develop itself under different phases, according to the peculiar constitution of the patient, but the virus is in the system, and the pustules will appear on the surface.

(To be continued.)

Thomas F. Jennings.

DIED—At his residence in the city of New York, Feb. 11th, in the 68th year of his age, Mr. THOS. L. JENNINGS.

MR. JENNINGS was a native of New

York, and in his early youth was one of the bold men of color who, in this then slave State, paraded the streets

of the metropolis with a banner inscribed with the figure of a black man, and the words 'AM I NOT A MAN AND A BROTHER?' He was one of the colored volunteers who aided in digging trenches on Long Island in the war of 1812. He took a leading part in the celebration of the abolition of slavery in New York in 1827. He was one of the founders of the Wilberforce Society. When in 1830 WM. LLOYD GARRISON came on from Baltimore, MR. JENNINGS was among the colored men of New York, WM. HAMILTON, REV. PETER WILLIAMS, THOMAS SIPKINS, and others, who gave him a cordial welcome and God-speed, and subscribed largely to establish the *Liberator*, and to aid in the publication of 'Garrison's Thoughts on Colonization.'

He was an actor in the great meeting in Chatham Street Chapel. He was a leading member of the first, second and third of the National Conventions of colored men of the United States, held in New York and Philadelphia in 1831-4. He was one of the originators of the Legal Rights' Association in New York city, and President thereof at the time of his death. His suit against the Third Avenue Railroad Company for ejecting his daughter from one of its cars on Sabbath day, led to the abolition of caste in cars in four out of the five city railroads. He was one of the founders, and during many years a trustee of the Abyssinian Baptist Church.

In his boyhood, MR. JENNINGS served an apprenticeship with one of the most celebrated of the New York tailors. Soon after reaching manhood, he entered business on his own account, and invented a method of renovating garments, for which he obtained letters patent from the United States. Although it was well known that he was a black man of 'African descent,' these letters recognize him as a 'citizen of the United States.' This document, in an antique gilded frame, hangs above the bed in which MR. JENNINGS breathed his last, and is sign-

ed by the historic names of JOHN QUINCY ADAMS and WILLIAM WIRT, and bears the broad seal of the United States of America.

For many years MR. JENNINGS conducted a successful business as Clothier, in Nassau and Chatham streets.

MR. JENNINGS had a large family, whom he educated carefully and successfully, both in intellectual and moral training. He taught all his children some useful trade, and accustomed them betimes to rely on themselves for their support. His son WILLIAM died twenty years ago, a successful business man in Boston; Thomas was until lately, one of the most skilful dentists in New Orleans; his daughter, Matilda is one of the best dress makers in New York city, and Elizabeth the most learned of our female teachers in the city of New York, having obtained mainly through her own labor, the honor of a diploma from the Board of Education of said city.

This is a noble picture of a noble man. Born in a slave State, and of a race held in slavery, living in the midst of all the crushing influences which human prejudice and caste could heap upon him, he yet fulfilled all the purposes of an upright man, a useful citizen, and a devoted Christian; on no occasion in his long life did he bate one hair's breadth of the rights and dignities pertaining to his manhood. He upheld society by an active, earnest and blameless life, and by contributing thereto children carefully trained to conduce to the general good. Not gifted with extraordinary talents or endowments, he made full use of such as it had pleased God to give him.

MR. JENNINGS was one of that large class of earnest, upright colored men who dwell in our large cities. He was not an exception, but a representative of this class, whose noble sacrifices, and unheralded labors are too little known to the public, even to the real friends of freedom, the class of whom even our honest friend

Gerrit Smith has written, that 'the mass of them are ignorant and thriftless.' It is a strange ignorance which is manifested by the attendance of 25 per cent. more of colored than of white children in the Public Schools of New York City; a strange thriftlessness which shows a smaller proportion of colored than of white persons supported at the Alms-Houses and other charities in New York and Philadelphia. We know that in making such statement, Mr. Smith reluctantly wrote what he believed to be the truth; his view, however, was syllogistic rather than the result of a study of the facts: 'while there are a few noble exceptions,' said he, 'the mass of the blacks are ignorant and thriftless.'—And he reasoned thus, 'the mass of the blacks are poor, and live in the large cities; all poor who crowd large cities are ignorant and thriftless; therefore,' &c., &c.

Now the facts happen to be, that, of the free blacks of the free States, a little more than one-third live in the large cities, and the portion who do live in large cities have more wealth (general) and larger intelligence than the proportion who live in the country. We are not defending city dwelling on the part of this class—we state facts. And, in view of them, and while we proudly cast our mite on the cairn of THOMAS L. JENNINGS, we call upon the HON. GERRIT SMITH, in the name of our departed brother, to wipe off the stigma which he has cast upon him and his like, by withdrawing, as publicly as he made it, his unfortunate statement in regard to the mass of the blacks.—*Fred. Douglass' Paper.*

THE WORTHY DEAD—TRIBUTE OF
RESPECT.

At the regular monthly meeting of the New York African Society for Mutual Relief, held on Monday evening, February 14th. 1859—the Vice President, Mr. Peter Vogelsang in the chair, announced in a feeling manner, the death of our late President MR. THOMAS L. JENNINGS—the following

Preamble and Resolutions were unanimously adopted.

Whereas, It has pleased the Supreme Ruler of The Universe, in the dispensation of His Grace and Providence, to remove the spirit of our brother THOMAS L. JENNINGS, at the time of his demise President of this Society,—therefore

Resolved, That while we humbly acquiesce in the affliction, we nevertheless deplore the loss that we and society at large have sustained.

Resolved, That in the death of THOMAS L. JENNINGS, this Society mourns the departure of a worthy and efficient officer, an active member in every department of duty—devoted and self-sacrificing.

Resolved, That in these tokens of remembrance, we express not only the loss we feel, but the community at large feel deprived of the services of a public spirited citizen—a man of the highest moral and christian worth, laboring for a long series of years to maintain the cause of Freedom, Justice and Equality of Rights, but now gone to reap the reward of his labors.

Resolved, That we sincerely condole with the family of the deceased in their bereavement. As a husband and father he fulfilled every duty, was kind and affectionate, ever sustaining an unblemished character.

Resolved, That the desk in the Society's hall, be covered with black for the period of six months, and that the members wear the Society's badge at the meetings, covered with crape, for the same length of time.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be transcribed by the Secretary and sent to the family of the deceased.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be furnished to the Anglo-African Magazine for publication.

PETER VOGELSANG,
Attest. President, Pro. tem
JOHN J. ZUILLE,
Secretary.

T H E

Anglo - African Magazine.

VOL. I.

MAY, 1859.

NO. 5.

Blake: or, the Huts of America.

A TALE OF THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY, THE SOUTHERN UNITED STATES, AND CUBA.

BY M. R. DELANY.

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CHAPTER XIII.

PERPLEXITY.

Early on Monday morning Colonel Franks arose to start for Woodville and Jackson, in search of the fugitive.

'My dear, is Ailcey up? Please call Tony,' said Mrs. Franks, the boy soon appearing before his mistress. 'Tony, call Ailcey,' continued she; 'your master is up and going to the country.'

'Missus Ailcey ain' dah!' replied the boy, returning in haste from the nursery.

'Certainly she is; did you go into the nursery?'

'Yes um!'

'Are the children there?'

'Yes um boph on 'em.'

'Then she can't be far—she'll be in presently.'

'Missus, she ain' come yit,' repeated the boy after a short absence.

'Did you look in the nursery again?'

'Yes um!'

'Are the children still in bed?'

'Yes um, boph sleep, only maus George awake.'

'You mean one asleep and the other awake!' said Mrs. Franks smiling.

'Yes um boph wake!' replied the boy.

'Did'nt you tell me Tony that your master George only was awake?' asked the mistress.

'Miss Matha sleep fus, den she wake up and talk to maus George,' explained the boy, his master laughing, declared that a negro's skull was too thick to comprehend anything.

'Don't mistake yourself Colonel!' replied Mrs. Franks; 'that boy is anything but a blockhead, mind that!'

'My dear, can't you see something about that girl?' said the Colonel.

'Run quickly Tony, and see if Ailcey is in the hut,' bade Mrs. Franks.

'Dear me!' continued she; 'since the missing of little Joe, she's all gossip, and we need'nt expect much off her until the thing has died away.'

'She'll not gossip after to-day, my dear!' replied the Colonel decisively; 'as I'm determined to put her in my pocket in time, before she is decoyed away by that ungrateful wretch, who is doubtless ready for anything, however vile, for revenge.'

Ailcey was a handsome black girl, graceful and intelligent, but having been raised on the place, had not the opportunity of a house maid for refinement. The Colonel having had a favorable opinion of her as a servant, frequently requested that she be taken from the field, long before it had been done. This had not the most favorable impression upon the mind of his lady, who since the morning of the interview, the day before, had completely turned against the girl.

Mrs. Franks was an amiable lady and lenient mistress, but did a slave offend, she might be expected to act as a mistress; and still more, she was a woman; but concerning Ailcey she was mistaken, as a better and more pure hearted female slave, there was not to be found; and as true to her mistress and her honor, as was Maggie herself.

'Missus, she ain't dare nudder! aun' Judy ain seed 'er from las' night!' said the boy who came running up the stairs.

'Then call Charles immediately!' ordered she; when away went he and shortly came Charles.

'Servant mist'ess!' saluted Charles, as he entered her presence.

'Charles, do you know anything of Ailcey?' enquired she.

'No mist'ess I don't.'

'When did you see her last?'

'Last night ma'm.'

'Was she in company with any one?'

'Yes ma'm, Potter's Rachel.'

'What time in the evening was it Charles?'

'After seven o'clock ma'm.'

'O, she was home after that and went to bed in the nursery, where she has been sleeping for several nights.'

'My dear, this thing must be probed to the bottom at once! things are taking such a strange course, that we don't know whom to trust. I'll be hanged if I understand it!' The carriage being ordered, they went directly down to 'squire Potter's.

'Good morning Mrs. Potter!—you will pardon us for the intrusion at so early an hour, but as the errand may concern us all, I'll not stop to be ceremonious—do I find the 'squire in?'

The answer being in the affirmative, a servant being in attendance, the old gentleman soon made his appearance.

'Good morning Colonel and Madam Franks!' saluted he.

'Good morning 'squire! I sha'nt be ceremonious, and to give you a history of my errand, and to make a short story of a long one, we'll 'make a lump job of it,' to use a homely phrase.'

'I know the 'squire will be interested!' added Mrs. Franks.

No doubt of it at all ma'm!" replied Mrs. Potter who seemed to anticipate then.

'It is this:' resumed the Colonel. 'On Friday I gave my boy Henry verbal permission to go to the country, when he pretended to leave. On Saturday evening during the negro-gathering at the old quarters, my little negro boy Joe was stolen away, and on last evening, our negro girl Ailcey the nurse, cleared out, and it seems was last seen in company with your negro girl Rachel.'

'Titus, call Rachel there! No doubt but white men are at the bottom of it,' said Potter.

'Missus, heah I is!' drawled the girl awkwardly, with a courtsey.

'Speak to your master there; he wants you,' ordered Mrs. Potter.

'Mausta!' saluted the girl.

'Rachel my girl, I want you to tell me, were you with Colonel Frank's black girl Ailcey on last evening?'

'Yes seh, I wah.'

'Where Rachel?' continued the master.

'Heah seh, at ouah house.'

'Where did you go to?'

'We go down to docteh Denny.'

'What for—what took you down to Dr. Denny's, Rachel?'

'Went 'long wid Ailcey.'

'What did Ailcey go there for—do you know?'

'Went dah to see Craig' Polly.'

'Craig's Polly, which of Mr. Craig's negro girls is that?'

'Dat un w'ot mos' white.'

'Well, was Polly there?'

'She waun dah w'en we go, but she soon come.'

'Why did you go to Dr. Denny's to meet Polly?'

'Ailcey say Polly go'n to meet uh dah.'

'Well, did they leave there when you did?'

'Yes seh.'

'Where did you go to then?'

'I come home, seh.'

'Where did they go?'

'Da say da go'n down undah da Hill.'

'Who else was with them besides you?'

'No un seh.'

'Was there no man with them, when they left for under the Hill?'

'No seh.'

'Did you see no man about at all Rachel?'

'No seh.'

'Now don't be afraid to tell: was there no white person at all spoke to you when together last night?'

'None but some white gent'men come up an' want walk wid us, same like da al'as do we black girls w'en we go out.'

'Did the girls seem to be acquainted and glad to see them?'

'No seh, the girls *run*, and da gent'men *cus*—.'

'Never mind that Rachel, you can go now,' concluded her master.

'Well 'squire, hanged if this thing mus'n't be stopped! Four slaves in less than that many days gone from under our very eyes, and we unable to detect them! It's insufferable! and I believe whites to be at the head of it. I have my suspicions on a party who stands high in the community, and—'

'Now Colonel, if you please!' interrupted Mrs. Franks.

'Well, I suppose we'll have for the present, to pass that by,' replied he,

'Indeed, something really should be done!' said the 'squire.

'Yes, and that quickly, if we would keep our negroes to prevent us from starving.'

'I think the thing should at once be seen into: what say you Colonel?'

'As I have several miles to ride this morning,' said Franks, looking at his watch; it now being past nine o'clock, 'I must leave so as to be back in the evening. Any steps that may be taken before my return, you have the free use of my name. Good morning!'

A few minutes and the Colonel was at his own door, astride of a horse, and on his way to Woodville.

CHAPTER XIV.

GAD AND GOSSIP.

This day the hut of mammy Judy seemed to be the licensed resort for all the slaves of the town; and even many whites were seen occasionally to drop in and out, as they passed along. Every one knew the residence of Colonel Franks, and many of the dusky inhabitants of the place, were solely indebted to the purse proud occupants of the 'great house,' for their introduction to that part of Mississippi.

For years he and major Armsted were the only reliable traders upon whom could be depended for a choice gang of field negroes and other marketable people. And not only this section, but the whole Mississippi Valley to some extent, was to them indebted. First as young men the Agents of Woolford, in maturer age their names became as household words and known as the great proprietary Mississippi or 'Georgia Negro Traders.'

Domestic service seemed for the time suspended, and little required at home to do, as the day was spent as a kind of gala-day, in going about from place to place talking of every thing.

Among the foremost of these was mammy Judy, for although she partially did, and was expected to stay and be at home to-day, and act as an oracle, yet she merely stole a little time to run over to Mrs. Van Winter's, step in at 'squire Potter's to speak a word to Milly, drop by Dr. Denny's, and just poke in her head at Craig's a moment.

'Ah been tellin' on 'em so! All along ah been tellin' on 'em, but da uden bleve me!' soliloquized mammy Judy, when the first dash of news through the boy Tony reached her, that Ailcey had gone and taken with her some of 'squire Potter's people, several of Dr. Denny's, a gang of Craig's and half of Van Winter's. 'Dat jis wat ah been tellin' on 'em all along, but da uden bleve me!' concluded she.

'Yeah heah de news!' exclaimed Potter's Minney to Van Winter's Biddy.

'I heah dat Ailcey gone!' replied Biddy.

'Dat all; no mo?' enquired the girl with a high turban of Madras on her head.

'I heahn little Joe go too!'

'Didn yeh heah dot Denny' Sookey, an' Craig' Polly, took a whole heap uh Pottel' people an' clah'd out wid two po' white mens, an' dat da all seen comin' out Van Winteh de old ablish'neh, soon in de monin' fo' day?'

'No!' replied the good natured simple hearted Biddy, 'I did'n!'

'Yessho's yeh baun dat true, case uhly dis mornin Cunel Frank' an' lady come see mausta—and yeh know 'e squiah an' make de law—an' mauster ghin 'em papehs, an' da go arter de Judge to put heh in jail!'

'Take who to jail?'

'Wy dat ole ablishneh, Miss Van Winteh! Ah wish da all dead dese ole ablishnelis, case da steal us an' sell us down sough to haud maustas, w'en we got good places. Any how she go'n to jail, an' I's glad!'

Looking seriously at her, Biddy gave a long sigh, saying nothing to commit herself, but going home, com-

municated directly to her mistress that which she heard, as Mrs. Van Winter was by all regarded as a friend to the negro race, and at that time the subject of strong suspicion among the slave holders of the neighborhood.

Eager to gad and gossip, from place to place the girl Winney passed about relating the same to each and all with whom she chanced to converse, they imparting to others the same strange story, until reaching the ears of intelligent whites who had heard no other version, it spread through the city as a statements of facts.

Learning as many did by sending to the house, that the Colonel that day had gone in search of his slaves, the statement was confirmed as having come from Mrs. Franks, who was known to be a firm friend of Mrs Van Winter.

'Upon my word!' said Captain Grason on meeting Sheriff Hughes; 'Sheriff, things are coming to a pretty pass!'

'What's that Captain?' enquired the Sheriff.

'Have you not heard the news yet, concerning the negroes?'

'Why no! I've been away to Vicksburg the last ten days, and just getting back.'

'O, Heavens! we're no longer safe in our own houses. Why sir, we're about being overwhelmed by an infamous class of persons who live in our midst, and eat at our tables!'

'You surprise me Captain! what's the matter?'

'Sir, it would take a week to relate the particulars, but our slaves are running off by wholesale. On Sunday night a parcel of Colonel Frank's negroes left, a lot of Dr. Denny's, some of 'squire Potter's, and a gang of Craig's, aided by white men, whom together with the negroes were seen before day in the morning coming out of the widow Van Winters, who was afterwards arrested, and since taken before the judge on a writ of *habeas corpus*, but the circumstances against

her being so strong she was remanded for trial, which so far strengthens the accusation. I know not where this thing will end!

'Surprising indeed sir!' replied Hughes; 'I had not heard of it before but shall immediately repair to her house, and learn all the facts in the case. I am well acquainted with Mrs. Van Winter—in fact she is a relation of my wife—and must hasten. Good day sir!'

On ringing the bell, a quick step brought a person to the door, when on being opened, the Sheriff found himself in the warm embraces of the kind hearted and affectionate Mrs. Van Winter herself.

After the usual civilities, she was the first to introduce the subject, informing him of their loss by their mutual friends Colonel Franks and lady, with others, and no surprise was greater than that, on hearing the story current concerning herself.

Mammy Judy was as busy as she well could be, in hearing and telling news among the slaves who continually came and went through the day. So overwhelmed with excitement was she, that she had little else to say in making a period, than

'All a long ah been tellin' on yeh so, but yeh uden bleve me!'

Among the many who thronged the hut was Potter's Milly. She in person is black, stout and fat, bearing a striking resemblance to the matronly old occupant mammy Judy. For two hours or more letting a number come in, gossip and pass out, only to be immediately succeeded by another; who like the old country woman who for the first time in visiting London all day stood upon the sidewalk of the principal thoroughfare waiting till the crowd of people and cavalcade of vehicles passed, before she made the attempt to cross the street; she sat waiting till a moment would occur by which in private to impart a secret to her friend alone. That moment did at last arrive.

'Judy!' said the old woman in a whisper; 'ah been waitin' all day long to see yeh fah sumpen' ticlar!'

'W'at dat Milly?' whispered mammy Judy scarcely above her breath.

'I's gwine too!' and she hurried away to prepare supper for the white folks, before they missed her, though she had been absent full two hours and a half, another thirty minutes being required for the fat old woman to reach the house.

'Heah dat now!' whispered mammy Judy; 'ah tole yeh so!'

'Well my dear, not a word of that graceless dog, the little negro, nor that girl,' said Franks who had just returned from the country; 'but I am fully compensated for the disappointment, on learning of the arrest and imprisonment of that—!'

'Who Colonel?' interrupted his wife.

'I hope after this you'll be willing to set some estimation on my judgement—I mean your friend Mrs. Van Winter the abolitionist!'

'I beg your pardon Colonel, as nothing is farther from the truth! From whom did you receive that intelligence?'

'I met Captain Grason on his way to Woodville, who informed me that it was current in town, and you had corroborated the statement. Did you see him?'

'Nothing of the kind sir, and it has not been more than half an hour since Mrs. Van Winter left here, who heartily sympathizes with us, though she has her strange notions that black people have as much right to freedom as white.'

'Well my dear, we'll drop the subject!' concluded the Colonel with much apparent disappointment.

The leading gentlemen of the town and neighborhood assembled inaugurating the strictest vigilant police regulations, when after free and frequent potations of brandy and water, of which there was no scarcity about the Colonel's mansion, the company separated, being much higher spirited, if

not better satisfied, than when they met in council.

This evening Charles and Andy met each other in the street, but in consequence of the strict injunction on the slaves by the patrol law recently instituted, they only made signs as they passed, intending to meet at a designated point. But the patrol reconnoitred so closely in their track, they were driven entirely from their purpose, retiring to their homes for the night.

CHAPTER XV.

INTERCHANGE OF OPINION.

The landing of a steamer on her downward trip, brought Judge Ballard and Major Armsted to Natchez. The Judge had come to examine the country, purchase a cotton farm, and complete the arrangements of an interest in the 'Merchantman.' Already the proprietor of a large estate in Cuba, he was desirous of possessing a Mississippi cotton place. Disappointed by the absence of his wife abroad, he was satisfied to know that her object was accomplished.

Major Armsted was a man of ripe intelligence, acquired by years of rigid experience and close observation, rather than literary culture; though his educational attainments as a business man, were quite respectable. He for years had been the partner in business with Colonel Stephen Franks. In Baltimore, Washington City, Annapolis, Richmond, Norfolk, Charlestown, and Winchester, Va., a prison or receptacle for Coflle Gangs of Slaves purchased and sold in the market, comprised their principal places of business in the slave growing states of the Union.

The major was a great jester, full of humor, and fond of a good joke, ever ready to give and take such even from a slave. A great common sense man, by strict attention to men and things, and general observation, had

become a philosopher among his fellows.

'Quite happy to meet you Judge, in these parts!' greeted Franks; 'wonder you could find your way so far south, especially at such a period, these being election times!'

'Don't matter a bit, as he's not up for anything I believe just now, except for negro trading! and in that he is quite a proselyte, and heretic to the teachings of his northern faith!' jocosely remarked Armsted.

'Don't mistake me gentlemen, because it was the incident of my life to be born in a non-slaveholding state. I'm certain that I am not at all understood as I should be on this question!' earnestly replied the Judge.

'The North has rather given you a bad name Judge, and it's difficult to separate yourself now from it, holding the position that you do, as one of her ablest jurists,' said Armsted.

'Well gentlemen!' seriously replied the Judge; 'as regards my opinion of negro slavery, the circumstances which brought me here, my large interest and responsibility in the slave-labor products of Cuba, should be I think sufficient evidence of my fidelity to southern principles, to say nothing of my official records, which modesty should forbid my reference to.'

'Certainly, certainly, Judge! The Colonel is at fault. He has lost sight of the fact that you it was, who seized the first runaway negro by the throat and held him by the compromise grasp, until we southern gentlemen sent for him and had him brought back!'

'Good, good, by hookie!' replied the Colonel rubbing his hands together.

'I hope I'm understood gentlemen!' seriously remarked the Judge.

'I think so Judge, I think so!' replied Armsted, evidently designing a full commitment on the part of the Judge; 'and if not, a little explanation will set us right.'

'It is true that I have not before been engaged in the slave trade, because until recently I had conscientious scruples about the thing—and I

suppose I'm allowed the right of conscience as well as other folks'—smilingly said the Judge; 'never having purchased but for peopling my own plantation. But a little sober reflection set me right on that point. It is plain that the right to buy implies the right to hold, also to sell; and if there be right in the one, there is in the other; the premise being right the conclusion follows as a matter of course. I have therefore determined, not only to buy and hold, but buy and sell also. As I have heretofore been interested *for* the trade I will become interested *in* it.'

'Capital, capital, by George!—that's conclusive. Charles! a pitcher of cool water here; Judge, take another glass of brandy.'

'Good, very good!' said Armsted; 'so far, but there is such a thing as feeding out of two cribs—present company you know, and so—ahem!—therefore we should like to hear the Judge's opinion of equality, what it means anyhow. I'm anxious to learn some of the doctrines of human rights, not knowing how soon I may be called upon to practice them, as I may yet marry some little Yankee girl, full of her Puritan notions. And I'm told an old bachelor 'cant come it' up that way, except he has a 'pocket full of rocks,' and can talk philanthropy like old Wilberforce.'

'Here gentlemen, I beg to make an episode, before replying to major Armsted,' suggested the Judge. 'His jest concerning the Yankee girl, reminds me—and I hope is may not be amiss in saying so—that my lady is the daughter of a clergyman, brought up amidst the sand of New England, and I think I'll not have to go from the present company, to prove her a good slaveholder. So the major may see that we northerners are not all alike.'

'How about the Compromise measures Judge? Stand up to the thing all through, and no flinching.'

'My opinion sir, is a matter of record, being the first judge, before

whom a case was tested, which resulted in favor of the South. And I go farther than this; I hold as a just construction of the law, that not only has the slaveholder a right to reclaim his slave when and wherever found, but by its provision every free black in the Country north and south, are liable to enslavement by any white person. They are freemen by sufferance or slaves at large, whom any white person may claim at discretion. It was a just decision of the Supreme Court—though I was in advance of it by action—that persons of African descent have no rights that white men are bound to respect!'

'Judge Ballard, with this explanation, I am satisfied; indeed as a southern man I would say, that you've conceded all that I could ask, and more than we expected. But this is a legal disquisition; what is your private opinion respecting the justice of the measures?'

'I think them right sir, according to our system of government.'

'But how will you get away from your representative system Judge? In this your blacks are either voters, or reckoned among the inhabitants.'

'Very well sir, they stand in the same relation as your negroes. In some of the states they are permitted to vote, but can't be voted for, and this leaves them without any political rights at all. Suffrage sir, is one thing, franchise another; the one a mere privilege—a thing permitted—the other a right inherent, that which is inviolable—cannot be interfered with. And my good sir, enumeration is a national measure, for which we are not sectionally responsible.'

'Well Judge, I'm compelled to admit that you are a very good southerner, upon the whole, you are severe upon the negroes; you seem to allow them no chance.'

'I like negroes well enough in their place!'

'How can you reconcile yourself to the state of things in Cuba, where the

blacks enter largely into the social system ?

'I don't like it at all, and never could become reconciled to the state of things there. I consider that Colony as it now stands, a moral pestilence, a blighting curse, and it is useless to endeavour to disguise the fact: Cuba must cease to be a Spanish Colony, and become American Territory. Those mongrel Creoles are incapable of self-government, and should be compelled to submit to the United States.'

'Well Judge admit the latter part of that, as I rather guess we are all of the same way of thinking—how do you manage to get on with society when you are there ?

'I cannot for a moment tolerate it ! One of the hateful customs of the place is, that you must exchange civilities with whomsoever solicits it, consequently, the most stupid and ugly negro you meet in the street, may ask for a 'light' from your cigar.'

'I know it, and I invariably comply with the request. How do you act in such cases ?

'I invariably comply, but as invariably throw away my cigar ! If this were all, it would not be so bad, but then the idea of meeting negroes and mulattoes at the Levees of the Captain General is intolerable ! It will never do to permit this state of things so near our own shores.'

'Why throw away the cigar, Judge ? What objection could there be to it, because a negro took a light from it ?

'Because they are certain to take hold of it with their black fingers !

'Just as I've always heard Judge Ballard. You northerners are a great deal more fastidious about negroes than we of the south, and you'll pardon me if I add, 'more nice than wise,' to use a homily. Did ever it occur to you that black fingers made that cigar, before it entered your white lips !—all tobacco preparations being worked by negro hands in Cuba—and very frequently in closing up the wrapper, they draw it through their lips to give it tenacity.'

'The deuce ! Is that a fact major !'

'Does that surprise you Judge ? I'm sure the victuals you eat is cooked by black hands, the bread kneaded and made by black hands, and the sugar and molasses you use, all pass through black hands, or rather the hands of negroes pass through them, at least you could not refrain from thinking so, had you seen them as I have frequently, with arms full length immersed in molasses.'

'Well major, truly there are some things we are obliged to swallow, and I suppose these are among them.'

'Though a Judge, your honor, you perceive that there are some things you have not learned.'

'True major, true ; and I like the negro well enough in his place, but there is a disposition peculiar to the race, to shove themselves into the notice of the whites.'

'Not peculiar to them Judge, but common to mankind. The black man desires association with the white, because the latter is regarded his superior. In the south it is the poor white man with the wealthy, and in Europe the common with the gentlefolks. In the north you have not made these distinctions among the whites, which prevents you from noticing this trait among yourselves.'

'Tell me major, as you seem so well to understand them, why a negro swells so soon into importance ?

'Simply because he's just like you Judge, and I ! It is simply a manifestation of human nature in an humble position, the same as that developed in the breast of a conqueror. Our strictures are not just on this unfortunate race, as we condemn in them, that which we approve in ourselves. Southerner as I am, I can joke with a slave just because he is a man ; some of them indeed, fine warm hearted fellows, and intelligent, as was the Colonel's Henry.'

'I can't swallow that major ! Joking with a negro, is rather too large a dose for me !'

'Let me give you an idea of my feeling about these things : I have on my place two good natured black fellows, full of pranks and jokes—Bob and Jef. Passing along one morning Jef was approaching me, when just as we met and I was about to give him the time of day, he made a sudden halt, placing himself in the attitude of a pugilist, grasping the muscle of his left arm, looking me full in the eyes exclaimed : 'Maus Army, my arm aches for you !' when stepping aside he gave the path for me to pass by.'

'Did you not rebuke him for the impudence ?'

'I laid my hand upon his shoulders as we passed, and gave him a laugh instead. At another time, passing along in company, Bob was righting up a section of fence, when Jef came along. 'How is yeh, Jef?' saluted Bob, without a response. Supposing he had not seen me, I halloed out : 'How are you Jef! but to this, he made no reply. A gentleman in company with me who enjoyed the joke, said : 'Why Jef, you appear to be above speaking to your old friends!' Throwing his head slightly down with a rocking motion in his walk, elongating his mouth after the manner of a sausage—which by the way needed no improvement in that direction—in a tone of importance ; still looking down he exclaimed, 'I totes a meat!' He had indeed, a fine gammon on his shoulder from which that evening, he doubtless intended a good supper with his wife, which made him feel important, just as Judge Ballard feels, when he receives the news that 'sugar is up,' and contemplates large profits from his crop of that season.'

'I'll be plagued, major, if your love of the ludicrous dont induce you to give the freest possible license to your negroes! I wonder they respect you !'

'One thing Judge, I have learned by my intercourse with men, that pleasantry is the life and soul of the social system ; and good treatment begets more labor from the slave than bad.

A smile from the master, is better than cross looks, and one crack of a joke with him, is worth a hundred cracks of the whip. Only confide in him, and let him be satisfied that you respect him as a man, he'll work himself to death to prove his worthiness.'

'After all major, you still hold them as slaves, though you claim for them the common rights of other people!'

'Certainly!' and I would just as readily hold a white as a black in slavery, were it the custom and policy of the country to do so. It is all a matter of self interest with me ; and though I am morally opposed to slavery, yet while the thing exists, I may as well profit by it, as others.'

'Well major,' concluded the Judge ; 'let us drop the subject, and I hope that the free interchange of opinion, will prove no detriment to our future prospects and continued friendship.'

'Not at all sir, not at all!' concluded the major with a smile.

CHAPTER XVI.

SOLICITUDE AND AMUSEMENT.

Mrs. Franks sought the earliest opportunity for an interview with the major, concerning her favorite Maggie. The children now missed her, little Joe continued fretful, and her own troubled soul was pressed with anxiety.

On conversing with the major to her great surprise, she learned that the maid had been sold to a stranger, which intelligence he received from Mrs. Ballard herself, whom he met on the quay as he left Havana. The purchaser was a planter formerly of Louisiana, a bachelor by the name of Peter Labonier. This person resided twelve miles from Havana, the proprietor of a sugar estate.

The apprehensions of Mrs. Franks on learning these facts, were aroused to a point of fearful anxiety. These fears were mitigated by the probable chance, in her favor by a change of owners, as his first day's possession of her, turned him entirely against her.

He would thus most probably part with her, which favored the desires of Mrs. Franks.

She urged upon the Major as a favor to herself, to procure the release of Maggie, by his purchase and enfranchisement with free papers, of unconditional emancipation.

To this major Armsted gave the fullest assurance, at the earliest possible opportunity. The company were to meet at no distant day, when he hoped to execute the orders.

'How did you leave cousin Arabela, Judge?' enquired Mrs. Franks, as he and the Colonel entered the parlor, directly from the back porch where they had been engaged for the last two hours in close conversation.

'Very well Maria! when last heard from, a letter reaching me just before I left by the kindness of our mutual friend the Major. By the way, your girl and she did not get on so well I be—!'

An admonitory look from Franks, arrested the subject before the sentence was completed.

Every reference to the subject was carefully avoided, though the Colonel ventured to declare, that henceforth, towards his servants, instead of leniency, he intended severity. They were becoming every day more and more troublesome, and less reliable. He intended in the language of his friend the Judge, to 'lay upon them a heavy hand' in future.

'I know your sentiments on this point,' he said in reply to an admonition from Armsted; 'and I used to entertain the same views, but experience has taught me better.'

'I shall not argue the point Colonel, but let you have your own way!' replied Armsted.

'Well Judge as you wish to become a southerner, you must first 'see the sights,' as children say, and learn to get used to them. I wish you to ride out with me to Captain Grason's, and you'll see some rare sport; the most amusing thing I ever witnessed,' suggested Franks.

'What is it?' enquired the Major.

'The effect is lost by previous knowledge of the thing,' replied he. 'This will suit you Armsted, as you're fond of negro jokes.'

'Then Colonel let's be off,' urged the Major.

'Off it is!' replied Franks, as he invited the gentlemen to take a seat in the carriage already at the door.

'Halloo, halloo, here you are Colonel! Why major Armsted, old fellow, 'pon my word!' saluted Grason, grasping Armsted by the hand as they entered the porch.

'Judge Ballard! sir,' said Armsted.

'Just in time for dinner gentlemen! Be seated,' invited he holding the Judge by the hand. Welcome to Mississippi sir! What's up gentlemen?

'We've come out to witness some rare sport the Colonel has been telling us about,' replied the major.

'Blamed if I don't think the Colonel will have me advertised as a showman presently! I've got a queer animal here; I'll show him to you after dinner,' rejoined Grason: 'Gentlemen, help yourself to brandy and water.'

Dinner over, the gentlemen walked into the pleasure grounds, in the rear of the mansion.

'Nelse, where is Rube? Call him!' said Grason to a slave lad, brother to the boy he sent for.

Shortly there came forward, a small black boy about eleven years of age, thin visage, projecting upper teeth, rather ghastly consumptive look, and emaciated condition. The child trembled with fear as he approached the group.

'Now gentlemen,' said Grason, 'I'm going to show you a sight!' having in his hand a long whip, the cracking of which he commenced, as a ring master in the circus.

The child gave him a look never to be forgotten; a look beseeching mercy and compassion. But the decree was made, and though humanity quailed in dejected supplication before him, the command was imperative, with no living hand to stay the pending conse-

quences. He must submit to his fate, and pass through the ordeal of training.

'Wat maus gwine do wid me now ? I know wat maus gwine do,' said this miserable child ; 'he gwine make me see sights !' when going down on his hands and feet, he commenced trotting around like an animal.

'Now gentlemen, look !' said Grason ; 'he'll whistle, sing songs, hymns, pray, swear like a trooper, laugh, and cry, all under the same state of feelings.'

With a peculiar swing of the whip, bringing the lash down upon a certain spot on the exposed skin, the whole person being prepared for the purpose, the boy commenced to whistle almost like a thrush ; another cut changed it to a song, another to a hymn, then a piteous prayer, when he gave utterance to oaths which would make a Christian shudder, after which he laughed outright ; then from the fullness of his soul he cried :

'O, maussa, I's sick ! Please stop little !' casting up gobs of hemorrhage.*

* This is a true Mississippi scene.

Franks stood looking on with unmoved muscles. Armsted stood aside whittling a stick ; but when Ballard saw, at every cut the flesh turn open in gashes streaming down with gore, till at last in agony he appealed for mercy, he involuntary found his hand with a grasp on the whip, arresting its further application.

'Not quite a southerner yet Judge, if you can't stand that !' said Franks on seeing him wiping away the tears.

'Gentlemen help yourself to brandy and water. The little negro don't stand it nigh so well as formerly. He used to be a trump !'

'Well Colonel,' said the Judge ; 'as I have to leave for Jackson this evening, I suggest that we return to the city.'

The company now left Grason's, Franks for the enjoyment of home, Ballard and Armsted for Jackson, and the poor boy Reuben from hemorrhage of the lungs, that evening left time for eternity.

A Statistical View**OF THE COLORED POPULATION OF THE UNITED STATES—FROM 1790 TO 1850.**

We next proceed to consider the statistics of the free colored population of the United States, from 1790 to 1850. It is, of course, well known that the increase of this class is, in a portion of the period above named, and in many of the States, due to emancipation.

	MAINE.		N. HAMPSHIRE.		VERMONT.		MASSACHUSETTS.		RHODE ISLAND.		CONNECTICUT.		NEW YORK.		NEW JERSEY.	
	Popu- lation.	Inc. per ct.	Popu- lation.	Inc. per ct.	Popu- lation.	Inc. per ct.	Popu- lation.	Inc. per ct.	Popu- lation.	Inc. per ct.	Popu- lation.	Inc. per ct.	Popu- lation.	Inc. per ct.	Popu- lation.	Inc. per ct.
1790	538		630		255		5,463		3,469		2,701		4,654		2,762	
1800	818	52.04	856	35.87	557	118.43	6,462	18.1	3,304	-4.75	6,330	90.28	10,574	122.9	4,402	59.37
1810	969	18.45	970	13.31	750	34.64	6,737	4.41	3,609	9.23	6,453	21.06	25,333	144.19	7,843	78.16
1820	929	-4.12	786	-18.96	903	20.4	6,740	0.04	3,554	-1.52	7,844	21.55	29,279	15.57	12,460	58.86
1830	1,190	28.09	604	-23.15	881	-2.43	7,038	4.56	3,561	0.19	8,047	2.58	44,870	53.24	18,303	46.89
1840	1,355	13.86	537	-11.09	730	-17.13	8,669	22.99	3,238	-9.07	8,105	0.72	50,027	11.49	21,044	14.97
1850	1,356	0.07	820	-3.16	718	-1.64	9,064	4.55	3,670	13.34	7,693	-5.08	49,069	-1.91	23,810	13.14
	PENNSYLVANIA.		OHIO.		INDIANA.		ILLINOIS.		MICHIGAN.		WISCONSIN.		IOWA.		CALIFORNIA.	
1790	Popu- lation.	Inc. per ct.	Popu- lation.	Inc.	Popu- lation.	Inc.	Popu- lation.	Inc.	Popu- lation.	Inc.	Popu- lation.	Inc.	Popu- lation.	Inc.	Popu- lation.	Inc.
1800	14,561	122.74	337		163		613		120							
1810	22,492	54.46	1,899	463.5	393	141.1	457	-25.44	174	45.						
1820	30,202	34.27	4,723	148.7	1,230	212.97	1,637	258.2	261	50.						
1830	37,930	25.58	9,568	102.58	3,629	195.04	3,598	119.79	707	170.88	185					
1840	47,854	26.16	17,342	81.25	7,165	97.43	5,436	51.08	2,583	265.31	635	243.24	172	93.6	962	
1850	53,626	12.06	25,279	45.76	11,262	57.55							333			
																Only 90 females.

	VIRGINIA.		MARYLAND.		DELAWARE.		N. CAROLINA.		S. CAROLINA.		GEORGIA.		ALABAMA.		FLORIDA.	
	Popu- lation.	Inc. per ct.	Popu- lation.	Inc. per ct.	Popu- lation.	Inc. per ct.	Popu- lation.	Inc. per ct.	Popu- lation.	Inc. per ct.	Popu- lation.	Inc. per ct.	Popu- lation.	Inc. per ct.	Popu- lation.	Inc. per ct.
1790	12,766		8,043		3,899		4,975		1,801		398					
1800	20,124	57.63	19,587	143.62	8,268	112.05	7,043	41.66	3,185	76.84	1,019	156.03				
1810	30,570	51.9	33,927	73.21	13,136	58.87	10,266	45.76	4,554	42.98	1,763	2.1	671			
1820	36,889	20.67	39,720	17.1	12,958	—1.35	14,612	42.33	6,826	49.89	2,486	41.0	1,572	175.3	844	
1830	47,348	28.35	52,938	33.24	15,855	22.35	19,543	33.74	7,921	16.04	2,753	10.74	2,039	29.7	817	3.19
1840	49,852	5.28	62,078	17.26	16,919	6.71	22,732	16.31	8,276	4.48	2,931	6.46	2,265	11.08	932	14.07
1850	54,333	8.98	74,723	20.36	18,073	6.82	27,463	20.81	8,960	8.26						
	MISSISSIPPI.		LOUISIANA.		TENNESSEE.		KENTUCKY.		ARKANSAS.		MISSOURI.		TEXAS.		DIST. OF COL.	
	Popu- lation.	Inc. per ct.	Popu- lation.	Inc. per ct.	Popu- lation.	Inc. per ct.	Popu- lation.	Inc. per ct.	Popu- lation.	Inc. per ct.	Popu- lation.	Inc. per ct.	Popu- lation.	Inc. per ct.	Popu- lation.	Inc. per ct.
1790	182				309	—14.44	114									
1800	240	31.86	7,585		1,317	326.21	741	550.	59		607				783	
1810	438	90.83	10,476	38.11	2,727	107.06	2,759	61.06	141	138.98	317	—42.23			2,549	225.64
1820	519	13.31	16,710	59.5	4,555	67.03	4,917	78.21	465	229.78	569	63.97			4,048	58.8
1830	1,366	163.19	25,502	52.61	5,324	21.27	7,317	48.81	465	229.78	1,674	167.62			6,152	51.97
1840	930	—31.91	17,462	—31.52	6,422	16.25	10,011	36.81	608	30.75	2,618	66.32	397		8,361	35.9
1850															10,059	20.3

The following statement, drawn from the last table, is of great significance.

	1840.	1850.	Increase per cent
Free colored of slave states,	215,675	238,187	10.00
Free colored of free states,	170,728	196,308	15.01
Whole free colored population,	386,303	434,495	12.47

It would seem clear, that the increase of the free colored in the free states is nearly five per cent. greater than the increase of the free colored in the Slave States.

The cause of this cannot be emigration from the slave to the free states, because the colored population of Maryland, from which there has been most migration to the North and to Liberia, has actually increased beyond the average of even the Northern States, to wit 20.36 per cent. from 1840 to 1850, while the neighboring state of Virginia, the breeding state, *par excellence*, only gives 8.98 per cent. increase to her colored population.

If we further assume that there is no known reason why colored people free, should not procreate as rapidly as colored people enslaved, in the same soil and climate, this five per cent. deficiency would increase to twenty per cent. deficiency.

But adhering to the facts presented by the figures themselves, and assuming that free colored people at the South are as prolific as free colored people at the North, what has become of the five per cent. of free colored population at the South, between 1840 and 1850, amounting to 10,306 persons? We fear that most of them have been reduced back to slavery.

If this be denied then another proposition must be admitted in regard to free colored which we have shown to be true of enslaved colored, to wit, that the colder climate of the North, with free institutions, is more congenial to the increase of the black man than the warmer climate of the South with their depressing influences.

But, it will be triumphantly asked, what becomes of the very small increase, and occasional decrease of the free colored population of New England, and of New York 1840 to 1850?

And also, if the slaves increase 30 per cent. while the free colored increase only 15 per cent., is not the condition of the former most favorable, or, indeed that meted out by Divine Providence for the black man?

1st. In regard to New England, the entire colored population is only 23,021 scattered over six states. In New Hampshire and Vermont, with a joint population of 1,238 colored persons, the decrease has been most dwelt upon. This whole number in New England 23,021, is too small and too scattered to be the subject of any reliable statistical conclusions, and especially does the small number dwelling in the states named lie open to this objection. It would be easy to offset the 265.34 per cent. increase in Michigan, and 243.24 per cent. increase in Wisconsin, of their respective colored population, in all amounting to 3,218 against the decrease of New Hampshire, Connecticut and Vermont; but the number itself is too small for the basis of an argument. Besides the free colored people of New England, as farmers, have largely migrated west, or as seamen and Yankees have found or founded families in foreign ports.

The ablest of modern statista, M. Quetelet,* considers one million of souls the smallest number on which to build reliable statistics of the reproductive power of any population. Hence not only New England, as stated, or New York, but even the whole North has too small a free colored population to found reliable statistics of increase of population upon.

The diminution of 1.91 per cent. of the colored population of the state of New York in 1840—50 is from an error in the census taken. And this error was largest in the City of New York.

Colored Population of City of New York:

Census 1840	16,358
do do 1850	13,815
Decrease	2,543

If we estimate the colored population of the City at both periods, we have population of State in 1840	33,669
do do 1850	35,254
Increase	1,585

Which is equal to 4.71 per cent. or .62 per cent. greater than the increase of the whites in Vermont from 1830 to 1840.

The State Census of City of New York taken in 1845, gave only 11,831 colored popula-

* On Man, Edinburg Edition, p. 50.

tion. I showed at that time,* that there had been only 2,445 deaths since 1840. and no marked emigration, and hence supposing there had not been a single birth, the population should then have been 13,913, or 2,032 more than the census. I also evidenced cases where the census takers actually neglected to count more than one out of four colored families in the same house.

But the next, perhaps the main question to be answered, is, how is it possible that the slaves can increase at the rate of 30 per cent., while the free colored in the Free States increase only 15 per cent. unless the slaves are better conditioned than the free.

1st. It must be remembered that the increase of the slave population, is, to a large extent, the increase in part of the whites who live in the Slave States, and beget children by slave mothers; in this semi barbarous state of society all females, as soon as they arrive at the child-bearing age, are rendered productive by the lust, or interest of their owners.

2nd. This very excessive increase in the number of the slaves, is the severest proof of their most abnormal condition; for statistics show that beyond a certain per cent., the increase is a measure of depressed condition. The following table partly from Quetelet would show that 16 per cent. in ten years is about the measure of the best physical condition yet known upon the earth.

Countries.	Increase Annual per cent.	Increase Decennial per cent.
Ireland	2.45	24.5
Hungary	2.4	24.
Spain	1.66	16.6
England	1.65	16.5
Slaves of the U. S. of Am.	3.00	30.0
Free Col'd of Free States	1.50	15.0
Free Col'd of Slave States	1.0	10.0

It will be seen that the most degraded and depressed of European populations, the Irish and Hungarians (the latter refers at the date of the table) increased the most rapidly; but neither of them increased so rapidly, and therefore neither could have been in a condition so depressed as the slaves of our Slave States. If the matter could be expressed in

figures, the slaves are 20 per cent. worse off than the Irish. Events have transpired since Quetelet wrote, to show that the increase of the Irish, excessive in itself, and the consequence of their depressed condition, met with a sudden check, and actual decrease from 1841 to 1845, which was the necessary result of the very feeble materials of which this excessive increase was made up.

In like manner, and from the same causes, our slave population, may meet a check in its increase; the diminished increase between 1820 and 40, amounting to 7 per cent. was doubtless an indication that way.

It is plain why an excessive increase marks a weakened population. The real measure of the strength of a people, is the proportion of them who actually can contribute to the general welfare. A nation of infants would perish from inherent feebleness; and a nation which most nearly approaches infancy, that is, which has fewest adults, is of course relatively feeble than another nation with double the population of adults. Taking the age of 15 years as the dividing line between infancy and adult age, Quetelet constructed the following table.

	G't Brit'n.	Irel'd	Eng.	Belgium.	U. States.
	1821.	1821.	1821.	1821.	1830.
Below 15 years,	4241	4118	3891	3332	4498
Above 15 years,	5758.5	5895.5	6105.8	6668	5566.2
Ratio as 1 is to	1.26	1.43	1.57	2.00	1.22

By a similar calculation, I find the following results in our census of 1850.

	White.	Free colored.	Slaves.
Below 15 years of age.	8,002,815	171,181	1,455,774
Above 15 years of age,	11,659,263	263,314	1,748,539
Ratio as one to	1.44	1.54	1.20

Here we have a strong confirmation of the preceding table, for the slave population, with the most excessive increase, is again by far most numerous under 15, (infancy) and therefore most feeble; the whites are next stronger, and the free colored, in physical condition are actually highest of the three classes, if there be any truth in figures.

Notwithstanding all that has been done, to write down the free colored people, then, in the way of statistics, they do occupy the most normal, and therefore the most permanent position of any portion of the American people; so far from the race dying out, they bid fair to outlive all the others. And this superiority in their position physically, is the secret of

* N. Y. Tribune, Nov. 30, 1845.

their ability to withstand the oppressions every where heaped upon them. They have endured the shock of American hate, and the deadlier collision of the Irish emigration, and now stand superior to both; for the reason, that though few in number they are rightly and justly put together, and present in their Statistical make up, irrefragable proof of their unity with the race which has done and is doing so much to isolate them.

Another proof is contained in these figures, of the costliness of Slavery. Had the slaves been free, and in the same number as at present, instead of 1,748,539 above 15, there would be 1,941,887, that is to say 193,348 more adults; estimating them at \$600 each, their additional money value to the South would be \$116,008,800.

Slaves set free, in the British West Indies, by the Census taken in 1844, increased at the enormous rate of 34 per cent. in ten years ending at that date (N. Y. Herald, Nov. 13th, 1845). Emancipation ended in an expansion of population, the most enormous on record, for they were not increased by immigration.

Taking into consideration, the increase of the Slave population in the Southern States, it would seem that the cessation of the Slave

Trade was in fact a matter of self preservation on the part of the whites at the South. Had the Slave Trade continued until 1850, increasing with the increased facilities of transportation, the slave population would now exceed seven millions, and there is no earthly power nor forecast that could have prevented that trial of strength between the bondman and his oppressor which the aspect of to-day seems to hold up as the only solution to the slave problem. And even now, should the South and its abettors be fool hardy enough to renew the slave trade for the peopling of new slave territory, the heart of 'our people' should beat high, for the day of our deliverance is at hand.

NOTE. The remainder of this paper will be devoted to the special statistics of the free colored population in the various states; their employment, their real and personal estate. Any facts on this subject which may be in possession of the readers of our Magazine, will be thankfully received by the publisher, and fully acknowledged in the paper when published. Such may be mailed to address of Publisher, Thomas Hamilton, 48 Beekman St., New York City.

(To be continued.)

Citizenship.

BY JAMES M' CUNE SMITH.

Two circumstances are remarkable in the discussions which have stirred the public mind in regard to the Dred Scott decision. One is, that the statement by Judge Taney, of what he believes to have been a prevalent opinion seventy odd years ago, has been tortured into the authority of a *dictum*, if not a decision of the present Supreme Court of the United States. This statement is, that '*negroes had no rights which white men were bound to respect.*' It is hardly necessary to say that Judge Taney did

not utter this sentence as his own opinion, much less the opinion of the Supreme Court, still less as the *decision* of the Supreme Court. Had the court held such an opinion, they would have dismissed the case of Dred Scott, not for the reason which the Court gave, to wit; '*because he was a slave in the state of Missouri, according to the laws thereof, and therefore not a citizen of the United States within the meaning of the Constitution*'—no! they would have dismissed the case summarily,

because Dred Scott was a 'negro who had no rights which white men were bound to respect.'

The easy rapidity with which this atrocious sentiment passed from tongue to tongue, and the sudden possession which it took of the public mind, create any but hopeful feeling in regard to public virtue or integrity. The anaesthesia which suffered the black man's rights to be swept away—as the public thought—by the sweep of a pen or the utterance of a sentence, will soon be so profound as to regard with equal indifference the abstraction of white men's rights. Nay, does not the history of Kansas prove that such a state of apathy or indifference has already overtaken the public mind? 'Our goods, but not our principles are for sale' is a splendid apothegm—so long as any principles survive.

The other circumstance alluded to bears a like relation to our actual position in the path of progress; it shows, that if we are fast, active and advancing, we are nevertheless—superficial; more conversant with the small change of minute facts than with the weightier affairs of profound reflection. In the hurry to discuss the far famed opinion of Justice Taney, we have devoted all our time and attention, from Justice Curtis down to our New York Assembly men, to *rebutting* this opinion with facts; the broad principles which underlie the discussion, the high argument which should have stirred anew with refreshing influence the deep slumber of decided opinions on the relation which individuals bear to the state, and the limits of the power of the judiciary to alter such relations, have not yet been, nor are they likely to be, reached—because, forsooth, only negroes are supposed to be concerned. A good deal of sympathy has been poured out with pharisaic air, upon the poor disfranchised negro, while no ken has been sharp enough to discern that the whole body politic has received a wound none the less deep, because unfelt. The public mind, swept and garnished from all living perception of justice and mercy became an easy possession to the seven who constituted the working majority of the Supreme Court.

Leaving to abler hands to discuss the broader bearings of this subject, we propose to examine a single term—*citizenship*—on which, it

will readily be seen the whole question hangs. *What is Citizenship?*

Singularly enough this term is a species, of which language has not yet furnished the generic term; clear proof, notwithstanding our boasted advance in all things, of our imperfect development in the matter of civil government. The relation which the individual bears to the state has no general expression in language. A *subject* expresses the relation of a person to a monarchical form of government; a *citizen* expresses the relation of a person to an elective form of government, that of a city, or a state. A citizen of London, may be a subject of the King of Great Britain. Louis 6th first granted in 1113 certain franchises which made the inhabitants of Noyon citizens; and Henry I. of England by similar grant made the dwellers of London citizens thereof. There is really no difference between citizen and denizen, the latter being the Welsh radical having the force of the latin *civis*.

As the Constitution of the United States does not define the word *citizen*,* the definition must be sought in the exact meaning of the word itself, altogether independently of the Constitution. Herein, after all, lies the great and only safeguard against the corruption or centralization which grow out of a written constitution. Language, and words with their distinct meaning at the time of its adoption are the only record to which we can safely go back as a barrier against new and forced or false interpretations.

Aristotle defines a citizen to be *metochos kriseos kai arches*, 'a partner in the Legislative and judicial power.' The chief characteristics of citizens among the Athenians were good birth, hereditary transmission of privileges, the possession of land and the performance of military service. So precious was the right of citizenship, that it required a vote of 6000 citizens to admit a stranger to the rights of

* The word citizen, as used in the Constitution, did not bear the restricted sense applied to an inhabitant of a city possessing the franchises thereof; it bore the larger sense of the relation of the individual to the state of which that individual is an integral part. Our Declaration of Independence expressed this relation in the words 'All men are created free and equal, and are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.'

citizenship. Among the Spartans, the helots or slaves earned the rank of citizen by purchase, or by military service, more especially in the heavy army ranks. Emancipation at once conferred citizenship on the person emancipated.

The word citizenship, however, of latin derivation, gathers its purport and exact meaning from the Roman Republic; it originated and grew under the Romans. Regarded as the relation which the individual bears to the state, the word citizenship is worthy of a close and attentive study; a broad historical view of the general relation of individual and state is presented by Mr. Mill in his remarkable essay on Liberty as follows:

'The struggle between Liberty and Authority is the most conspicuous feature in the portions of history with which we are early familiar,* particularly that of Greece, Rome and England. But in old times this contest was between subjects, or some classes of subjects, and the government. By liberty was meant protection against the tyranny of political rulers. The rulers were conceived (except in some of the popular governments of Greece) as in necessarily antagonistic position to the people whom they ruled. They consisted of a governing One, or a governing tribe or caste, who derived their authority from inheritance or conquest, who, at all events did not venture, perhaps did not desire, to contest, whatever precautions might be taken against its oppressive exercise. Their power was regarded as necessary, but

* MR. MILL here speaks of British youth. Young America, as instructed in the Ward Schools of the City of New York, and we fear throughout the land, is forced to *cram*, into the *dates* of every sanguinary conflict of the Revolution, the *numbers* slain, and the *event* of the battle; it is pitiful to hear school boys complain of their inability to remember these dates; thus filling the young mind with the *dates* instead of the *principles* of the Revolution, generally a hatred instead of a reverence for that great event. A School History, sound on the principles of liberty which lay at the root, and culminated in the result of the American Revolution, would be entirely too Anti-slavery to command the market. So the South not only buys our goods, but saps the principles of our youth, and gains command of the next generation. WILLIAM GOODELL owes it to the cause to write and print, a 'Constitution of the United States with questions and answers for the use of school.'

also as highly dangerous; as a weapon which they might attempt to use against their subjects, no less than against external enemies. To prevent the weaker members of the community from being preyed upon by innumerable vultures, it was needful that there should be an animal of prey stronger than the rest, commissioned to keep them down. But as the King of vultures would be no less bent upon preying on the flock, than any of the minor harpies, it was indispensable to be in a perpetual attitude of defense against his beak and claws. The aim therefore, of patriots, was to set limits to the power which the ruler should be suffered to exercise over the community; and this limitation was what they meant by liberty. It was attempted in two ways. First, by obtaining a recognition of certain immunities, called political liberty or rights, which it was to be regarded as a breach of duty in the ruler to infringe, and which if he did infringe specific resistance or general rebellion was held to be justifiable. A second, and generally later expedient, was the establishment of constitutional checks; by which the consent of the community, or a body, of some sort, supposed to represent its interests, was made a necessary condition to some of the more important acts of the governing power. To the first of these modes of limitation, the ruling power, in most European countries, was compelled, more or less, to submit. It was not so with the second; and to attain this, or when already in some degree possessed, to attain it more completely became everywhere the principal object of the lovers of liberty. And so long as mankind was content to control one enemy by another, and to be ruled by a master, on condition of being guaranteed more or less efficaciously against his tyranny, they did not carry their aspirations beyond this point.

A time, however, came, in the progress of human affairs, when men ceased to think it a necessity of nature that their governors should be an independent power, opposed in interest to themselves. It appeared to them much better that the various magistrates of the State should be their tenants or delegates, revocable at their pleasure. By degrees this new demand for elective temporary rulers became the prominent object of the popular party, wherever

er any such party existed ; and superseded, to a considerable extent, the previous efforts to limit the power of rulers. That (it might seem) was a resource against rulers whose interests were habitually opposed to those of the people. What was now wanted was, that the rulers should be identified with the people ; that their interest and will should be the interest and will of the nation. The nation did not need to be protected against its own will. Their power was but the nation's own power, concentrated, and in a form convenient for exercise. This mode of thought, or rather perhaps of feeling, was common among the last generation of European liberalism. Those who admit any limit to what a government may do, except in the case of such governments as they think ought not to exist, stand out as brilliant exceptions among the political thinkers of the Continent.' (*Introduction*, pp. 9—11.)

To return to the meaning of the word *Citizen* under Roman law ; the citizen of Rome, at first the actual dweller in that city, was subsequently the individual member of that state, residing in Italy, and finally in the provinces ; certain rights were always reserved to the actual dwellers in Rome, but the term citizen with its essential rights was applied even to foreign towns, *Municipia*.

The Roman Citizen had two classes of rights, the private rights *Ius Quiritium*, and the public rights *Ius Civitatis*. As none of these rights could be exercised by any but Roman citizens, the possession of all or any of them constituted citizenship on the part of the individual holding them. And once a Roman Citizen, the individual could not by any process be deprived of citizenship,* against his own will. If the rights of a citizen were taken from any one either by way of punishment or for any other cause, some fiction always took place. Thus, when citizens were banished, they did not expel them by force, but their goods were confiscated, and themselves were forbidden the use of fire and water, (*iis igne et aqua interdictum est*) which obliged them to repair to some foreign place.

The *Ius Quiritium* or private rights of Roman citizens, were 1. *Jus Libertatis*, the right of liberty ; 2. *Jus Gentilitatis et Familiae*, the right of family ; 3. *Jus Connubii*, the right of

marriage ; 4. *Jus Patrium*, the right of a father ; 5. *Jus Dominii Legitimi*, the right of legal property ; 6. *Jus Testamenti et Haereditatis*, the right of making a will and of succeeding to an inheritance ; 7. *Jus Tutelae*, the right of tutelage or wardship.

Let us take a glance at these private rights of Roman citizens, and make a comparison of them with the rights enjoyed by the blacks of the United States.

1st. *Jus Libertatis*, the 'right of liberty.' This included 'liberty from the power of masters, (*dominorum*) from the severity of magistrates, the cruelty of creditors, and the insolence of more powerful citizens.

The free blacks, in all the free states, and in the slave states (except where prohibited by statute law) have ever enjoyed this right, and their mode of redress, when wronged, in regard to it, are the same as that guaranteed to other citizens.

2nd. *Jus Gentilitatis et Familiae* ; 'the right of family' is especially proscribed in Art. 1, Sec. IX, clause 7, of the Constitution of the United States.

3rd. *Jus Connubii* ; 'the right of marriage.' No Roman citizen was permitted to marry a slave, barbarian, or a foreigner, unless by permission of the people.* '*CONNUBIUM est matrimonium inter cives ; inter servos autem, aut inter civem et peregrinae conditionis hominem — non est Connubium, sed CONTUBERNIUM.*† By the laws of the *Decemviri* intermarriages between the Patricians and Plebeians were prohibited, just as in Massachusetts, intermarriages between whites and blacks were prohibited, but this restriction did not, in Rome, destroy the citizenship of the plebeian, neither could it in Massachusetts, as Judge Taney affirms destroy the citizenship of the negro. This restriction was soon abolished in Rome,‡ as has been done in Massachusetts.

4th. *Jus Patrium* ; 'the right of a father.' Children, under Roman law, were the absolute slaves of their parents, (citizens) who possessed even the power of putting them to death. And the form of setting children free from this rule was very similar to that of emancipating a slave. The father signified,

* Liv. XXXVIII. 36.

† Boeth. in Cic. Top. 4.

‡ Liv. 4, 6.

* Cicero pro Dom. 29, 30, pro Caecina, 33.

before a competent magistrate, with the consent of his son, that he freed him from his power by saying, '*Hunc sui Juris esse patior, meaque manu mitto.*' The same usage obtains in the United States, where the father (whether white or black) is free, and owns the mother of the child. The free blacks have the same parental rights which the common law gives to white citizens.

5th. *JUS DOMINII LEGITIMI*; '*the right of property.*' The right to hold and convey real estate has ever been enjoyed by the free blacks in these United States, except in a few of the slave states where it has been withheld by special statute. In some if not all the states, ALIENS do not enjoy this right, except by special statute.

6th. *JUS TESTAMENTII ET HAEREDITATIS*; '*the right of making a will and of succeeding to an inheritance.*' None but Roman citizens (*sui juris*) could make a will, or be witnesses to a testament, or inherit any thing by testament.* The free blacks throughout the United States enjoy this right except in some of the slave states, where inhibited by statute law, the prohibition in most instances relating to the case only where the testator is white.

7th. *JUS TUTELAE*; '*the right of tutelage or wardship.*' Any father of a family might leave whom he pleased as guardians (*tutores*) to his children.† This right is also enjoyed by the free blacks of the United States, with exceptions similar to those just mentioned.

We will next look at the PUBLIC RIGHTS OF ROMAN CITIZENS. These were *Jus Census, Militiae, Tributorum, Suffragii Honorum, et Sacrorum.*

1st. *JUS CENSUS*; '*the right of census.*' Two magistrates were first created A. U. 312, for taking an account of the number of the people, and the value of their fortunes; (*censui, agendo*) whence they were called *CENSORES*. And this account was taken for the basis of taxes. Other duties pertained to the office, but these only relate to the United States, and therefore come within our present subject. Not only the free blacks, but even the SLAVES of the United States are included among those to whom the Constitution extends the *JUS CENSUS*; for all are enumerated as the basis of Representation,

and, if need be of taxation.* Among the Romans, slaves as well as aliens were excluded from the *JUS CENSUS*.

2. *JUS MILITIAE*; '*the right of serving in the army.*' The Constitution having Art. I, Sec. 8, Clause 16, delegated to Congress the organization and regulation of the army, Congress has restricted the militia and regular army of the United States to free, able-bodied, white citizens; aliens however are enlisted, and have fought most of our battles. In several of the states, however, colored men were enlisted in the war of 1812. In Charleston, South Carolina, there was a company of colored men called the 'Browns,' in which Mr. John Mitchel, late of the city of New York was a subaltern. In Virginia, in 1777, during the Revolution, in an Act for regulating and disciplining the militia, (Statutes at large, Vol. IX, p. 267.) it had been enacted that 'for forming the "citizens" of this commonwealth into a militia'—'all free male persons between the ages of sixteen and sixty'—'shall by the commanding officer of the county in which they reside, be enrolled or formed into companies'—'the free mulattoes in said companies to be employed as drummers, fifiers and pioneers;' and a subsequent provision was made (Same, p. 280) enlisting free negroes for actual service.

3. *JUS TRIBUTORUM*; '*the right to be taxed.*' is of course equally enjoyed by the free blacks in all the States of the Union: it is a mark

* They (the framers of the Constitution) had not then thought that taxation on all the imported goods was to be regarded as a blessing. On the contrary they expected that the expenses of government would be defrayed by direct taxation. Then it became an important question, How shall taxation be appointed among the people? 'Why,' said men of the North, 'according to population; and let every body white and black be enumerated.' 'No,' replied the South, 'for here are our Southern slaves who do not produce as much as your laborers. We ought not to be taxed according to population.' And not only was there a compromise made on this subject, but they were ready to have their representation diminished by two fifths of their slaves, which, was not much thought of at the time, inasmuch as they obtained as a recompense what was esteemed by them as a great boon, namely, the taxation also in proportion to their numbers, omitting two fifths of their slaves. (Memoirs, speeches, and writings of Robert Rantoul, Jr., p. 738)

* *Cic. pro Arch. 5. Dom. 32.*

† *Liv. 1. 34.*

of citizenship which the slave States have showered upon their free blacks with a most liberal hand.

4. *JUS. SUFFRAGII*; '*the right of voting.*' In a majority of the States at the time of the adoption of the Constitution, free blacks exercised the right to vote, and were therefore intitled to that right in a majority of the states, including Virginia and North Carolina.

5. *JUS. HONORUM*; '*the right to hold office,*' although they have held but few public offices, there is no legal reason why a free black may not hold any office in many of the States, none why he may not become President of the United States.

JUS. SACRORUM; '*the right to minister in sacred things.*' This right is enjoyed by the free blacks throughout the United States, under certain restrictions, in the slave States, looking to the possibility of an insurrection from this source.

Such are the rights which were attached to citizenship among the Romans. Such are the rights which constitute citizenship as expressed in the Constitution of the United States, because, in the absence of any definition of the word in that Constitution, the word must bear the meaning which language itself attaches to it under like circumstances, to wit, when it expresses the relation of the individual to the general government. As in Roman polity, the possession of any one of these rights constituted the possessor a citizen of the Republic, so it might be safely argued, that in these United States, the possession of any one of these rights confer citizenship on the possessor. For example, according to Justinian, a man emancipated became free as his emancipator, that is a citizen, immediately. According to Cicero,* when a slave was enrolled in the census (by consent of his master,) he became free, that is a citizen. Hence, when the framers of the Constitution, nearly all of them slaveholders, ordained the enrollment of slaves (if they were slaves, who were mentioned in the three fifths clause) in the census, actually manumitted them and gave them the right of citizenship.

But in regard to the free blacks of the United States, there need be no interposing

inferences. Their right to citizenship is demonstrated as clearly as the meaning of the word itself. Enjoying each one, enjoying all the rights which constitute citizenship, they must be citizens of the United States. Their rights to citizenship of the United States is based upon a firmer foundation than legislative precedents, or judicial decisions, it is based upon the very meaning and definition of term citizen; and in order to impeach that right it will be necessary to blot out from history the annals of lofty Rome, to erase from language the word citizen, and to efface from human polity the relation which the individual bears to the State, in a republic. The free blacks are citizens of the United States, under the Constitution thereof: it is, for us, a most excellent Constitution, 'a better one,' as Frederick Douglas has well said 'than would be framed by a Convention held to-day in the United States.' But whatever evil the framers of to-day might do, they could not deprive free blacks of citizenship. Such deprivation is not in the nature of things. The framers of the Constitution, like they who superintended, or rather witnessed the growth of and ideas of citizenship in Rome, could no more help admitting freed men to citizenship than could the bee with his hexagonal eye lenses, avoid building a hexagonal cell.

Relying upon this basis for our claims to citizenship, we blacks may smile at the Dred Scott decision, and the various rulings of the minions of slaveholders, who hold for the time, the Executive power of the General Government. We can safely bide our time: we must enforce a full acknowledgment of our rights in the free States, and thus obtain a stand point from which we can put in practice the glorious principles, which, whether uttered by Robespierre or Gerrit Smith, point out in living light our path of duty.

'1. Les hommes de tous les pays sont freres, et les differents Peuples s'entraider selon leur pouvoir comme les citoyens du meme Etat.--

2. Celui qui opprime une Nation se declare l'ennemi de toutes.—3. Ceux qui font la guerre a' un Peuple pour arreter les progres la liberti et les droits de l'homme doivent etre poursuivis par tous, non comme des ennemies ordinaires, mais comme des assassins et des brigands rebelles.—4. Les Rois, les Aristocrats, les Ty

*Cjc. Caecin. 34.599.

rans (including slaveholders and their abettors) quets qui'ils socent, sont des esclaves revoltes contre le Souverain de la terre, qui est le *Gouré Annain*, et contre le Legislatteur de l'Univers, qui est la Nature.' (Debates in Con. Hist. de la Rev., France, par M. Cabet. Tome III. p. 461.)

NOTE. Professor Woolsey in the New Englander for August, 1857, in his able review of the Classical quotations in Judge

Daniel's opinion on the Dred Scott case seems hardly clear in one point. The term *ingenuus* not only meant 'the child of freed persons, as the professor states, it was more especially applied to those who having been free born, (*engenuj*) and subsequently reduced to slavery by sale, (from the father) or otherwise, were finally emancipated: an *ingenuus* therefore was a free born emancipated slave, a *libertinus* a slave-born emancipated slave.

The Teacher and his Pupil.

BY WILLIAM J. WILSON.

SCENE. School room, school in session.

Dramatic Personæ:

Teacher. A bachelor rising thirty.

Pupil. A beautiful girl of sixteen.

I see that curling and high arched brow,

"Scold thee?" aye that I will,

Pouting I see thee still,

Thou jade! I know that thou art laughing now!

Silence! hush! nor dare one word to mutter!

If it were e'er so gentle,

(I speak in tone parental,)

Do not thy very softest whisper utter.

I know that startled trembling all a hoax,

Thou pert and saucy thing!

I'll make thy fine ears ring,

I'll pretermitt thy silly, taunting jokes.

"Whip thee?" aye that I will—and whip thee well,

Thy chattering tongue now hold!

There—there—I will no further scold,

How down those lovely cheeks the hot tears fell!

How quickly changed? nay, nay, come hither child

'Tis with kindness I would rule,

Severity's the erring fool,

Who harms the tender or excites the wild.

What? trembling yet and shy? nay, do not fear,

Sure, sure, I'll harm thee not,

My gentlest, thine's a better lot,

So raise those azure eyes with radiant cheer!

Cheer up! then, there now thou canst go. Retain

I pray within thy heart,

Not the unpleasant part,

That's past. The other let remain.

Effects of Emancipation in Jamaica.

BY ROBERT CAMPBELL.

It will be remembered by all who have examined the British Abolition Act that though it nominally instituted immediate freedom, yet at the option of the local governments of the several islands it permitted what is known as the Apprenticeship System.

After alluding to the justice of emancipation and of compensation to the owners, this act declares the expediency of some measure to secure the industry and good conduct of the manumitted slaves for a limited period. To effect this it divided the slaves whose names were at the passage of the act registered, into *predials* and *non-predials*. The first, comprising such as were engaged in agriculture, were to serve their owners as apprentices until 1840; the second, comprising all other slaves over six years of age were to serve until 1838. It was of course provided, that though the people should continue in servitude, yet their condition should be as much as possible ameliorated; and special magistrates were appointed by the British government to enforce the provisions of the law. But many of these men were soon found in open complicity with the planters; others again having a desire to do justice were still inefficient, lacking force of character. The few others able and determined to do justly, were, through the devices of the planters kept in the dark respecting the real condition of their apprentices, who themselves deemed it wise to bear their grievances in silence, since otherwise they but aggravated them.

In Jamaica and some of the other islands this system was adopted.

Nothing could be more shortsighted and conducive to the ruin which has overtaken so great a proportion of the late slaveholding class of Jamaica. Knowing that their power and authority must soon cease, they determined to make the most of it while it lasted, and hence they made the yoke far more galling. The laborers were at a loss to recognize in what their new freedom consisted. They had now to endure wrongs to which they were hitherto strangers, even the law being construed against them.

The wiser portion of the slaveholding community began however to perceive to what consequences the practice of the planters would lead, and with the view of averting them as much as possible, and also of conciliating the dissatisfied laborers, began to discuss the practicability of curtailing the period of apprenticeship.

Finally, measures to this end were adopted, so that on the 1st of August 1838, four years after the passage of the act, the whole slave population of Jamaica was made legally free. But the measure came too late. Reformation could not be effected so suddenly in men inured to the office of slave driving. The majority seemed determined that the freedom of the black man should avail him in his labor no more than his slavery, hence so far from mitigating his condition, new and more grievous burthens were imposed. In short a sort of infatuation seemed to have seized every one, making good the adage that 'he whom the gods would destroy they first make mad.' The peasantry were as much abused as before, and redress was equally wanting. Their wages scarcely enabled

them to live as well as when they were slaves. For houses which they had themselves built, and which they consequently regarded as their own, they were each required to give one day's labor every week, for rent. A result of this was that large families had to pay a most exorbitant rent. Those who dared to complain were driven from their homes, their huts demolished or burnt, and their cocoanut and other fruit trees ruthlessly hewn down. In short, the condition of the unfortunate laborers was indeed worse than that of slaves. They had their friends however, and those friends nobly came forward to aid them. Land was purchased and distributed in lots to those who gave promise eventually to pay their cost. They aided also in erecting suitable dwellings on them. The intention of this was to render the laborers only so far independent of their previous masters as to be able to choose their employers, working always to the best advantage. But it had an effect somewhat different. The laborers soon found that by the cultivation of only a few feet of land, they could procure for themselves and families far more of the comforts of life than is afforded by the 12 or 18 cents per day which the sugar estates were willing to pay for their labor, and hence whenever any of them could raise a few dollars, his first care was to invest it in land. Thus in a short time, the estates began to be denuded of laborers, and what is called the ruin of Jamaica began. But which of you placed in the position of these people would not have done the same?

It is convenient for the proprietors and overseers of West Indian estates to ascribe the reaction of their own folly to the indolence of the negro, and their statements are too readily believed in this country, where everything prejudicial to the black man is eagerly seized to sustain the almost universally prevailing slavery. But let America be warned. That slavery even here shall cease is as certain as the existence of the God of justice. And al-

though this nation of church-going atheists may refuse to recognize it, yet it shall not be delayed.

To make up for the deficiency of labor thus created, Coolies from Madras and Calcutta were imported into the island, but they soon too became as wise, and as soon as possible left the estates to their inevitable fate. More recently Chinamen were imported for the same end, and it is already evident that they will not suit. The consequence is that in many localities one would travel through sugar estates which were in times past considered flourishing, but are now abandoned, and as a Southern editor expresses it, are 'slumbering in rank and wild luxuriance' while in other localities you would travel for many miles more and see the lots of the peasantry in good cultivation and producing abundantly such things as are commonly consumed on the island.

It must not be forgotten, however, that while the causes above alluded to had much influence in effecting the overthrow of the pro-slavery planters of Jamaica, yet absenteeism and reckless extravagance had already so far succeeded in encumbering the estates with heavy mortgages and debts as to create even before emancipation a very earnest cry of ruin. Again the same cry was heard, and not without cause when the duty on sugar in the British market was equalized, thereby bringing into direct competition free and slave produced sugars.

Most of those who have interested themselves in this question have viewed it in a partial light. They have seen the ruin of the planters but the corresponding success and elevation of the laborer is disregarded. I assert from the utmost familiarity with the circumstances that in proportion as the curse of slavery hangs like an incubus on the neck of the oppressor, so the blessings of liberty have attended the path of the innocent.

The laborer now enjoys comforts to which he was before a stranger. His house is well furnished; he affords

his substance to the wayfaring man ; his children are spared from the field for the school ; his sabbath is a day of rest, and when the labors of the day close he can recline beneath his own vine and fig tree, none daring to make him afraid.

But I would not have it concluded from what has been said that there are no prosperous sugar estates in the country, or that the negro refuses to work for his former master under every circumstance.

Whenever the newly emancipated slaves were wisely and fairly treated, whenever they could perceive a difference between slavery and freedom, they have generally continued to work for their original masters. This is so on the majority of the estates that are now cultivated profitably. Of course individuals from every one of them have occasionally left to better their fortunes having before them numerous successful examples ; but the mass have continued in such cases to labor within sight of the graves of their fathers. This is also the case to a great extent in some of the other islands, particularly in Antigua and Barbadoes, where the planters foreseeing some of the consequences of adopting the apprenticeship system, concluded either to dispense with it at once, or to shorten the term considerably. In these instances gratitude entirely obliterated from the mind of the slave all remembrance of his past sufferings, and he readily complied with every fair offer of renumeration.*

* A gentleman now residing at Philadelphia, a native of Barbadoes, assured me that large fortunes have accrued to many possessors of land in Barbadoes in consequence of the price of land having risen, in many cases to more than double its former value. The exports of the staple products of the country have greatly increased, likewise. I was asked recently by one of that class called conservative, what I think would be the effect of emancipating the entire slave population of this country. The answer is supplied by the state of things in Jamaica on the one hand, and Barbadoes on the other. In other words it is just what the slaveholders themselves would make it.

There are of course two interests involved in the question of emancipation, that of the master and that of the slave, the proprietor and the laborer. Many, particularly in America, and they not confined to the enemies of the negro, seem to entertain the opinion that the welfare of the black man and the success of his master are indissolubly connected, and that any indication of failure in the latter implies the worse consequences to the former, and hence the retribution of heaven—the ruin of the slave-owner is taken for the ruin of Jamaica.

Jamaica is not ruined. Things are but reversed. Those beautiful and extensive estates shall soon be purged. The chains and whips, and sighs of the desponding bondman, and the tears of his anguish and blood-drops of his heart and life are still upon them. When they are purified, and the walls of their dungeon with the last remnant of oppression shall crumble and decay, then shall they be made to yield as of old their rich and golden harvests.

All that is now wanting for the perfect development of the innumerable resources which are commanded by the peasantry of Jamaica, is that direction to their enterprise which might be afforded by study and observation of the means which have contributed to the progress of other nations ; and when that point is obtained, she will doubtless resume the position in wealth and enterprise which she once filled, with this difference however, that whereas her first prosperity grew out of injustice and wrong—her last will arise from the honest industry of her once oppressed but now avenged people.

By pursuing a conciliatory course—by doing justice as at Barbadoes, the result would be greatly to their own advantage and perhaps to the advantage of the laborers. The consequence of the other course is sufficiently illustrated in the context. In no case however, can the negro suffer materially. His wrongs are with the Omnipotent, and shall be redressed.

A Good Habit Recommended.

BY SARAH M. DOUGLASS.

The importance of storing the memory of children early with scripture truths, has so impressed some teachers as to lead them to require their pupils to commit a portion of the sacred volume daily.

The holy scriptures, so beautiful in their simplicity, would always commend themselves to the taste of the young if judiciously selected, and properly presented. Familiarizing children with the inspired record is objected to by many, from the idea that their minds are not sufficiently developed to understand it.

This objection may be made to all their studies, for they do in fact, understand but little of what they commit. Learning a portion daily from the scriptures of truth would be like the reception of seed into good ground, which might lie a long while dormant, covered over with youthful follies, but in due time would, nevertheless, spring up and bear fruit abundantly. Their minds being thus filled with the precious promises of scripture, with its monitions and counsels, they would find them not only a strength and refuge in the hour of temptation and trial, but a light to guide their feet into the paths of virtue and rectitude. Nor would the benefit of such a course be confined to themselves, alone, they might be favored to minister to the wants of others. A text drawn from the store house of memory and repeated in the hearing of some sorrow stricken one, might prove 'a word spoken in season,' binding up a broken heart and imparting strength where there is no might.

A teacher whose habit it was to have her pupils repeat a portion of scripture, every day before the business of the school began, went one morning into her school room with a heavy heart. She had been unjustly charged with hardness and selfishness, and she felt cast down and 'sore afraid.' Her little flock gathered around her with bright faces and kind salutations, but she could not welcome them with her usual cheerfulness. She sat down at her desk and drew her bible towards her, but before she opened it, her mind was arrested by the language—'Thou God see'st me,' spoken in the ear of her soul, by that 'still small voice' which speaks as never man spoke. Yes, she replied, softly and inwardly, '*Thou dost see me just as I am*, to thee I lift up my sorrowful soul.'

She read a portion from the sacred volume and then bowed her head upon her hands and wept freely. After a few minutes of sweet and impressive silence, a little girl repeated with charming clearness of voice, and correctness of intonation, 'Let not your heart be troubled, ye believe in God, believe also in me. Let not your heart be troubled neither let it be afraid.' The teacher raised her head as the comforting message fell upon her ear, her heart grew light, she wiped away her tears, and her face brightened with faith in the Eternal Goodness. Through all that *long weary* summer day she labored in the strength of those gracious words, handed to her in her hour of need by one of the youngest of her little company.

A Review of Slavery and the Slave Trade.

BY J. W. C. PENNINGTON.

Concluded.

When men once consent to be unjust, they lose at the same instant with their virtue, a considerable portion of that sense of shame, which, till then had been found a successful protector against the allies of vice. Such was the situation of the despotic sovereigns of Africa, and such is the situation of *some* of the Slave-holders in a land, the first article of whose national creed we have quoted before. The severity of masters or managers, to their slaves, which is considered only as common discipline, is attended with bad effects. It enables them to behold instances of cruelty without commiseration, and to be guilty of them without remorse. Hence those many acts of deliberate mutilation that have taken place on the slightest occasions; hence too, those many acts of inferior, though shocking barbarity, that have taken place without any occasion at all; the very slitting of ears has been considered as an operation, so perfectly devoid of pain, as to have been performed for no other reason than that for which a brand is set upon cattle, as a *mark of property*. As an instance of this, we mention the case of a boy, who having received six slaves as a present from his father, immediately slit their ears, and for the following reason, that as his father was a whimsical man, he might claim them again unless they were marked. But this is not the only effect which this severity produces, for while it hardens their hearts and makes them insensible to the misery of their fellow crea-

tures, it begets a turn for wanton cruelty. As a proof of this, we quote a case mentioned by Thomas Clarkson, where ingenuity had been exerted in contriving a mode of torture. 'An iron coffin with holes in it, was kept by a certain colonist as an auxiliary to the lash. In this the poor victim was inclosed, and placed sufficiently near a fire to occasion extreme pain, and consequently shrieks and groans, until the revenge of the master was satiated, without any other inconvenience on his part than a temporary suspension of the slave's labor. Had he been flogged to death, or his limbs mutilated, the interest of the brutal tyrant would have suffered a more irreparable loss.' Such then is the situation of the African slaves, they may be beaten and tortured at discretion; scarcely are their heads reclined, scarcely have their bodies a respite from the labor of the day, but they are summoned to renew their sorrows, and in this manner they go on from year to year, in a state of low degradation, without the possibility of redress, without a hope that their situation will be changed, unless death should terminate the scene.

We have no means of knowing what number of slaves are yearly exported from Africa, at the present day; the annual exportation in the year 1786, Mr. Clark says was estimated at one hundred thousand, two thirds of whom were exported by British merchants alone—and as it is believed by competent judges that not one slave in

hundred of the numbers introduced into the European colonies was furnished by crimes and war, it follows that the slave trade was responsible for ninety nine out of every hundred slaves whom it supplied. This is an immense number, but it is easily to be credited, when we reflect that thousands were employed for the purpose of stealing the unwary, and that these diabolical practices were in force at the distance of a thousand miles from the factories on the coast. This slavery and commerce in slaves, which had continued in Europe for so long a time, and was practiced there at so late a period as that, which succeeded the grand revolutions of the western world, began, as the northern nations were settled in their conquests, to decline, and, on their full establishment, were abolished. A difference of opinion has arisen respecting the cause of their abolition, some having asserted, that they were the necessary consequences of the *feudal system*, while others, superior both in number and argument, have maintained that they were the natural effects of *Christianity*. In this latter opinion we coincide—Christianity teaches that all men were originally equal; that the Deity is no respecter of persons, and that as all men were to give an account of their actions hereafter, it was necessary that they should be free. But there is a positive proof that Christianity was the only cause of the suppression of slavery, for the greatest part of the charters which were granted for the freedom of slaves, were granted ‘for the love of God, and the good of their soul,’ they were founded, in fact, on religious considerations, ‘that they might procure the favor of the Deity, which they conceived themselves to have forfeited, by the subjugation of those whom they found to be the objects of the divine benevolence and attention equally with themselves;’ now the precepts of Christianity are unchangeable, and their appeal to the heart of man is uniform and perpetual. Old England

has responded to this appeal, and washed her hands of the foul stain of slavery, and so has *New England*, and so has the State of New York; but what of the Southern States of the Union? However united for some political purposes, they are divided on this subject; and yet they all profess to be under the influence of Christianity—it reminds us of the story of an itinerant player who announced the play of *Hamlet*, with the part of Hamlet left out. So it would really seem that in the Slave States, it was Christianity with the part of *Christian* left out. We shall not harrow your feelings by any recital of the miseries of the slaves during their passage from their native land to their colonial destination—most people have heard of the horrors of the middle passage, and no description in words could adequately depict it. We therefore pass on to notice some of the reasons or arguments by which the advocates of slavery attempt to justify the system, and here we desire to be understood as speaking of African or negro slavery. The slaveholder does not murder his horse, on which he only rides; he does not mutilate his cow, which only affords him her milk; he does not torture the dog, which is but a partial servant of his pleasures, but these unfortunate men, his slaves, from whom he derives his very pleasures and his fortune, he tortures, mutilates, murders at discretion. By what arguments do they defend their conduct? They say that a great part of their savage treatment consists in punishment for real offences, and frequently for such offences, as all civilized nations have concurred in punishing. The first charge that they exhibit against them is specific, it is that of *theft*. But how much rather ought they to blush who reduce them to the necessity, how much rather ought they to be considered as robbers who cause these unfortunate people to be stolen! and how much greater is their crime who are *robbers of human liberty*! The next charge

which they exhibit against them is general, it is that of rebellion ; a crime of such a latitude that they can impose it upon almost every action, and of such a nature, that they always annex to it the most excruciating pain. But what a contradiction is this to common sense ! Have the wretched Africans formally resigned their freedom ? Have the slave-holders, the *receivers* of stolen goods, any other claim than that of force ? If then the slaves are their subjects, their masters violate the laws of government by making them unhappy ; but if they are not their subjects, then, even if they should resist their proceedings, they are not rebellious. Again, what excuse do the slaveholders make for that daily unmerited severity, which they consider as common discipline ? Oh ! they say that the Africans are vicious ; that they are all of them *ill-disposed*, and that severity is necessary. But can they be *well-disposed* to their oppressors ? Have they been brought up, as their tyrannical masters have, under the influence of that precept which teaches us to love our enemies ? It is well known that in their own country, they were just, generous, hospitable ; qualities which all the African historians allow them eminently to possess. If then they are vicious, they must have contracted many of their vices from their masters, and as to their own native vices, if any have been imported with them, are they not amiable, when compared with those of their *Christian* oppressors ? We have no doubt that the domestic-bred slaves are of a worse type than the imported ones, because they have had the corrupting influence of their masters' bad example before their eyes from their birth ; but perhaps on this point, the *Hon. Mr. Wise of Virginia* can enlighten us. We come now to that other system of reasoning, which is always applied, when the former is confuted ; 'that the Africans are an inferior link of the chain of nature, and are made for slavery.'

This assertion is proved by two arguments, the first of which is the alleged *inferiority of their capacities*. Now, if it be true that they appear to have no parts, that they appear to be void of understanding ; is this wonderful, when the *receivers* depress their senses by hunger ? Is it wonderful, when by incessant labor, the continual application of the lash, and the most inhuman treatment that imagination can devise, their genius is overwhelmed and hindered from breaking forth ? No, their abilities are confounded by the severity of their servitude ; for as a spark of fire, if crushed by too great a weight of incumbent fuel, cannot be blown into a flame, but suddenly expires, so the human mind, if depressed by rigorous servitude, cannot be excited to a display of those faculties, which might otherwise have shown with the brightest lustre. Such then is the nature of this servitude, that it can hardly be expected to find in those who undergo it, even the glimpse of genius. Now if to these considerations, we add that the wretched Africans are torn from their country in a state of nature, and that, in general, as long as their slavery continues, every obstacle is placed in the way of their improvement, there will be a sufficient answer to any argument that may be drawn from the inferiority of their capacities. In their own country, where they should be first contemplated, it might be expected that the prospect would be unfavorable. They are mostly in an uncultivated state ; their powers of mind are limited to few objects ; their ideas are consequently few. It appears, however, that they follow the same mode of life, and exercise the same arts, as the ancestors of those very Europeans or Anglo-Americans, who boast of their great superiority, are described to have done in the same uncultivated state. This is shown by all the histories of those who have visited the African continent, and written from their own inspection. Let us now follow them to

their destination of slavery. They are carried thither in the unfavorable situation described; and here it is observed, that though their abilities cannot be estimated high, from a want of cultivation, they are yet various, and that they vary in proportion as the nation, from which they have been brought, has advanced more or less in the scale of social life. This observation, which is so frequently made, is of great importance; for if their abilities expand in proportion to the improvement of their state, it is a clear indication, that if they were equally improved, they would be equally ingenious. When they are put to any of the mechanical arts, they do not discover any want of ingenuity; they attain them in as short a time as the Europeans, and arrive at a degree of excellence equal to that of their teachers. With respect to the liberal arts, their proficiency is certainly less, but not less in proportion to their time and opportunity of study; not less, because they are less capable of attaining them, but because they have seldom or ever an opportunity of learning them at all. It is yet surprising that their talents appear, even in some of these sciences, in which they are totally uninstructed. Their abilities in music are such as to have been generally noticed. They play frequently upon a variety of instruments without any other assistance than their own ingenuity. We have already shown that some of them, at least, possess a talent for poetry. The following lines are by an imported African girl, at the age of nineteen, and ten years after she was brought from her native country. The subject is,

‘IMAGINATION.’

Now here, now there, the winged fancy flies,
Till some lov'd object strikes her wand'ring
eyes,

Whose silken fetters all the senses bind,
And soft captivity involves the mind.

Imagination! who can sing thy force,
Or who describe the swiftness of thy course?

Soaring through air to find the bright abode,
Th' empyreal palace of the thund'ring God,
We on thy pinions can surpass the wind,
And leave the rolling universe behind;
From star to star the mental optics rove,
Measure the skies, and range the realms above.
There in one view, we grasp the mighty whole,
Or with new worlds amaze th' unbounded
soul.'

The second argument, by which it is attempted to be proved 'that the Africans were an inferior link in the chain of nature, and are designed for slavery,' is drawn from *colour*, and from those other marks, which distinguish them from the inhabitants of Europe. Did time permit, we could prove from indisputable evidences, both Scriptural and historical, its utter fallacy and futility. As it is, we must confine ourselves to a few brief observations. Must we conclude that one species is inferior to another, and that the inferiority depends upon their *colour*, or their *features*, or their *form*? No, we must consult the analogy of nature, and the conclusion will be this: 'that as she tempered the bodies of the different species of men in a different degree, to enable them to endure the respective climates of their habitation, so she gave them a variety of colour and appearance with a like benevolent design.' Indeed, it is impossible that such an argument can stand, even in the eye of common sense; for if you admit the *form* of men as a justification of slavery, you may subjugate your own brother; if *features*, then you must quarrel with all the world; if *colour*, where are you to stop? It is evident, that if you travel from the equator to the northern pole, you will find a regular gradation of colour from black to white. Now if you can justly take him for your slave who is of the deepest dye, what hinders you from taking him also, who only differs from the former but by a shade. Thus you may proceed, taking each in a regular succession, to the poles. We have good reason to suppose that the com-

plexion of Noah and his sons, from whom the world were descended, was the same as that which is peculiar to the country in which they dwelt. This, by such a mode of decision, will be found a dark olive, a beautiful colour, and a just medium between white and black. That this was the primitive colour, is highly probable from the observations that have been made; and, if admitted, will afford a valuable lesson to the European and Anglo-American to be cautious how they deride those of the opposite complexion, as there is great reason to presume *that the purest white is as far removed from the primitive colour as the deepest black.* The grand colours discernible in mankind, (between which are many shades) are olive, white, brown, copper and black; olive being the parent colour, as we assume.

While on the subject of *colour*, we will mention an interesting fact as we read it in the New York 'Independent,' of the 22nd. of January, 1856. The Rev. Dr. Livingstone, who is lately returned to England, after an absence of 17 years spent in Central Africa, says that the name of *Englishmen* was not known in the region where he was, but when he described to them who he was, whence he came, and showed them *not his white face—for it was blacker than a coal*—but his white chest and arms, those men of Central Africa exclaimed, 'Oh, we know whom you are. You belong to that tribe that loves the black man!' Now, in this case, what becomes of the argument of colour as an indication of inferior intellect, was his countenance the less intelligent, was his brain the less intellectual because it was covered with a dark skin; if the good Doctor had had the whole of his

person exposed to the same influence as that which operated on his face, would he have become '*an inferior link in the chain of nature, and fit only for slavery?*'

There are those who uphold slavery on the negative ground that it is not forbidden in Holy-writ. On this point, we shall content ourselves with quoting a passage from the late Dr. Channing.

'Christianity is not a system of precise legislation, marking out, with literal exactness every thing to be done, and every thing to be avoided, but an inculcation of broad principles, which it entrusts to individuals and to society to be applied according to their best discretion. No argument therefore in favor of a practice, can be adduced from the fact, that it is not explicitly reprobated in the New Testament. For example, Christianity went forth into communities, where multitudes were held in slavery, and all ranks were ground and oppressed by despotism; abuses on which the spirit of our religion frowns as sternly as on any which can be named. Yet Christianity did not command the master to free his slaves, or the despot to descend from his absolute throne, but satisfied itself with proclaiming sublime truths in regard to God's paternal character and administration, and broad and generous principles of action; leaving to these the work of breaking every yoke and chain by a gradual, inward, irresistible influence, and of asserting the essential equality and unalienable rights of the whole human race.'

We should have been glad, if time had allowed, to have said more on the subject of *colour*, in refutation of the *argument*, (if it deserved to be dignified by that name,) founded on it, in defence of Slavery, but we shall hope to do so on some future occasion, for we are in possession of abundant material; at present we close.

Our Greatest Want.

BY FRANCES ELLEN WATKINS.

Leading ideas impress themselves upon communities and countries. A thought is evolved and thrown out among the masses, they receive it and it becomes interwoven with their mental and moral life—if the thought be good the receivers are benefited, and helped onward to the truer life; if it is not, the reception of the idea is a detriment. A few earnest thinkers, and workers infuse into the mind of Great Britain, a sentiment of human brotherhood. The hue and cry of opposition is raised against it. Avarice and cupidity oppose it, but the great heart of the people throbs for it. A healthy public opinion dashes and surges against the British throne, the idea gains ground and progresses till hundreds of thousands of men, women and children arise, redeemed from bondage, and freed from chains, and the nation gains moral power by the act. Visions of dominion, proud dreams of conquest fill the soul of Napoleon Bonaparte, and he infuses them into the mind of France, and the peace of Europe is invaded. His bloodstained armies dazzled and misled, follow him through carnage and blood, to shake earth's proudest kingdoms to their base, and the march of a true progression is stayed by a river of blood. In America, where public opinion exerts such a sway, a leading is success. The politician who chooses for his candidate not the best man but the most available one.—The money getter, who virtually says let me make money, though I coin it from blood and extract it from tears—The minister, who stoops from his high position to the slave power, and in a word all who barter principle for expediency, the true and right for the available and convenient, are worshipers at the shrine of success. And we, or at least some of us, upon whose faculties the rust of centuries has lain, are beginning to awake and worship at the same altar, and bow to the idols. The idea if I understand it aright, that is interweaving itself with our thoughts, is that the greatest need of our people at present is money, and that as money is a symbol of power, the possession of it will gain for us the rights which power and prejudice now deny us.—And it may be true that the richer we are the nearer we are to social and political equality; but somehow, (and I may not fully comprehend the idea,) it does not seem to me that money, as little as we possess of it, is our greatest want. Neither do I think that the possession of intelligence and talent is our greatest want. If I understand our greatest wants aright they strike deeper than any want that gold or knowledge can supply. We want more soul, a higher cultivation of all our spiritual faculties. We need more unselfishness, earnestness

and integrity. Our greatest need is not gold or silver, talent or genius, but true men and true women. We have millions of our race in the prison house of slavery, but have we yet a single Moses in freedom. And if we had who among us would be led by him?

I like the character of Moses. He is the first disunionist we read of in the Jewish Scriptures. The magnificence of Pharaoh's throne loomed up before his vision, its oriental splendors glittered before his eyes; but he turned from them all and chose rather to suffer with the enslaved, than rejoice with the free. He would have no union with the slave power of Egypt. When we have a race of men whom this blood stained government cannot tempt or flatter, who would sternly refuse every office in the nation's gift, from a president down to a tide-waiter, until she shook her hands from complicity in the guilt of cradle plundering and man stealing, then for us the foundations of an historic character will have been laid. We need men and women whose hearts are the homes of a high and lofty enthusiasm, and a noble devotion to the cause of emancipation, who are ready and willing to lay time, talent and money on the altar of universal freedom. We have money among us, but how much of it is spent to bring deliverance to our captive brethren? Are our wealthiest men the most liberal sustainers of the Anti-slavery enterprise? Or does the bare fact of their having money, really help mould public opinion and reverse its sentiments? We need what money cannot buy and what affluence is too beggarly to purchase. Earnest, self-sacrificing souls that will stamp themselves not only on the present but the future. Let us not then defer all our noble opportunities till we get rich. And here I am, not aiming to enlist a fanatical crusade against the de-ire for riches, but I do protest against chaining down the soul, with its Heaven endowed faculties and God given attributes to the one idea of getting money as stepping into power or even gaining our rights in common with others. The respect that is only bought by gold is not worth much. It is no honor to shake hands politically with men who whip women and steal babies. If this government has no call for our services, no aim for your children, we have the greater need of them to build up a true manhood and womanhood for ourselves. The important lesson we should learn and be able to teach, is how to make every gift, whether gold or talent, fortune or genius, subserve the cause of crushed humanity and carry out the greatest idea of the present age, the glorious idea of human brotherhood.

T H E

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NO. 6.

Blake: or, the Huts of America.

A TALE OF THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY, THE SOUTHERN UNITED STATES, AND CUBA.

BY M. R. DELANY.

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CHAPTER XVII.

HENRY AT LARGE.

On leaving the plantation carrying them hanging upon his arm, thrown across his shoulders, and in his hands Henry had a bridle, halter, blanket, girt, and horsewhip, the emblems of a faithful servant in discharge of his master's business.

By shrewdness and discretion such was his management as he passed along, that he could tell the name of each place and proprietor, long before he reached them. Being a scholar, he carefully kept a record of the plantations he had passed, that when accosted by a white, as an overseer or patrol, he invariably pretended to belong to a back estate, in search of his master's race horse. If crossing a field, he was taking a near cut; but if met in a wood, the animal was in the forest, as being a great leaper no fence could debar him, though the forest was fenced and posted. The blanket a substitute for a saddle, was in reality carried for a bed.

Withspeed unfaltering and spirits unflinching, his first great strive was to

reach the Red River, to escape from his own state as quickly as possible. Proceeding on in the direction of the Red River country, he met with no obstruction, except in one instance, when he left his assailant quietly upon the earth. A few days after an inquest was held upon the body of a deceased overseer—verdict of the Jury, 'By hands unknown.'

On approaching the river, after crossing a number of streams, as the Yazoo, Ouchita, and such, he was brought to sad reflections. A dread came over him, difficulties lie before him, dangers stood staring him in the face at every step he took. Here for the first time since his maturity of manhood responsibilities rose up in a shape of which he had no conception. A mighty undertaking, such as had never before been ventured upon, and the duty devolving upon him, was too much for a slave with no other aid than the aspirations of his soul panting for liberty. Reflecting upon the peaceful hours he once enjoyed as a professing Christian, and the distance which slavery had driven him from its peaceful portals, here in the wilderness, de-

termining to renew his faith and dependence upon Divine aid, when falling upon his knees, he opened his heart to God, as a tenement of the Holy Spirit.

'Arm of the Lord awake! renew my faith, confirm my hope, perfect me in love. Give strength, give courage, guide and protect my pathway, and direct me in my course!' Springing to his feet as if a weight had fallen from him, he stood up a new man.

The river is narrow, the water red as if colored by iron rust, the channel winding. Beyond this river lies his hopes, the broad plains of Louisiana with a hundred thousand bondsmen, seeming anxiously to await him.

Standing upon a high bank of the stream, contemplating his mission, a feeling of humbleness, and a sensibility of unworthiness impressed him, and that religious sentiment which once gave comfort to his soul now inspiring anew his breast, Henry raised in solemn tones amidst the lonely wilderness:

'Could I but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er;
Not Jordan's streams, nor death's cold flood,
Could drive me from the shore!'

To the right of where he stood was a cove, formed by the washing of the stream at high water, which ran quite into the thicket, into which the sun shone through a space among the high trees.

While thus standing and contemplating his position, the water being too deep to wade, and on account of numerous sharks and alligators, too dangerous to swim, his attention was attracted by the sound of a steamer coming up the channel. Running into the cove to shield himself, a singular noise disturbed him, when to his terror he found himself amidst a squad of huge alligators, which sought the advantages of the sunshine.

His first impulse was to surrender himself to his fate and be devoured, as in the rear and either side, the bank was perpendicular, escape being impossible except by the way he en-

tered, to do which would have exposed him to the view of the boat, which could not have been avoided. Meantime the frightful animals were crawling over and among each other, at a fearful rate.

Seizing the fragment of a limb which lay in the cove, beating upon the ground and yelling like a madman, giving them all possible space, the beasts were frightened at such a rate, that they reached the water in less time than Henry reached the bank. Receding into the forest, he thus escaped the observation of the passing steamer, his escape serving to strengthen his fate in a renewed determination of spiritual dependence.

While gazing upon the stream in solemn reflection for Divine aid to direct him, logs came floating down, which suggested a proximity to the raft with which sections of that stream is filled, when going but a short distance up, he crossed in safety to the Louisiana side. His faith was now fully established, and thenceforth, Henry was full of hope and confident of success.

Reaching Alexandria with no obstruction, his first secret meeting was held in the hut of aunt Dilly. Here he found them all ready for an issue.

'An dis you chile?' said the old woman, stooping with age, sitting on a low stool in the chimney corner; 'dis many day, I heahn on yeh!' though Henry had just entered on his mission. From Alexandria he passed rapidly on to Latuer's making no immediate stops, preferring to organize at the more prominent places.

This is a mulatto planter, said to have come from the isle of Guadeloupe. Riding down the road upon a pony at a quick gallop, was a mulatto youth a son of the planter, an old black man on foot keeping close to the horse's heels.

'Whose boy are you?' enquired the young mulatto, who had just dismounted, the old servant holding his pony.

'I'm in search of master's race horse.'

'What is your name?' farther enquired the young mulatto.

'Gilbert sir.'

'What do you want?'

'I am hungry sir.'

'Dolly,' said he to an old black woman at the woodpile; 'show this man into the negro quarter, and give him something to eat; give him a cup of milk. Do you like milk my man?'

'Yes sir, I have no choice when hungry; anything will do.'

'Da is none heah but claubah, inaus Eugene,' replied the old cook.

'Give him that,' said the young master. 'You people like that kind of stuff I believe; our negroes like it.'

'Yes sir,' replied Henry, when the lad left.

'God knows'e needn' talk 'bout wat we po' black folks eat, case da don' ghin us nothin' else but dat an' caun bread,' muttered the old woman.

'Dont they treat you well, aunty?' enquired Henry.

'God on'y knows my chile, wat we suffeh.'

'Who was that old man who ran behind your master's horse?'

'Dat Nathan, my husban'.'

'Do they treat him well, aunty?'

'No chile, wus an' any dog, da beat 'im foh little an nothin'.'

'Is uncle Nathan religious?'

'Yes chile ole man an' I's been sahvin' God dis many day, fo yeh baun! Wen any on 'em in de house git sick, den da sen foh 'uncle Nathan' come pray foh dem; 'uncle Nathan' mighty good den!'

'Do you know that the Latuers are colored people?'

'Yes, chile; God bless yeh soul yes! Case huh mammy ony dead two-three yehs, an' she black as me.'

'How did they treat her?'

'Not berry well; she nus da children; an eat in a house arter all done.'

'What did Latuer's children call her?'

'Da call huh 'mammy,' same like wite folks children call de nus.'

'Can you tell me aunty why they treat you people so badly, knowing themselves to be colored, and some of the slaves related to them?'

'God bless yeh hunny, de wite folks, dese plantehs make'em so; da run heah, an' tell 'em da mus'n treat deh niggels, well, case da spile 'em.'

'Do the white planters frequently visit here?'

'Yes, hunny, yes, da heah some on 'em all de time eatin' an' drinkin' long wid de old man; da on'y tryin' git wat little 'e got, dat all! Da 'tend to be great frien' de ole man; but laws a massy hunny, I doh mine dese wite folks no how!'

'Does your master ever go to their houses and eat with them?'

'Yes chile, some time'e go, but den half on 'em got nothin' fit to eat; da hab fat poke an' bean, caun cake an' sich like, dat all da got, some on 'em.'

'Does Mr. Latuer give them better at his table?'

'Laws hunny, yes; yes'n deed chile? 'E got mutton—some time whole sheep mos'—fowl, pig, an' ebery tum ting a nuddel, 'e got so much ting dah, I haudly know wat cook fus.'

'Do the white planters associate with the family of Latuer?'

'One on 'em, ten 'e coatin de dah-ta; I dont recon 'e gwine hab hel. Da cah fool long wid 'Toyeh's gals dat way.'

'Whose girls, Metoyers?'

'Yes chile.'

'Do you mean the wealthy planters of that name?'

'Dat same chile.'

'Well, I want to understand you: You don't mean to say that they are colored people.'

'Yes, hunny, yes; da good culed folks any body. Some five-six boys' an five-six gals on 'em; da all rich.'

'How do they treat their slaves?'

'Da boys all mighty haud maustas, da gals all mighty good; sahvants all like em.'

'You seem to understand these people very well aunty. Now please

tell me what kind of masters there are generally in the Red river country.'

'Haud 'nough chile, haud 'nough, God on'y knows!'

'Do the colored masters treat theirs generally worse than the whites?'

'No hunny, 'bout da same.'

'That's just what I want to know. What are the usual allowances for slaves?'

'Da 'low de fiel' han' two suit a yeah foh umin one long linen coat,* make suit, an' foh man, pantaloons an' jacket.'

'How about eating?'

'Half peck meal ah day foh family uh fo!'

'What about weekly privileges? Do you have Saturday to yourselves?'

'Laud hunny, no! no chile, no! Da do'n 'low us no time, 'tall. Da 'low us ebery uddeh Sunday wash ouh close; dat all de time we git.'

'Then you don't get to sell anything for yourselves?'

'No, hunny, no? Da don' 'low pig, chicken, tucky, goose, bean, pea, tateh, nothin' else.'

'Well aunty, I'm glad to meet you, and as evening's drawing nigh, I must see your husband a little, then go.'

'God bless yeh chile whah ebelh yeh go! Yeh ain' arteh no race-hos, dat yeh aint.'

'You got something to eat my man, did you?' enquired the lad Eugene, at the conclusion of his interview with uncle Nathan.

'I did sir, and feasted well!' replied Henry in conclusion; 'Good bye!' and he left for the next plantation suited to his objects.

'God bless de baby!' said old aunt Dolly as uncle Nathan entered the hut, referring to Henry.

'Ah, chile!' replied the old man with tears in his eyes; 'my yeahs has heahn dis day!'

CHAPTER XVIII.

FLEETING SHADOWS.

In high spirits Henry left the plantation of Latuer, after sowing seeds from which in due season, he anticipated an abundant harvest. He found the old man Nathan all that could be desired, and equal to the task of propagating the scheme. His soul swelled with exultation on receiving the tidings, declaring that though nearly eighty years of age, he never felt before an implied meaning, in the promise of the Lord.

'Now Laud!' with uplifted hand exclaimed he at the conclusion of the interview; 'my eyes has seen, and meh yeahs heahn, an' now Laud! I's willin' to stan' still an' see dy salvation!'

On went Henry to Metoyers, visiting the places of four brothers, having taken those of the white planters intervening, all without detection or suspicion of being a stranger.

Stopping among the people of Col. Hopkins at Grantico summit, here as at Latuer's and all intermediate places he found the people patiently looking for a promised redemption. Here a pet female slave, Silva, espied him and gave the alarm that a strange black was lurking among the negro quarters, which compelled him to retirement sooner than intended.

Among the people of Dickson at Pine Bluff, he found the best of spirits. There was Newman, a young slave man born without arms, who was ready any moment for a strike.

'How could you fight?' said Henry; 'you have no arms!'

'I am compelled to pick with my toes, a hundred pound of cotton a day,* and I can sit on a stool and touch off a cannon!' said this promising young man whose heart panted with an unsuppressed throb for liberty.

Heeley's, Harrison's, and Hickman's slaves, were fearfully and pitifully de-

* At the age of thirteen his daily task was 36 lbs. with his toes. This fact was received from the master by the writer.

* Coat—a term used by slaves for frock.

jected. Much effort was required to effect a seclusion, and more to stimulate them to action. The continual dread 'that maus wont let us' seemed as immovably fixed as the words were constantly repeated ; and it was not until an occasion for an another subject of inquest in the person of a pest of an old black slave man, that an organization was effected.

Approaching Crane's on Little River, the slaves were returning from the field to the gin. Many being females some of whom were very handsome, had just emptied their baskets. So little clothing had they, and so loosely hung the tattered fragments about them, that they covered themselves behind the large empty baskets tilted over on the side, to shield their person from exposure.

The overseer engaged in another direction, the master absent, and the family at the great house, a good opportunity presented for an inspection of affairs.

'How do you do young woman?' saluted Henry.

'How de do sir!' replied a sprightly, comely young mulatto girl, who stood behind her basket with not three yards of cloth in the tattered relic of the only garment she had on.

'Who owns this place?'

'Mr. Crane sir,' she politely replied with a smile.

'How many slaves has he?'

'I don't some say five 'a six hundred.'

'Do they all work on this place?'

'No sir, he got two-three places.'

'How many on this place?'

'Oveh a hundred an' fifty.'

'What allowances have you?'

'None sir.'

'What! no Saturday to yourselves?'

'No sir.'

'They allow you Sundays, I suppose.'

'No sir, we work all day ev'ry Sunday.'

'How late do you work?'

'Till we can see to pick no mo' cotton ; but w'en its moon light, we pick till ten o'clock at night.'

'What time do you get to wash your clothes?'

'None sir ; da on'y 'low us one suit ev'ry New Yehs day,* an' us gals take it off every Satady night atfah de men all gone to bed and wash it fah Sunday.'

'Why do you want clean clothes on Sunday, if you have to work on that day?'

'It's de Land's day, an' we wa to be clean, and we feel betteh.'

'How do the men do for clean clothes?'

'We wash de men's clothes atfah da go to bed.'

'And you say you are only allowed one suit a year? Now young woman ; I don't know your name but—'

'Nancy, sir.'

'Well Nancy, speak plainly, and dont be backward ; what does your one suit consist of?'

'A frock sir, made out er coarse tow linen.'

'Only one piece, and no under clothes at all?'

'Dat's all sir!' replied she modestly looking down and drawing the basket which sufficiently screened her, still closer to her person.

'Is that which you have on a sample of the goods your clothes are made of?'

'Yes sir, dis is da kine.'

'I would like to see some other of your girls.'

'Stop sir, I go call Susan!' when gathering up, and drawing around and before her, a surplus of the back section, the only remaining sound remnant of the narrow tattered garment that she wore, off she ran behind the gin, where lay in the sun, a number of girls to rest themselves during their hour of 'spell.'

'Susan!' she exclaimed rather loudly ; 'I do'n want you gals!' she pleasantly admonished, as the whole twelve or fifteen rose from their resting place, and came hurriedly around the build—

* Some Red River planters do not allow their slaves but one suit a year.

ing, Nancy ~~an~~ ^{as} ~~san~~ in the lead. They instinctively as did Nancy, drew their garments around and about them, on coming in sight of the stranger. Standing on the outside of the fence, Henry politely bowed as they approached.

'Dis is Susan sir!' said Nancy, introducing her friend with bland simplicity.

'How de do sir!' saluted she, a modest and intelligent, very pretty young black girl, of good address.

'Well Susan!' replied Henry; I dont want any thing but to see you girls; but I will ask you this question: how many suit of clothes do they give you a year?

'One sir.'

'How many pieces make a suit?'

'Jus' one frock; and they simultaneously commenced drawing still closer before, the remnant of coarse garment, which hung in tatters about them.

'Dont you have shoes and stockings in winter?'

'We no call foh shoes, case 'taint cole much; on'y some time little fros'.'

'How late in the evening do you work?'

'Da fiel' han's dah;' pointing to those returning to the field; 'da work till bed time, but we gals heah, we work in de gin, and spell each other ev'ey twelve ouahs.'

'You're at leisure now; who fills your places?'

'Nutha set a' han's go to work, fo' you come.'

'How much cotton do they pick for a task?'

'Each one mus' pick big basket full, an' fetch it in foh da fiel' to de gin, else da git thirty lashes.'

'How much must the women pick as a task?'

'De same as de men.'

'That can't be possible!' said Henry, looking over the fence down upon their baskets; 'how much do they hold?'

'I dis membeh sir, but good, 'eal.'

'I see on each basket marked 225 lbs; is that the quantity they hold?'

'Yes sir, dat's it.'

'All mus' be in ghin certain ouah else da git whipped; sometime de men help 'em.'

'How can they do this when they have their own to carry?'

'Da put derse on de head, an' ketch holt one side de women basket. Sometimes they leave part in de fiel, an' go back afeh it.'

'Do yo get plenty to eat?'

'No sir, da feeds us po'ly; sometime, we do'n have mo'n half nough!'

'Did you girls ever work in the field?'

'O yes sir! all uv us, on'y we wan't strong nough to fetch in ouh cotton, den da put us in de gin.'

'Where would you rather; in the gin or in the field?'

'If 'twant foh carryin' cotton, we'a rather work in de fiel.'

'Why so girls?'

'Case den da would'n be so many ole wite plantehs come an' look at us, like we was show!'

'Who sees that the tasks are all done in the field?'

'Da Driveh.'

'Is he a white man?'

'No sir, black.'

'Is he a free man?'

'No sir, slave.'

'Have you no white overseer?'

'Yes sir, Mr. Dorman.'

'Where is Dorman when you are at work?'

'He out at de fiel too.'

'What is he doing there?'

'He watch Jesse, da drivah.'

'Is Jesse a pretty good fellow?'

'No sir, he treat black folks like dog, he all de time beat 'em, when da no call to do it.'

'How did he treat you girls when you worked in the field?'

'He beat us if we jist git little behind de rest in pickin'! Da wite folks make 'im bad.'

'Point him out to me and after to-night, he'll never whip another.'

'Now girls, I see that you are smart

intelligent young women, and I want you to tell me why it is, that your master keeps you all here at work in the gin, when he could get high prices for you, and supply your places with common cheap hands at half the money ?

'Case we gals won' go! Da been mo'n a dozen plantehs heah lookin' at us, an' want to buy us foh house keep-ehs, an' we wont go; we die fus!' said Susan with a shudder.

'Yes,' repeated Nancy, with equal emotion; 'we die fus!'

'How can you prevent it girls; wont your master sell you against your will?'

'Yes sir, he would, but da plantehs da dont want us widout we willin' to go.'

'I see! Well girls, I believe I'm done with you; but before leaving let me ask you, is there among your men, a real clever good trusty man? I dont care either old or young, though I prefer an old or middle aged man.'

'O yes sir,' replied Nancy; 'da is some mong 'em.'

'Give me the name of one,' said Henry, at which request Nancy and Susan looked hesitatingly at each other.

'Dont be backward,' admonished he; 'as I sha'nt make a bad use of it.' But they still hesitated, when after an other admonition Nancy said—

'Dare's uncle Joe—'

'No, uncle Moses, uncle Moses!' in a suppressed tone interrupted the other girls.

'Who is uncle Moses?' enquired Henry.

'He' my fatha!' replied Susan; 'an—'

'My uncle!' interrupted Nancy.

'Then you two are cousins?'

'Yes sir, huh fatha an my motha is brotha an sisteh,' replied Nancy.

'Is he a religious man, girls?'

'Yes sir, he used to preach but'e do'n preach now,' explained Susan.

'Why?'

'Case da 'ligions people wo'n heah im now.'

'Who colored people?'

'Yes sir?'

'When did they stop hearing him preach?'

'Good while ago.'

'Where at?'

'Down in da bush meetin', at da Baptism.'

'He's a Baptist then—what did he do?'

Again became Susan and Nancy more perplexed than before, the other girls in this instance failing to come to their relief.

'What did he do girls, let me know it quick, as I must be off?'

'Da say—da say—I do'n want tell you?' replied Susan hesitating with much feeling.

'What is it girls, cant some of you tell me?' earnestly enquired Henry.

'Da say befo' 'e come heah way down in Fagina, he kill a man, ole po' wite ovehseeah!'

'Is that it girls?' enquired he.

'Yes sir!' they simultaneously replied.

'Then *he's* the very man I want to see!' said Henry. 'Now don't forget what I say to you; tell him that a man will meet him to-night below here on the river side, just where the carcass of an ox lies in the verge of the thicket. Tell him to listen, and when I'm ready, I'll give the signal of the runaway—the screech of the panther*—when he must immediately obey the summons. One word more, and I'll leave you. Every one of you as you have so praiseworthy concluded, die before surrendering to such base purposes as that for which this man who holds you wishes to dispose of you. Girls, you will see me no more. Fare—'

'Yo' name sir, yo' name!' they all exclaimed.

'My name is—Farewell, girls, fare—'

* This outlandish yell is given by runaway slaves in imitation of what they consider the screech of the panther, so as to frighten people, thus—' *Who-ree!* ' dwelling long on both syllables.

well!"—when Henry darted in the thickest of the forest, leaving the squad of young maiden slaves in a state of bewildering inquiry concerning the singular black man.

The next day Jesse the driver was missed, and never after heard of. On inquiry being made of the old man Moses concerning the stranger, all that could be elicited was—

'Stan' still child'en, and see da salvation uv da Land !'

CHAPTER XIX.

COME WHAT WILL.

Leaving the plantation of Crane with high hopes and great confidence in the integrity of uncle Moses and the maiden gang of cotton girls, Henry turned his course in a retrograde direction so as again to take the stream of Red River. Little River where he then was, being but a branch of that water.

Just below its confluence with the larger stream, at the moment when he reached the junction, a steam cotton trader hove in view. There was no alternative but to stand like a freeman, or suddenly escape into the forest, thus creating suspicions and fears, as but a few days previous a French planter of the neighborhood lost a desperate slave, who became a terror to the country around. The master was compelled to go continually armed, as also other white neighbors, and all were afraid after nightfall, to pass out the threshold of their own doors. Permission was given to every white man to shoot him if ever seen within rifle shot, which facts having learned the evening before, Henry was armed with this precaution.

His dress being that of a race-groom—small leather cap with long front piece, neat fitting roundabout, high boots drawn over the pantaloons, with blanket, girth, halter, whip and bridle—Henry stood upon the shore awaiting the vessel.

'Well boy?' hailed the captain as

the line was thrown out, which he caught making fast at the root of a tree; 'do you wish to come aboard?'

'Good man!' approvingly cried the mate, at the expert manner which he caught the line and tied the sailor knot.

'Have you ever steamboated my man?' continued the captain.

'Yes sir,' replied Henry.

'Where?'

'On the Upper and Lower Mississippi sir.'

'Whom do you know as masters of steamers on the Upper Mississippi?'

'Captains Thogmorton, Price, Swan, and—'

'Stop, stop! that'll do,' interrupted the captain; 'you know the master of every steamer in the trade I believe. Now who in the Lower trade?'

'Captains Scott, Hart, and—'

'What's Captain Hart's Christian name?' interrupted the captain.

'Jesse, sir.'

'That'll do; be George you know every body! do you want to ship?'

'No sir.'

'What are you doing here?'

'I hunting master's stray race horse.'

'Your 'master's' race horse! Are you a slave boy?'

'Yes sir.'

'How did you come to be on the Mississippi River?'

'I hired my time sir.'

'Yes, yes, boy, I see!'

'Who is your master?'

'Colonel Sheldon; I used to belong to Major Gilmire.'

'Are you the boy Nepp, the great horse trainer the Major used to own?'

'No sir, I'm his son.'

'Are you as good at training horses as the old chap?'

'They call me better, sir.'

'Then you're worth your weight in gold. Will your master sell you?'

'I dont know sir.'

'How did your horse come to get away?'

'He was bought from the major by Colonel Sheldon to run at the great

Green Wood Races, Texas, and while training he managed to get away, leaping the fences, and taking to the forest.

'Then you're major Tom's race rider Gilbert ! eh heh, yes, yes ! You're a valuable boy ; I wonder the major parted with you.'

The bell having rung for dinner, the captain left, Henry going to the deck.

Among those on deck was a bright mulatto young man, who immediately recognized Henry as having seen him on the Upper Mississippi, he being a free man. On going up to him, Henry observed that he was laden with heavy manacles.

'Have I not seen you somewhere before ?' enquired he.

'Yes ; my name is Lewis Grimes, you saw me on the Upper Mississippi,' replied the young man ; 'your name in Henry Holland !'

'What have you been doing ?' enquired Henry, on seeing the handcuffs.

'Nothing at all !' replied he with eyes flashing resentment and suffused with tears.

'What does this mean ?' continued he, pointing at the handcuffs.

'I am stolen and now being taken to Texas, where I am to be enslaved for life !' replied Lewis sobbing aloud.

'Who did this vile deed ?' continued Henry in a low tone of voice, pressing his lips to suppress his feelings.

'One Dr. Johns of Texas, now a passenger on this boat !'

'Was that the person who placed a glass to your lips which you refused, just as I came aboard ?'

'Yes, that's the man.'

'Why dont you leave him instantly ?' said Henry, his breast heaving with emotion.

'Because he always handcuffs me before the boat lands, keeping me so during the time she lies ashore.'

'Why don't you jump overboard when the boat is under way ?'

'Because he guards me with a heavy loaded rifle, and I can't get a chance.'

'He 'guards' you ! 'you cant get a chance !' Are there no nights, and does he never sleep ?'

'Yes, but he makes me sleep in the state room with him, keeping his rifle at his bedside.'

'Are you never awake when he's asleep ?'

'Often, but I'm afraid to stir lest he wakens.'

'Well dont you submit, die first if thereby you must take another into eternity with you ! Were it my case and he ever went to sleep where I was, he'd never waken in this world !'

'I never thought of that before, I shall take your advice the first opportunity. Good by sir !' hastily said the young man, as the bell tapped a signal to start, and Henry stepped on shore.

'Let go that line !' sternly commanded the captain, Henry obeying orders on the shore, when the boat glided steadily up the stream, seemingly in unison with the lively though rude and sorrowful song of the black firemen—

'I'm a goin to Texas—O ! O-O-O !'

'I'm a goin to Texas, O ! O-O-O !'

Having in consequence of the scarcity of spring houses and larders along his way in so level and thinly settled country, Henry took in his pouch from the cook of the boat, an ample supply of provisions for the succeeding four or five days. Thus provided for, standing upon the bank for a few minutes, with steady gaze listening to the sad song of his oppressed brethren as they left the spot, and reflecting still more on the miserable fate of the young mulatto freeman Lewis Grimes held by the slave-holder Dr. Johns of Texas, he with renewed energy, determined that nothing short of an interference by Divine Providence should stop his plans and progress. In soliloquy said Henry :

'Yes !

If every foe stood martialled in the van,

I'd fight them single combat, man to man !'

and again he started with a manly

will, as fixed and determined in his purpose as though no obstructions lay in his pathway.

From plantation to plantation did he go, sowing the seeds of future devastation and ruin to the master and redemption to the slave, an antecedent more terrible in its anticipation, than the warning voice of the destroying Angel, in commanding the slaughter of the first born of Egypt. Himself careworn, distressed and hungry, who just being supplied with nourishment for the system, Henry went forth a welcome messenger, casting his bread upon the turbid waters of oppression, in hopes of finding it after many days.

Holding but one seclusion on each plantation, his progress was consequently very rapid, in whatever direction he went.

With a bold stride from Louisiana, he went into Texas. Here he soon met with the man of his wishes. This presented in the person of Sampson, on the cotton place of proprietor Richardson. The master here though represented wealthy, with an accomplished and handsome young daughter, was a silly, stupid old dolt, an inordinate blabber and wine bibber. The number of his slaves was said to be great and he the owner of three plantations, one in Alabama, and the others in Texas.

Sampson was a black, tall, stoutly built, and manly, possessing much general intelligence, and a good looking person. His wife a neat, intelligent, handsome little woman, the complexion of himself, was the mother of a most interesting family of five pretty children, three boys and two girls. This family entered at once into the soul of his mission, seeming to have anticipated it.

With an ample supply of means,* buried in a convenient well marked spot, he only awaited a favourable opportunity to effect his escape from

slavery. With what anxiety did that wife gaze smilingly in his face, and a boy and girl cling tightly each to a knee, as this husband and father in whispers recounted his plans and determination of carrying them out. The scheme of Henry was at once committed to his confidence, and he requested to impart them wherever he went.

Richardson was a sportsman and Sampson his body servant, they traveled through every part of the country, thus affording the greatest opportunity for propagating the measures of the secret organization. From Portland in Maine to Galveston in Texas, Sampson was as familiar as a civil engineer.

'Sampson, Sampson, stand by me! Stand by me my man; stand at your master's back!' was the language of this sottish old imbecile to his faithful manly attendant, whom he kept continually upon his feet for hours at a time when reveling at a gambling table, and who from excessive fatigue would sometimes squat or sit down upon the floor behind him. 'Sampson, Sampson! are you there? Stand by your master Sampson!' again would he exclaim, so soon as the tall commanding form of his black protector was missed from his sight.

Sampson and wife were both pious people, believing much in the providence of God, he, as he said having recently had it 'shown to' him—meaning a presentiment—that a messenger would come to him and reveal the plan of deliverance.

'I am glad to see that you have money,' said Henry; 'you are thereby well qualified for your mission. With money you may effect your escape almost at any time. Your most difficult point is an elevated obstruction, a mighty hill, a mountain; but through that hill there is a gap; and money is your passport through that *White Gap* to freedom. Mark that. It is the great range of *White* mountains and *White* river which are before you, and the *White Gap* that you must pass

* This person had really \$2,000 in gold, securely hid away unknown to any person but his wife, until showing it to the writer.

through to reach the haven of safety. Money alone will carry you through the White mountains or across the White river to liberty.'

'Brother my eyes is open, and my way clear!' responded Sampson to this advice.

'Then,' said Henry; 'you are ready to 'rise and shine' for—'

'My light has come!' interrupted Sampson; 'but—'

'The glory of God' is not yet shed abroad!*' concluded Henry, who fell upon Sampson's neck with tears of joy in meeting unexpectedly one of his race so intelligent in that region of country.

Sampson and wife Dursie, taking Henry by the hand wept aloud, looking upon him as the messenger of deliverance foreshown to them.

Kneeling down a fervent prayer was offered by Sampson for Henry's protection by the way, and final success in his 'mighty plans,' with many Amens and 'God grants,' by Dursie.

Partaking of a sumptuous fare on 'ash cake' and sweet milk—a dainty diet with many slaves—and bidding with a trembling voice and tearful eye a final 'Farewell!' in six hours he had left the state of Texas to the consequences of a deep laid scheme for a terrible insurrection.

CHAPTER XX.

ADVENT AMONG THE INDIANS.

From Texas Henry went into the Indian Nation near Fort Towson, Arkansas.

'Make yourself at home sir!' invited Mr. Culver the intelligent old Chief of the United Nation; 'and Josephus will attend to you,' referring to his nephew Josephus Braser, an educated young chief and counsellor among his people.

'You are slaveholders I see Mr. Culver!' said Henry.

* A real incident which took place between a slave and a free black adviser.

'We are sir, but not like the white men,' he replied.

'How many do you hold?'

'About two hundred on my two plantations.'

'I cant well understand how a man like you can reconcile your principles with the holding of slaves and—'

'We have had enough of that!' exclaimed Dr. Donald, with a tone of threatening authority.

'Hold your breath sir, else I'll stop it!' in a rage replied the young chief.

'Sir,' responded the Doctor; 'I was not speaking to you, but only speaking to that negro!'

'You're a fool!' roared Braser springing to his feet.

'Come, come, gentlemen!' admonished the old Chief; 'I think you are both going mad! I hope you'll behave something better.'

'Well uncle I cant endure him! he assumes so much authority!' replied he, 'He'll make the Indians slaves just now, then Negroes will have no friends.'

Donald was a white man, married among the Indians a sister of the old Chief and aunt to the young, for the sake of her wealth and a home. A physician without talents, was unable to make a business and unwilling to work.

'Mr. Bras—'

'I want nothing more of you,' interrupted Braser, and dont—'

'Josephus, Josephus!' interrupted the old chief; 'you will surely let the Doctor speak!'

Donald stood pale and trembling before the young Choctaw born to command, when receiving no favor he left the company muttering 'nigger!'

'Now you see,' said Mr. Culver—as the Doctor left the room; 'the difference between a white man and Indian holding slaves. Indian work side by side with black man, eat with him, drink with him, rest with him and both lay down in shade together; white man even wont let you talk! In our Nation Indian and black all marry to-

gether. Indian like black man very much, ony he dont fight 'nough. Black man in Florida fight much, and Indian like 'im heap !'

'You make, sir, a slight mistake about my people. They would fight if in their own country they were united as the Indians here, and not scattered thousand of miles apart as they are. You should also remember, that the Africans have never permitted a subjugation of their country by foreigners as the Indians have theirs, and Africa to day is still peopled by Africans, whilst America the home of the Indian who is fast passing away, is now possessed and ruled by foreigners.'

'True, true!' said the old Chief looking down reflectingly; 'too true! I had not thought that way before. Do you think the white man couldn't take Africa if he wanted?'

'He might by a combination, and I still am doubtful whether then he could if the Africans were determined as formerly to keep him out. You will also remember, that the whites came in small numbers to America, and then drove the Indians from their own soil, whilst the blacks got in Africa as slaves, are taken by their own native conquerors, and sold to white men as prisoners of war.'

'That is true sir, true!' sighed the old chief; the Indian like game before the bow, is passing away before the gun of the white man !'

'What I now most wish to learn is, whether in case that the blacks should rise, they may have hope or fear from the Indian?' asked Henry.

'I'm an old mouthpiece, been puffing out smoke and talk many seasons for the entertainment of the young

and benefit of all who come among us. The squaws of the great men among the Indians in Florida were black women, and the squaws of the black men were Indian women. You see the vine that winds around and holds us together. Don't cut it, but let it grow till bimeby, it git so stout and strong, with many, very many little branches attached, that you can't separate them. I now reach to you the pipe of peace and hold out the olive-branch of hope! Go on young man, go on. If you want white man to love you, you must fight im!' concluded the intelligent old Choctaw.

'Then sir, I shall rest contented, and impart to you the object of my mission,' replied Henry.

'Ah hah!' exclaimed the old chief after an hour's seclusion with him, 'ah hah! Indian have something like that long-go. I wonder your people aint got it before! That what make Indian strong; that what make Indian and black man in Florida hold together. Go on young man, go on! may the Great Spirit make you brave!' exhorted Mr. Culver, when the parties retired for the evening, Henry rooming with the young warrior Braser.

By the aid of the young Chief and kindness of his uncle the venerable old brave, Henry was conducted quite through the nation on a pony placed at his service, affording to him an ample opportunity of examining into the condition of things. He left the settlement with the regrets of the people, being the only instance in which his seclusions were held with the master instead of the slave.

(To be continued.)

Afrio-American Picture Gallery.—Third Paper.

BY ETHIOP.

The reader will remember, that we parted company in the upper chamber of a lone Hut, in the midst of the Black Forest at the dead of night to take rest and repose. Ere the dawn of the next day, both eyes were wide open and I started on a tour of observation.

Through a small window, so high, as to be beyond reach, the only aperture discernable to the outer world, came a grey streak of morning light to my pillow, and roused me from my bed. I up and hastily made my toilet such as it was, the best perhaps that could be made in a mountain fastness, and ascended by a ladder to the roof. I shall never forget the scene that burst upon my view. The peak of the Black Forest Mountain, for such it was upon which the solitary house stood, touched the very clouds, while the Ocean with here and there a massive ship upon its dark green bosom, though many miles distant, seemed to roll at its base. Crag on crag lay piled on every hand and vale outstretching vale; and beyond as it was early autumn, the sere and yellow leaf painted the otherwise vast green forest top with indescribable beauty. The morning breeze with a purity and freshness known only to mountain regions, sighed forth its soft music, so sweetly, that the feathered tribe, and they were legion—were constrained to join in with their unerring notes; while the deer, the squirrel, and the rabbit danced and skipped o'er steppe, crag and glen with laughing joy. A few moments, and the sun, like a mighty angel came hastening up, as it were, from out of the Ocean; and with his strong presence gilded the whole scene in an instant. So, impressed with what I saw, ere I was aware, a reverie stole over me; and I know not how long it would have held me, but for a voice from below, calling me away. It was the old man of the Forest summoning

me to the morning repast; which to be brief, was all the most fastidious taste could have desired, and far beyond any thing I could have imagined.

Breakfast over, the old man *Bernice*, for such was his name, retired; but returned after a few moments, garbed in a red flannel gown, blue cap and black sandals; giving a grotesque, yet a most commanding appearance. Holding in his hand a lighted lantern, he advanced and mildly said; now my son, if you like, you may accompany me. So saying he led the way through a narrow passage to what appeared from the house top, a mere adjacent outbuilding. A stranger might have passed through this passage a thousand times without so much as imagining that the huge rough stone laying almost in his pathway covered the mouth of a famous cave.

At a slight touch from the old man's hand this stone rolled away as if by magic, and revealed a deep, dark *Cavern*. With a firm step he began to descend a ladder and I followed. Down, down, down we went. Down, down, down; and long was it ere we reached the bottom; and when we did so, we were brought directly upon a massive door which like the stone above, yielded to the touch of the old man's magic hand. We entered a dark and spacious apartment through which old *Bernice* grouped to the centre and held the lighted lantern up to a large lamp which depended from the ceiling. What a transition!!! The dark and sandless cavern now revealed all surroundings of the most studied and life-long *Artist*. Bust, statues, statuettes; landscapes, portraits, fancy pieces; paints, pencils, pallets, mallets, chisels; half finished sketches, studies in plaster; all, all lay in profusion on every hand.

Prominent on a table near the lamp lay a fine duplicate portrait of our lit-

tle *Tom*; our Gallery Boy, which I hung up just before I left for the *Black Forest*. The whole truth flashed upon my mind in an instant. Mine host was an *Artist*; and the executor of that beautiful likeness. "My son" said the old man as he perceived my astonishment, "though I have long since left the restless, busy crowd, I have not been unmindful of its jostlings. In this place, far from man's baseness, and man's vile injustice, have I labored; and it has been to me, a labor of love; a labor too, not without its reward. Much that I have done with both *pencil and chisel*—(I say it not in a boastful spirit,) will yet not only see the light, but command the just approbation of even the enemies of my race. I shall be gone, but these," said he, pointing to his *works* around him, "these shall live after me."

He then seated himself before his *Easel*, stretched his canvass, and with brush and pallet commenced the labors of the day;—saying at the same time in a manner as bland as it was touching—"Oblige me my son and amuse also yourself by an examination of some of these my much *cherished creations* trifles—many of them—still I regard them with the affection of children.

Some of them recall to mind some of the dearest spots of earth to me; spots, which, if not for them, would long since have faded from my memory." I soon entered upon my survey; and for the hours,—(and how swiftly did they fly,)—that the old man plied at his *work* I reveled and feasted my mind upon the splendours about me.

Here I found a statue or there a bust that might have done credit to the conception of a *Canova* or the hand of an *Angelo*.

Here hung a landscape, or half concealed, there lay a portrait or a Scripture piece or fancy sketch, that might have excited the envy of a *Raphael*.

Among other things, my attention was arrested by a new curiosity. It was a *Tablet* of stone which mine host

informed me was dug out of the mountain peak of the *Black Forest*, but disclaimed all further knowledge of it. It is of brown sand stone, thirty-six inches square, and three in thickness, engraved on one side only; and having when found the engraved side downward.

The words are curiously spelt by the aid of 41 singular, new and beautiful characters, or letters, each representing a distinct sound; and so many only are employed as are necessary to make up each word.

I have by dint of hard study, been enabled to make out its contents; but of its history or origin, or aught else of it, I leave for the learned in such matters. It certainly challenges the attention of the Historian, the Ethnologist, and the Antiquarian. Is it fiction, is it history, is it prophecy? Who can tell?

I herewith present a duplicate of the copy I made on the spot.

YEAR 4,000.

THE AMECANS, OR MILK WHITE RACE

1. Now hear oh ye who dwell in this age of pure light and perfect liberty; and marvel not when I tell you that there were once such things as slaves in the land; since even the *word slave* is no more mentioned among the children of men.

2. And these same slaves were human beings held in bondage—yea cruel bondage, against their will, and against the dictates of common humanity; and were subject to purchase and sale, like unto beast of burden and like unto merchandise.

3. Nor marvel not that these slaves were whipped with great gads, and were driven to and fro in gangs and in chains, as we read of in our books, the beast of burden were in the *nineteenth and twentieth centuries*; yea they were whipped often without offense even unto death.

4. And be ye not puffed up nor proud in spirit, oh ye sons of noble fathers because ye now possess the land; and oh ye beautiful and refined

daughters of virtuous mothers, be ye not vain overmuch because this land is now yours for an inheritance forever.

5. Nor be ye enraged, none of you, because ye hereby learn that your *ancestors* were these slaves, and subject to this hard bondage.

6. And give ye heed now while from this Tablet of stone, which your fathers made; [and other tablets have they made also] I speak to you, and tell you what manner of people possessed the land and bought and sold and held your ancestors and so despitely used them.

7. And lo and behold, as one appeared, so appeared all of them. They had *milk white skins*, and their faces were like the chalk of foreign hills, yea like unto the evil spirit; and their hair was long and strait and uncomely; and in hue as the yellow or red clay of our fields.

8. And their faces were long and narrow, and their noses sharp and angular, and their nostrils thin; so also were the lips of their sunken mouths,

9. They had sharp white teeth, like unto the teeth of the shark; and their eyes were blue as the cloudless sky, and sometimes leaden as when it is overcast; and their brows were large even unto the hiding of their eyes; and they were terrible to look upon, yea even fearful.

10. And these people, long ruled in the land, and their hand was the hand of iron, and their hearts as the stones of our valleys.

11. And though they had great energy, and their wills were like unto the oaks of our forest, their unscrupulousness was great, yea as huge as our mountains; and their consciences were less than a span and harder than the diamond.

12. They built them large cities, and made great attainments in *science* and in *art*; and were cunning workmen, and wonderful tillers of the soil, making it yield its abundance.

13. And they made them great *ships* and many; so much so, that

the seas were whitened with their sails; and they sent great burdens out of their land; and they got in return great riches.

14. And they builded also gorgeous *temples* in which they worshipped the *Gods* of their own making, while they professed to worship the true *God*; all of whose known laws they violated, and did but evil in his sight daily.

15. And your forefathers, they would not so much as permit them to enter the seats of their *temples* though they worshipped the true God, nor at their solemn feasts; but compelled them to stand afar off, because they had great hatred and prejudice against your forefathers.

16. And this people waxed fat and begat great pride, and clothed themselves in fine linen and black cloth every day; and their hearts became more and more filled with the world and the lust thereof.

17. And they said, who is like unto us? We are the great and the mighty ones of the Earth, and have a great mission to perform. We will level the hills and fill up the vallies; and will lay the mountains low, and make the path of the land straight, and they did so.

18. And we will lay on the path iron of our own workmanship and swift running vehicles will we put thereon, so that when the warm breath of the water puffeth at them they will run with swiftness and we will add to our cities and increase our comforts; and they did so.

19. And they wrapped themselves up in their ease and luxury in hopeful security; and their hand slackened; and great physical and mental weakness came over them; and many changes came in among them; so much so, that your forefathers looked upon them with much concern.

20. Yea their hair darkened, so also did their eyes and their skins; and they said unto your forefathers let us come in among you and be of you and partake of your substance *les* before our time.

21. And your forefathers did so ; for they had increased much in substance and in numbers ; and much in strength and in wisdom also ; and had gained great possessions, yea all the land.

22. And these people dwindled at last to leanness ; and their bones became small, and thin, and so did their statues ; and their minds became feeble, so much so, that they wist not what they did ; and finally they disappeared from among the children of men.

23. They staid no longer than to accomplish their *work* and then vanished ; yea as a cloud did they vanish from off the face of the whole land ; yea the land which your fathers have since possessed and enjoyed.

24. And it is a great grief unto this day that so little, beyond these *tablets* of stone, your fathers have left unto you that so little is now known of these *Amecans* or that a people once possessing so many peculiar traits, should have passed away without leaving to your fathers some greater memorial of their existence.

25. But *wo* was unto them ; and their works with their evil deeds seem to have perished with them.'

Simultaneous with my finishing this transcript, old Bernice rose from his labors. He lighted his lantern and saying 'come my son,' stepped to a side door hitherto unperceived by me but which like the first instantly yielded to his touch. We now turned into a narrow passage and continued in its subterraneous windings some fifty yards to another massive door, which like others swung back at the old mans bidding. But what a change !!!

From the artistic, the beautiful and the curious, we had just quitted, an object the most appalling my eyes ever beheld stood before us. Was it a man, was it even human ?—When we entered he stood crouched in one corner of his cell. His figure was gaunt and tall ; his head large and covered with long snow white hair, which hung in disordered masses over his pale and shriveled face ; and through which

his glaring eyes kept up a most terrible rolling ; while his mouth was white with foam. He soon commenced an incoherent muttering the only words distinguishable was *Bernice, Bernice !*

Suddenly he made a fearful lunge for me. I started back. It was a useless start. A chain was there. He could go no further. Then he raved, he shrieked, he tore his hair ; then he pronounced the most awful imprecations upon his captor, upon all mankind, upon his *Maker* ; then he subsided into the same low and unintelligent murmur again, *Bernice* being the only distinguishable word.

Suddenly he knelt ; then he prayed ; then he sprang up, then he bounded the length of his chains, then he stamped them in the earth, then he gnawed at their links ; then he begged, then he pled incoherently for something ; I thought it was for deliverance and instinctively stepped forward as though to give it. *Stay ! !* commanded *Old Bernice* in voice that I shall never forget. A stout heart only saved me from immediate petrification on the spot ; and when my eyes met his I confess I had some misgivings as to my own safety. And wherefore this man, said I.

'This man ! he is a murderer' said he ; and the old man's eyes kindled almost to a living flame. '*He is a murderer ! !*' exclaimed he' again.

'The wretch once had wealth and ad the influence it brings ; he once hall power and he exercised it like a fiend. The oppressed and helpless were the victims of his fiendish spirit. Many, too many of God's poor have, alas, felt his diabolical hand. *I* was one of his victims, and dearly, dearly have I paid the cost. I had a wife and children.

'He held them as his property. Would you ask the fiend where they now are ; or shall the sigh of the winds as they come up from the rice swamps answer ? I had a son, a son dear to me, though he held him too as property. Despite oppression he had grown to beautiful manhood.

Would you ask him where that son now is? Shall I answer that? Listen! That chained hand the wretch now lifts toward heaven and you for undeserved mercy, that chained hand struck down that son to the earth; and with that other hand withered as you see it, the wretch blew out the brains of my child without provocation and without warning; and would not so much as allow his body burial.' The old man made a pause, and I took advantage of it and said something about the law, redress, justice &c. '*Laws!*' exclaimed he almost frantic. '*Laws!*' what laws, what justice is there for the oppressed of our *class*? What laws except to oppress them harder? What laws except to pursue and rob them from the cradle to the grave, yea even beyond both. The wretch there,' said he pointing more significantly than ever at the miserable object before us, 'the wretch opulent in lands, opulent in human chattels, received the general approbation of his associate Tyrants for his *acts*.'

'But no matter,' continued he, 'I made my resolve and came hither. An interval was permitted to pass—a short one. He was brought hither, by what means I need not say. He was placed in my power. We confronted each other. It was a sore trial to him. We conversed much and freely. He spoke of the wrong done him; I spoke of mine. He spoke of his wife and children left behind. I reminded him of the sale and separation of mine. He spoke of his position in society and the wide difference between us. I told him that his superior advantage and position, so far from making him a wiser, and better man, had availed him little,—worse than little, since it had made him a robber of the helpless, an oppressor of the weak and a murderer of the innocent. He plead earnestly for his rights. I told him he had no rights that I was bound to respect. He then begged hard for his liberty. It was a strange sight,' said he, 'to see a

man begging for liberty from one of a class of whom he had his whole life long deprived of not only liberty but all that makes life worth having. He made large promises for that liberty. I told him that they were useless that he had now nothing to give; that he no longer possessed even himself; that his pleadings were now as useless as mine once were; that I was now the master and he the slave. I then assigned him his fate, and bid him prepare to meet it.

Long years have since gone by. I yet have him in my possession. I will not harm a hair of his head; but so long as he lives that gloomy cell shall be his prison-house, and these chains he is now bearing about with him in his sleeping moments and in his long waking hours, shall be his only earthly companions; and when he dies, as die he must, I will cast his carcass forth to gorge the *Vultures* that sit upon the mountain peaks of the Black Forest.'

'Bernice, Bernice,' imploringly murmured this white trembling *Felix*; and his knees smote together with very fear, as he stood before his *sable* master and heard his words.

The huge drops of perspiration rolled down my face as I said to myself what a terrible fate for a once proud tyrannical, wealthy white man who regards the black man as but a poor imbecile ignorant feeble thing, not so much even as the beasts that perish.

As the wretched fiend, for such I too now regarded him, commenced again his wild and loud imprecations, so loud that it seemed like a thousand voices, old Bernice drew himself up to his full height, and with a commanding gesture waved me to retire, and following said 'my son, thou hast as yet seen but little of this place;' and then turning round with one touch of his hand the heavy door sprang back to its place, and all sounds within that cell were hushed from the *world*.

(To be Continued.)

A Chapter in the History of the African Slave Trade.

BY EDWARD W. BLYDEN,

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"Quæ caræ ora cruce nostro ?"—HOR. 11 B. Ode 1.

The great epochs of the history, whether of mankind generally, or of one particular section of the human race, are not unusually preceded by occurrences more or less extraordinary. These occurrences, cursorily viewed, inspire opinions as to their ultimate results, which subsequent experience and the development of the results themselves prove to have been entirely erroneous. And often what would seem to be the natural and necessary interpretation of the tendency of any particular train of events is discovered to be as wide from the truth as possible. Hence, while there may be formed the most plausible conjectures as to the true character and bearing of any given circumstance or combination of circumstances, the uncertainty of results necessarily precludes the possibility of a just appreciation of any event at the time of its occurrence. The hatred which we learn from sacred story existed in the large family of Jewish brothers against one of their number, upon whom the head of the family seemed to lavish all the affection of old age, the bitterness with which they persecuted him, and the unnatural and cruel indifference with which they consigned him to slavery, were circumstances which seemed to justify the anticipation that the object of their malignity would suffer, pine away, and die in miserable obscurity. But his bondage was the means, humanly speaking, of introducing him to a position, whence, in after years during a period of pressing exigency, he could administer to the relief, and deliverance of the whole family. So before the permanent establishment of the nation whom God had

chosen to be the depository of his will and to preserve a knowledge of himself, amid the general apostacy of mankind whose conservative character was to influence either remotely or directly other portions of the human family, they must go down into Egypt, and, there, in a land of strangers, be afflicted 'four hundred years;' their moral and intellectual powers must pass under the withering and blighting influence of a pernicious bondage; circumstances which seemed entirely at variance with the preparation required by a people destined to occupy the high and important position which the Jews afterwards filled in the world. So also when there was to be established the nation whom God had chosen to 'conquer the world and subject it to the dominion of law,' as preparatory to the advent of the 'Prince of Peace,' one of the most ancient and powerful states must pass through a series of unprecedented calamities, and, at length, leveled to the dust by the 'unsparing steel and devouring element,' of relentless foes, from its ashes must spring forth the germ of the chosen people—the all-conquering Romans.

—'Res Asiæ Priamique evertere gentem
Immeritam visum Superis.*'

So, again, in modern times, when the period draws near for the redemption and delivery of Africa from the barbarism and degradation of unnumbered years, there must take place circumstances so horrible in their character, and so revolting to the nobler instincts of man as to find few dis-

* Virgil's *Æneid*. B. III.—1.

posed to recognize in them the hand of a supreme and merciful Ruler.

'Sant la chrymae rerum, et mertem mortalia tangunt.' Almost coeval with the invention of printing and the discovery of America, two great eras in the history of human improvement, was the beginning of the African slave trade. As soon as the empire of Europe following the guiding 'star' of destiny, began to move westward, she dragged Africa, rather tardy in the march of nations, along with her to the place which seems to have been designed for the rejuvenescence of eastern senility, for the untrammelled exercise and healthful growth of the principles of political and ecclesiastical liberty, and for the more thorough development of man. And it cannot be denied that the Africans when first carried to the Western world were benefited. The men under whose tutelage they were taken generally regarded them as a solemn charge entrusted to their care by Providence, and felt bound to instruct them, and, in every way, to ameliorate their condition. They were not only indoctrinated into the principles of Christianity, but they were taught the arts and sciences. The relation of the European to the African in those unsophisticated times was that of guardian and protegee. And the system, if slavery it was, bore a strong resemblance to slavery as it existed among the Romans, in the earlier periods of their history, when the 'slave was the teacher, the artist, the actor, the man of science, the physician.' Hence many good men, in view of the benefits which they saw accrue from the mild and generous system, embarked their capital in, and gave their influence to, the enterprise of transporting Negroes from Africa. The virulent features of the trade were not developed until the enormous gains which were found to result from the toil of the African and the consequent demand for his labor, had supplied the western continent with hordes of these children of the sun. But the

evils of the system, though horrifying in the extreme, were not regarded of sufficient magnitude to arrest the importation of slaves. The benefits which the poor heathen received in his deportation from a land of barbarism to a land of civilization furnished a counterbalancing argument to the mind of those benevolent souls who were actively engaged in the trade—the rapidity and ease with which they were enriching their coffers was of course only incidental to their glorious design of civilizing poor benighted Africa (! !)

But it was not long before the true character of the traffic began unmistakably to discover itself. Its immense gains brought men of various characters into competition. The whole western coast of Africa became the haunt of the slave-trader, and the scene of unutterable cruelties as the result of their operations. The more powerful native chiefs, impelled by these sordid and cruel feelings, which, in the absence of higher motives, actuate men, made war upon their weaker neighbors, in order to capture prisoners to supply the demand of the traders; and a state of things was induced which awakened the commiseration and called forth the remonstrances of the thoughtful and philanthropic in Christian lands. Wilberforce, Granville Sharp and others ably exhibited before the British public the horrible effects of the trade; pointed out its disastrous influence upon the peaceful communities of Africa; showed its agency in the disintegration of African society, and in the feuds, and guerillas which distracted the African coast; discovered it as depopulating the continent, and giving rise to multifarious and indescribable evils; and proposed as a remedy the immediate abolition of the traffic. In 1792, Mr. H. Thornton, Chairman of the Sierra Leone Company, said, in the course of a discussion consequent upon a motion made by Mr. Wilberforce for the abolition of the slave trade, 'It had obtained the

name of a *trade*; and many had been deceived by the appellation; but it was a war, not a *trade*; it was a *mass of crimes*, and not *commerce*; it alone prevented the introduction of trade into Africa. It created more embarrassments than all the natural impediments of the country, and was more hard to contend with than any difficulties of climate, soil, or natural dispositions of the people.' The slave-traders by pampering their cupidity had so ingratiated themselves with the native rulers of the country, and had acquired such an influence on the coast, that nothing could be suffered which would at all interfere with the activity of the trade. The establishment of any settlement or colony opposed to the traffic was of course out of the question.

The close of the eighteenth century, when experience had proved the traffic to be at variance with the laws of God, and an outrage upon humanity, witnessed the inauguration of vigorous efforts on the part of the philanthropists in England for the destruction of its legality. Mr. Wilberforce, having introduced the motion in Parliament 'that the trade carried on by British subjects for the purpose of obtaining slaves on the African coast ought to be abolished,' the friends of the motion ceased not in their efforts until on the 10th of February 1807, a committee of the whole House passed a bill 'that no vessel should clear out for slaves from any port within the British dominions after May 1, 1807, fifteen years after the introduction of Mr. Wilberforce's motion. The legality of the traffic being thus overthrown by England, and by other nations following in her wake, the horrors of the traffic manifestedly declined, and honorable commerce could again be prosecuted with some measure of safety.

The temporary immunity of the coast from the horrors attendant upon the slave trade, occasioned by the passage of the British 'Abolition Act,' furnished an opportunity to certain

philanthropists in America to carry out an idea which had originated years previously of planting on the West coast of Africa a colony of civilized Africans, but which had seemed impracticable in consequence of the unlimited and pernicious sway which the slavers held on the coast. In the year 1816 a Society was instituted under the denomination of the 'American Colonization Society,' for the purpose of colonizing in Africa with their own consent free persons of colour of the United States. In 1820, the necessary preparations having been made, the ship 'Elizabeth' sailed from the United States with a company of eighty-eight emigrants for the west coast of Africa. After various trials and difficulties they landed on Cape Monserrado and succeeded in establishing themselves. But scarcely had they intrenched themselves when the slavers, a few of whom still hovered on the coast and had factories in the vicinity of Monserrado, began to manifest their hostility to the settlers, endeavoring in every possible way to break up the settlement; while the aboriginal neighbors of the colonists, finding that the presence of the colony was diminishing very considerably their gains from the unhallowed trade, indulged a lurking enmity, which only awaited opportunity to develop itself. But the opportunity was not long in offering, for the colony was hardly two years old when it was desperately assailed by untold numbers of savages who came down in wild ferocity upon the feeble and defenceless company, and must have swept away every trace of them had not a merciful Providence vouchsafed deliverance to the weak. The settlers triumphed against overwhelming odds.

The slave-traders, notwithstanding the signal defeat of their native allies in the traffic, were not willing to abandon a scene which, for scores of years they had unmolestedly and profitably infested. They still lingered about the settlement. 'From eight to ten, and even fifteen vessels were

engaged at the same time in this odious traffic almost under the guns of the settlement; and in July of the same year, (1825) contracts were existing for eight hundred slaves to be furnished in the short space of four months, within eight miles of the cape. Four hundred of these were to be purchased for two American traders.* During the same year, Mr. Ashmun, agent of the American Colonization Society, wrote to the Society, 'The colony only wants the right, it has the power to expel this traffic to a distance, and force it at least to conceal some of its worst enormities.' From this time the society began to take into consideration the importance of enlarging the territory of the colony, and thus including within its jurisdiction several tribes in order both to protect the settlement against the evil of too great proximity to slave factories and to place it within the competency of the colonial authorities to 'expel the traffic to a distance.' But even after the limits of the colony had been greatly extended and several large tribes brought under its jurisdiction, the slavers would every now and then attempt to renew their old friendships, and frequently occasioned not a little trouble to the colonists, by exciting the natives to insubordination and hostility to a colony which, as they alleged, (being instructed so to think by the slavers) 'was spoiling their country and breaking up their lucrative trade.'

The feelings of some of the natives who had surrendered themselves to Liberian authority, became, under the guidance of the 'marauding outlaws,' so embittered against the colony that they more than once boldly avowed their hostile sentiments, and professed utter indifference to the laws of Liberia. This together with the fact, that every once in a while slavers would locate themselves, erect barbacons and purchase slaves on Liberian territory under the countenance and

protection of aboriginal chiefs, rendered several wars (?) against the latter necessary in order to convince them that Liberians had power to compel them to obedience. The last war of this character was 'carried' to New Cess in 1849, immediately after the independence of Liberia had been recognized by England and France. The condign punishment inflicted upon the slavers by that military expedition, the regular cruising of the Liberian government schooner 'Lark,' and the scattering of settlements at various points, have entirely driven away the slavers from the Liberian coast. The country in consequence has enjoyed a grateful repose, and the people have been peaceably prosecuting a legitimate traffic both with Liberians and foreigners.

But latterly a new element of discord has been introduced on the Liberian coast, the French emigration system. French vessels visit the coast for the ostensible object of employing laborers for the French colonies. Of course it is understood or presumed that all emigrants embarking on board of these vessels do so of their own accord; if so, the trade is as lawful as any other emigration trade. But it must be borne in mind that the aboriginies are not settled along the coast in independent Republican communities. They are under the most despotic rule; the king or head man having absolute control over his subjects or 'boys.' All the employer of emigrants has to do then is to offer, which he does, liberal conditions to the chiefs for the number of laborers required. The chiefs immediately send around, and compel their boys to come, or if they have not a sufficient number of their own people to answer the demand, predatory excursions are made, in which they kidnap the weak and unsuspecting, or a pretext is assumed for a war with a neighboring tribe; cruelty, bloodshed, carnage ensue; prisoners are taken, driven down to the beach and handed over to the captain of the emigrant ship, whose bus-

* Gurley's life of Ashmun—page 261.

iness being to employ all the laborers he can get, does not stop to enquire as to the method adopted for obtaining these persons. The result is, a state of things as revolting as that occasioned by the slave-trade in its most flourishing period. The bond which it was hoped Liberia had formed for the linking together of tribe to tribe in harmonious intercourse and mutual dependence is thus being rudely snapped asunder. The natives according to complaints made by some of them to the Liberian government are being agitated with reciprocal fears and jealousies, their lives and property are in danger, and a check is imposed upon all their industrious efforts.

An occurrence, however, sad indeed, but no doubt providential has recently taken place on the Liberian coast, which has clearly developed the character of the system, and which will, in all probability, arrest its deleterious influences. In the early part of April last (1858) the 'Regina Coeli,' a French ship engaged in the enlistment of laborers as above stated, was laying at anchor off Manna, a trading port a few leagues north-west of Monrovia, with two or three hundred emigrants on board, among whom, in consequence of some of their number being manacled, considerable dissatisfaction prevailed. During the absence of the captain and one of the officers, a quarrel broke out between the cook and one of the emigrants. The cook struck the emigrant, the latter retaliated, when a scuffle ensued, in which other emigrants took part. This attracted the attention of the rest of the crew, who coming to the assistance of the cook, violently beat the emigrants, killing several of them. By this time, those emigrants, who had been confined below were unshackled, and going in the fracas killed in retaliation all the crew, save one man who fled aloft and protested most earnestly his freedom from any participation in the matter. The emigrants recognizing his innocence, spared his life, but or-

dered him ashore forthwith, which order he readily obeyed.

The surviving emigrants having sole charge of the vessel, awaited the arrival of the captain to dispatch him as soon as he touched the deck. But he learning their design did not venture on board, but sought and obtained aid from the Liberian authorities at Cape Mount to keep the exasperated savages from stranding his vessel. The unfortunate ship was subsequently rescued by an English mail steamer, and towed into Monserrado Roads.

One very important result has accrued from this sad occurrence, and that is, the one already referred to—the development of the ruinous influence of the French emigration system upon the natives from among whom the laborers are taken. There have existed apprehensions on the part of the Liberian government that the emigration was constrained; but having received official information and assurance that the system enjoyed the countenance and patronage of the French Government and that the traders were under the immediate surveillance of French officials, it could not depreciate the honesty and good intentions of that renowned and magnanimous nation.

Nearly coincident with the above circumstance, and, perhaps, in some measure the result of it, was another of a similar character, in the interior of Liberia. One or two native chiefs, it appears, had collected a number of persons and were conveying them manacled to the coast for the purpose of supplying the emigrant vessels. On their way they stopped with their human load, to pass the night at a native town. During the night, one of the captives having worked himself loose, untied the others, when a revolt ensued in which the prisoners killed their kidnappers and made their escape.

It is a matter of profound regret that such should be the concomitants of a system which was doubtless designed by the French Government for the

benefit of the African race, and which, if judiciously carried out, according to its original intention, would probably result in the downfall of American slavery. A French periodical published in Paris, states the view taken of the system by French philanthropists as follows :

‘La France, en agissant comme elle le fait, ne travaille pas seulement pour la fortune des deux îles qui lui restent dans l’archipel des petites Antilles ; elle a, il est vrai, a peupler aussi, dans le cercle plus special des interets nationaux, la Guyane française et l’Algerie ; mais elle a surtout la mission de proteger de son pavillon et de couronner de son aureole morale une oeuvre essentiellement humanitaire, dont la double consequence doit etre, d’extirper l’esclavage de deux continents a la fois, de l’Afrique et de l’Amerique.*

If the emigration system could be carried on without involving the coast in such fearful distractions, it would, we are inclined to believe, furnish before long, a fair and satisfactory solution of the problem respecting the comparative productiveness of slave and free labor. There would be furnished in Guyano and other French colonies, to which these emigrants are taken, an example of vast tropical regions extensively and profitably cultivated by hordes of free native Africans. But so long as the system bears a compulsory character, the results to Africa of the efforts of those engaged in it, cannot fail to be disastrous. And no intercourse of foreigners with the natives, in the vicinity of Liberia and Sierra Leone, containing in it any element of the slave trade, will be long endured. Through the influence of these civilized and christian colonies, the natives far and near have been taught the sacredness of human rights. They will not easily and silently submit to enslavement, if there is the least chance of successful resistance. From Sierra Leone to

Bereby, a distance of about 700 miles of coast, with an interior of about 150 miles, and a population of about 800,000 souls, natives have caught the inspiration of the Genius of universal Freedom, and they too sing,

“Hereditary bondmen, know ye not,
That they who would be free, themselves must
strike the blow.”

In a great part of this region, what is an unmistakable indication that the natives have permanently abandoned the slave-trade, is the absence of barricaded towns, which, formerly, when the trade was rife, were indispensable to their protection from the slave-hunters. And these sentiments of freedom are spreading themselves far and wide, into the equatorial regions of Africa. Besides the influence which the missionaries scattered along the coast for about two thousand miles, are exerting, “a commencement has been made of home migration of liberated Africans, from Sierra Leone into the Yoruba country.” These people having received an education under the operation of the free principles of English law, and having accumulated a little property, are returning home deeply imbued with a sense of the wrong and injustice of the slave-trade, and are forming settlements on civilized and christian principles. The ardent and enlightened love of liberty, which has been engendered among them, under the teachings of those friends of the African, will render them anxious not only to reduce to practice, but widely to disseminate those lessons of personal and political liberty. And it may reasonably be hoped, that they will soon so generally diffuse their principles among the natives of those regions, so develop and strengthen among the masses the love of freedom, as to render those chiefs who favor the slave-trade, unpopular among their people, as all such miscreants are becoming in the vicinity of Liberia.

The unusual rush recently made by slavers to certain portions of the equa-

* ‘*Annales d’Afrique*’—*Mars et Avril*, 1858.

torial coast have called for vigorous action on the part of the British squadron, which has resulted in the capture of several notorious slavers. The American Squadron, which has hitherto not been as efficient as desirable, is now on the alert. Measures are taking, we understand, to increase the efficiency of this squadron. From the co-operation of the two squadrons, much good may be expected, or rather we may look for the prevention of much evil.

But while the odious traffic is receiving its death wounds on the coast, we hear of a determination on the part of some in North America to resuscitate it. Upon almost every wind that sweeps from the United States do we receive indications of a disposition in certain sections of that country to commence the importation of slaves into the Southern States. In the reports of Congress and State Legislatures; in the public newspapers; in the sermons of eminent divines; in private letters, we have the same admonition. One may *aspectu primo* be somewhat surprised to find such a feeling existing in a land, which in point of intellectual and moral light, is among the most favored in the world. But when it is considered that we have fallen upon times when 'the lust of gain is the sole impulse of human activity, and almost the only umpire of human life,' when intellect has become the slave of avarice, though proclaiming its incontestable dominion over the universe; we can hardly wonder. It is by no means surprising that there should be such a failure on the part of those votaries of slavery and the slave-trade, in the land of light, to discover that flagrant wrong and enormous guilt involved in their favorite pursuit; for, besides the strenuous efforts which they make to believe and to disseminate the dogma that 'the black man has no rights

which white men are bound to respect,' their indisposition to work with their own hands, and the prodigious gains which accrue to them from the unrecompensed toil of the Negro, have erected an insurmountable and impenetrable barrier between them and Right. 'I can never cease to be most unfeignedly thankful,' says Dr. Livingstone, 'that I was not born in a land of slaves. No one can understand the effect of the unutterable meanness of the slave system on the minds of those who, but for the strange obliquity which prevents them from feeling the degradation of not being gentlemen enough to pay for services rendered, would be equal in virtue to ourselves. Fraud becomes as natural to them as 'paying one's way' is to the rest of mankind.*'

But we are rather encouraged than otherwise by the noisy boasting of the proslavery zealots. We regard it, all things considered, as a favorable augury. It is our deliberate opinion that, if the real feelings of some of the loudest defenders of slavery were known, we should find them briefly but truly expressed in the significant device:

'Le passe' me tourmente, et je crains l'avenir.'

The days of giant oppression are numbered and he knows it. His hideous and menacing roars are only accompaniments of his dying paroxysms. While we must admit that the 'gnashing of his teeth,' and his 'horrible grins' are indications of what he would do under more favorable circumstances, yet, knowing as we do, the march of events in the current history of the world, we cannot but regard it as a sign of supervening enervation and overwhelming overthrow.'

* Livingstone's *Miss. Travels, &c.* in South Africa, pp. 39.

Thoughts on Hayti,

BY J. THEODORE HOLLY.

The Important position that this Nationality holds in relation to the Future Destiny of the Negro Race.

The recent bloodless revolution through which Hayti has passed and which has resulted in the dethronement of Faustin I and in the elevation of Gefard to the chair of the Chief Magistrate; together with the revival of the subject of Haytian emigration among colored Americans, have contributed to bring the claims of this negro-nationality prominently before the public mind.

I, therefore, propose to profit by the attention which is now being bestowed upon the affairs of that country, to furnish some food for the public mind, by exposing some of my own thoughts derived from a somewhat careful and extended study of the history of the Haytian people. These thoughts, I will give in a short series of articles on various topics; such as may be of the most important consideration; and shall begin in this one to speak of the important relation that this sovereign people hold to the future destiny of the negro race.

In the first place, then, let me say, that the successful establishment of this negro nationality; the means by which its establishment was sought and accomplished; and the masterly vigilance by which the same has been maintained for upwards of a half-century, present us with the strongest evidence and the most irrefragable proof of the equality of the negro race, that can be found anywhere, whether in ancient or modern times. Among all the nationalities of the world, Hayti stands without any question the solitary prodigy of history. Never before in all the annals of humanity has a race of men, chattelized and almost

dehumanized, sprung by their own efforts, and inherent energies from their brutalized condition, into the manly status of independent, self-respecting freemen, at one gigantic bound; and thus took their place at once, side by side with nations whose sovereignty had been the mature growth of ages of human progress. The ancient glory of Ethiopia, Egypt, and Greece, grows pale in comparison with the splendor of this Haytian achievement. Because civilization having grown to gradual maturity under the most favorable circumstances on the banks of the Ganges, rolled its slow length along until it penetrated into Ethiopia, and from thence following the course of the Nile passed into Egypt; coursed onward into Greece; and finally has rolled its restless tide over Modern Europe and the Western world. But the people of Hayti, without the elevating influence of civilization among them; without a favorable position for development; without assistance from any quarter; and in spite of the most powerful combination of opposing circumstances, in which they found themselves, at times contending against the armies of France, England and Spain; these people, I say, in the face of all these obstacles, aroused themselves to the consciousness of their own inherent dignity, and shook off from their limbs the shackles and badges of their degradation, and successfully claimed a place among the most enlightened and heroic sovereignties of the world. Such, in short, is the important position that Hayti holds when compared with the nations of

all ages, past and present, that have figured in the world's history.

But this importance does not diminish in the least if we take a more circumscribed view of her relations. Let us confine ourselves to this continent alone and compare her with the nationalities of the New World. She is second on the list of independent sovereignties in the Western Hemisphere that have successfully thrown off European domination during the last 80 years. And if the United States can claim to have preceded her in this respect, Hayti can claim the honor of having contributed to the success of American Independence, by the effusion of the blood of her sable sons, who led by the gallant Rigaud, a man of color, fought side by side with the American heroes in the Battle of Savannah. And, if since her independence, her government cannot claim the same stability of administration as that of the United States and Brazil, yet she can claim to have been far superior in this respect to all the Hispano-American nationalities that surround her.

Hence, then, with this living, breathing nationality rearing its sovereign head aloft over the Carribbean sea; and presiding as the Queen of the Antilles, we need not resort to any long drawn arguments to defend negro-Ethnography against the Notts and Glidons of our day. Let them prove, if they can, to the full satisfaction of their narrow souls and gangrened hearts, that the black faced, woolly haired, thick lipped and flat nosed Egyptians of Ancient times did not belong to the same branch of the human family that those negroes do, who have been the victims of the African Slave-trade for the past four centuries. Let them prove by the subtlest refinement of reasoning that those ancient darkies were pure white men; and without stopping to expose the fallacies of their argument we may grant their conclusions; and adduce the people of Hayti, as the most unexceptionable specimen of the degraded negro race,

and prove their equality, nay, may I not say, their absolute superiority to any other nation of men that have ever sprung into existence.

From these thoughts, it will be seen that whatsoever is to be the future destiny of the descendants of Africa, Hayti certainly holds the most important relation to that destiny. And if we were to be reduced to the dread alternative, of having her historic fame blotted out of existence, or that celebrity which may have been acquired elsewhere by all the rest of our race combined; we should say preserve the name, the fame, and the sovereign existence of Hayti, though everything else shall perish. Yes, let Britain and France undermine, if they will, the enfranchisement which they gave to their West Indian slaves; by their present Apprenticeship system; let the lone-star of Liberia, placed in the firmament of nationalities, by a questionable system of American philanthropy, go out in darkness; let the opening resources of Central Africa, be again shut up in their wonted seclusion; let the names and deeds of our Nat Turners, Denmark Veazeys, Penningtons, Delanys, Douglasses and Smiths be forgotten forever; but never let the self emancipating deeds of the Haytian people be effaced; never let her heroically achieved nationality be brought low; no, never let the names of her Touissaint, her Dessalines, her Rigaud, her Christophe, and her Pétion be forgotten, or blotted out from the historic pages of the world's history.

The vantage ground given us in the former cases can be dispensed with rather than in the latter, because the White race can claim credit for having aided us to attain thereto; and thus they have ground to say that without them we could not have made this advancement; they might still continue to argue that when left to ourselves, we retrograde into barbarism. But in the case of Hayti the question of negro capacity stands out a naked fact, as vindication of itself, not only with-

out any aid whatever from the white man, but in spite of his combined opposition to keep down in brutal degradation these self emancipated freemen. From this view of the matter it may be seen that if Haytian independence shall cease to exist, the sky of negro-destiny shall be hung in impenetrable blackness; the hope of Princes coming out of Egypt and Ethiopia soon stretching forth her hands unto God, will die out; and everlasting degradation become the settled doom of this down-trodden, long afflicted, and then God-forsaken race.

Therefore to despise the claims of Hayti, is to despise the cause of God, by which he promises to bring deliverance to the captives and to those

who are bound; to be indifferent to these claims is to neglect the holiest duties that Providence imposes upon us; and to refuse to make any and every sacrifice to advance the interest and prosperity of that nation is to be a traitor both to God and humanity. Hence, then, let that tongue cleave to the roof of its mouth that could dare speak against her; and let that arm wither that would not be upraised to defend her cause, against a sacrilegious desecration by the filibustering tyrants of mankind, and the sworn enemies of God. And to this solemn prayer let every manly heart that beats within a sable bosom respond, Amen.

Intellectual Culture.

BY ROBERT GORDON.

EDUCO is the Latin verb from which the word Education is derived,—it means to draw out, to lead out, to bring out, having also the general sense, with respect to men, of rearing, training, and educating. Every one has the immaterial substance denominated mind, in which the Almighty has, more or less, deposited intellectual matter that is capable of being drawn out, led out, or brought out—If then, we cannot but know that it was given for the purpose of being so, Reason indubitably leads to the conclusion, that to render ourselves grateful for the inestimable gift, that 'mind' which a worthily distinguished man of our own times, Lord Brougham, observes, 'bears a nearer relation to the Great Intelligence which created and which maintains the system than any other work of Divine wisdom and power,' every effort should be used by

which that end might be realized—There is no folly in becoming wise, or in rendering ourselves efficient and fully qualified for the proper discharge of whatever duties may devolve upon us in the station of life to which we are called, except, indeed, ignorance unnaturally forms our bliss. It is by intellectual culture that narrow views of things become expanded. By it the latent faculties of the soul are drawn out; by it light shines out of darkness,—'books in running brooks and sermons in stones, are found' Without it, those faculties lay in a torpid state, whereby Man, the Lord of Creation, may not improperly be considered as not much above those beasts that perish, over which in the beginning his Creator conferred upon him unlimited powers. With it, the special design of the Almighty that Society should exist, is best realized

and maintained, whilst there would be scope for those reciprocal advantages which would render it what it was intended to be. The poet Cowper truly says:—

‘Man in society is like a flower blown in its native bed ;

’Tis there alone his faculties, expanded in full bloom, shine out ;

There only reach their proper use.’

When however, we speak of intellectual culture, we are by no means to be understood as asserting that moral worth is not as necessary. Society frames its existence on moral worth. It is its substratum, without which it is rather a blessing than a curse. *With* the former and *without* the latter, men hold in their hands a dangerous weapon that is easily wielded for mutual destruction, and is ever anxious to be in active use, as France, in times past, in her atheistical and diabolical conspiracy against Jehovah’s august throne, painfully demonstrated. *With* the latter alone, however sincere may be the intention to order things upon the best and surest foundation, yet cultivated faculties not being present to diffuse their enlightened rays on men and things under their influence, the atmosphere of that society cannot but partake of *Gothic rarefaction*. *Without* the former, men are hardly able to relish the social decencies of life, and to conform themselves and families to them; and, therefore, cannot efficiently perform their duty to society.

But who does not know that mind is always the same, whether in England, Spain, America, or Africa—that it makes no difference whether it be enveloped under a black skin or a white skin, that ‘though skins may differ, yet that affection dwells in black and white the same?’ Can any disadvantage, then, result to anything for being educated—any to any irrational animal for being trained—any to any rational being made in the image of one Common Father of all for having his faculties drawn out, his moral nature improved, as the direct

effect of his rendering the means which would make him take a more important stand among his fellow men than heretofore, subservient to the attainment of the true wisdom which will endure the wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds?

Behold that stately and docile steed, once revelling in his wildness, and incapable of service, now magnificently caparisoned, proudly performing to the very letter of his master’s orders in yon amphitheatre, exercises that cause us to be mute with astonishment. The latter, too, with elastic limbs, adroitly exhibits dexterous feats. Are the man and his horse animals of another world superior to our own? They are not; but are simply practical illustrations of what training and education can accomplish. Pick up that unshapely, ugly, hard substance against which my foot strikes, and causes me pain—what is it?—why, a stone that I am very much disposed to hurl away in impatient anger for being the offensive object of my pain; but on a minute inspection, I am led to conclude that it would amply repay my industry were I to educate it. And now commences the mode of operation. The incrustations and the enveloping laminæ are peeled off, and my eyes are gladdened by the sight of its intrinsic virtue; cleaving it, its natural beauty appears. By education, then, I become the possessor of a magnificent, beautiful gem, that the proudest monarch would regard himself fortunate in obtaining to deck his august diadem.

But, if we view man at the creation of the world, his irrational fellow-occupants of the globe surrounding him, what are we to conclude, but that his powers were miserably ill adapted in comparison with these, to shield his body from cold, rain, and those other productions of nature which could not but be pregnant with physical pain to him? Our thoughts, therefore, must lead us to the fact, that reason, that

most precious gift of God to him, was given him, in order that he should as it were educate it to supply his wants. And it is by this same education that he has not only accomplished it, improving in every age mentally and physically, until the present, but has supplied others with his surplus stock.

'He was made

A friend in his creation to himself,
And may, with fit ambition conceive
The greatest blessings and the highest honors
Appointed for him, if he can achieve them
The right and noble way.'*

Now, as with the material, so also with the immaterial soil, that, through the gracious design of a bountiful Providence, oftentimes spontaneously produces fruit for his use; but if, patiently bearing his ordained lot to eat his bread by the sweat of his brow, he eradicates from it all noxious weeds, clears it, ploughs it, and sows his seed in the proper season, the general results will undoubtedly be satisfactory, and afford encouragement to renewed exertions. This requires its dormant powers to be awakened; and certainly, when impressions are easily made and retained, if the right direction and bias be given them, good effects will be ordinarily obtained. Its discipline—the discipline of the heart, as well as of the head—will, for the most part, prove how salutary and advantageous is its exercise.

Quo semel est imbuta recens, servabit odorem

Testa din.†

We are explicitly informed by the Book of Books that 'God hath made of one blood all nations of men to dwell on all the face of the earth.' How, then, do we behold some nations arrived at almost the very acme of power, glory, and intelligence, whilst others are ignorant and degraded, with no power, no glory, no intelligence, whose scanty

and precarious subsistence is derived from the chase, and the free will offerings of the soil? Do we not see some devoutly worshipping the Holy of Holies, the Lord of Lords, and the King of Kings, in magnificent and spacious Temples that display a high degree of refined taste and artistic excellence, that grandly exhibit the wonderful architectural abilities of the builders? Do we not there become extasied by the deep swelling notes of the noble organ, now elevating the worshipper into the Heaven of Heavens, and drawing out the pathos of his soul, now leading him down with seraphic stillness to render him conscious of the fact that he is still in the body? But even at that very time, the savage who knows not the true God nor his Redeemer, nor has ever 'heard whether there be any Holy Ghost,' is bowing down to wood and stone, the heavenly bodies which 'shall wax old as a garment, and shall be folded up as a vesture;' yea, indeed, paying his adoration to four footed beasts, creeping things, reptiles, birds, and fishes of the sea. 'How great' says an excellent writer,* 'seems the dissimilarity between a naked Indian dancing for joy over a new feather, for his head dress, and such a mind as that of Newton or of Boyle! Yet what makes the difference! There is mind enough in the savage; he can almost outdo the instincts of the prey which he hunts; but his soul is like the marble pillar. There is the material of a beautiful statue in it, but it has never been chiseled by the hand of the sculptor. That mind of the savage has never been disciplined by study; and, therefore, in the comparison, it appears like the rough bison of the forest, distinguished only for strength and ferocity.'

It is his want of education, we say, that renders him so uncivilized, and presents him before us in such an unenviable point of view. But were his infant child snatched from the debasing influences which surrounded it, and made the subject of sound, mental and moral discipline, its pursuits, habits, feelings, and desires would necessarily become totally different from what they would otherwise be. Being arrived to years of

* Massinger.

† Horace, 2nd Ep., Book 1.

* Todd.

discretion, the effects of that mental and moral discipline might redound to the honor and glory of the Great Father to the human family, and facilitate the well-being of the social circle in which the matured and cultivated child moves and diffuses the salutary fragrance of its enlightened intellect, and, *vice versa*. Bereave even the highly civilized Queen of England of her infant babe, and transport it to the lot from which the young savage had been taken; and, like all other young savages, it, too, will grow up with barbarous feelings. Uncivilized ideas, manners, and customs will impress their tender objects in the same degree as that lot has done, and still continues to do, to others beneath its mind dwarfing control.

Cæsar saw things for himself, and he tells us what was the state of Great Britain two thousand years ago. Great Britain whose institutions sparkle with mind, whose wooden walls strike kingdoms with terror and indecision to urge war with her, whose armed and well compacted phalanx, from its bravery and discipline seldom fails to obtain the victorious palm. Then she was characterized by the stern despotism of Druidism, and uncivilization and gross idolatry obtained there as in other places of the heathen world. The horrible practice of sacrificing human victims was fully observed there. Now, she nobly sits enthroned on the august pinnacle of civilization, its liberty-built pedestal remaining firm whilst around and about her haughty governments totter, and their stability becomes a thing not all to be depended on. The pure worship of Him 'who came to enlighten the Gentiles, and to be the glory of His people Israel,' finds an ample and encouraging seat there. It is the cultivation both of the human mind and the religious affections of the heart that have produced the happy change.

But Solomon, the wisest of men, delivered it as his opinion, 'that it is not good for the soul to be without knowledge.' Although religious knowledge was that which this Prince chiefly meant, and he could have been a faithful servant of God without that distinguished portion of human and divine wisdom to attest which, the Queen of Sheba came from her dominions, yet, with it, he was ren-

dered, more capable of apprehending Him in every natural object which his eyes beheld.

The men

Whom nature's works instruct, with God Himself

Hold converse; grow familiar, day by day,
With His conceptions; act upon his plan,
And form to His the relish of their souls.*

In the benighted state of an ignorant man's faculties, what would attract the man of cultivated mind, receives from him as much notice as the beautiful flower in the field from the lowing ox feeding in it. By their confined nature, he is as it were morally persuaded that all things partake of the odor of his lamp, which, indeed, can convey no intellectual light. He is of the same mind with the ignorant shepherd in Virgil's 1st Bucolic, who, never having known anything of the celebrated City of Rome, with characteristic simplicity, foolishly thinks it to be like his own city, Mantua, where he and other shepherds are wont to drive the tender offspring of their ewes.†

Cicero, in that amusing oration of his for the Poet Archias, says:—

Ego multos homines excellenti animo ac virtute fuisse, et sine doctrina, natura ipsius habitu prope divino, per seipsos, et moderatos et graves extitisse fateor; etiam illud adjungo, sapius ad laudem atque virtutem sine naturam; doctrina, quam sine natura valuisse doctrinam atque idem contendo, cum ad naturam eximiam atque illustrem accesserit ratio quadam conformatioque doctrina; tum illud nescio praelarum ac singulare solere exsistere.

'I confess that there have been many men of excellent dispositions and renowned virtue, who yet were without learning; but, by the almost divine character of Nature herself, have been wise and moderate.—Moreover, I add this, that Nature without learning has been often times more efficacious to obtain glory and virtue, than learning without nature; but I do also contend, that when to an excellent and bright natural disposition, the intellectual faculties receive training, then, the consequence of this union is something distinguished and extraordinary.'

* Akenside.

† Urbem, quam dicunt Romam, Melibœe putavi
Stultus ego huic nostra similem, quo saepe solemus

Pastoris ovium teneros depellere fetus.

Thus Seneca, in one of his Epistles :—*
' Learning excellently hightens our felicity, and in a very great degree lessens the force of adversity. It is the chief ornament and comfort of mankind.'

Over every human pursuit failure and disappointment possess their full amount of power. Here is a man who, during his whole life, had diligently and indefatigably exerted all the energies of his mind in order to realize a certain object,

* Doctrina studia et optime felicitatem extollent, et facillime minuunt calamitatem; eademque ornamenta hominum maxima sunt et solatia. Ad Polyb. c. 36.

or promote a favorite design. He came eventually, with gladdened feelings, to drink the luscious cup of success, and to say to his soul, 'Take thine ease now;' but as it touched his eager lips, itself and its contents, by some ill fortune against which his foresight had taken no measures, fell to the ground, and thus proved the instability and uncertainty of all things that bear a terrestrial stamp. But ill-success cannot possibly have any power to mar the joy of any who may devote his leisure hours to the acquisition of solid and useful knowledge, that valuable possession whose beneficial and sweet enjoyments nothing human can deprive us of, which amply compensates for the labor expended in acquiring it.

From the *Liberator*.

Claude Brindis De Salas.

☞ We are obliged to an unknown correspondent, 'MULATICO,' for translating the following sketch of the life of a black man of great musical genius, which has recently appeared in a Paris journal. It will be read with interest and pleasure.

Claude Brindis de Salas, if we consider the place in which he was born, and the epoch, ought undoubtedly to be classed with those men who have distinguished themselves for good actions, and whose life, as will be shown in this narrative, may be considered an example of what a combination of good luck and talents may accomplish.

The family of this person consisted of his parents and several brothers, all of pure black African origin, but living in a state of respectable industry to which this race may attain. In the year 1800, Claude Brindis was born in Havana, and nature, already preparing for him a station attained only with great difficulty by persons of his class, permitted, a few days after his birth, that his mother should have the honor to be chosen nurse to the most excellent Count Don Jose Maria Chacon, head of one of the most illustrious families of Cuba.

On account of her good conduct, she had previously been employed as wet nurse to a brother of the first-born of said house of Chacon. This double foster-brotherhood, the great retirement in which the nobles of Havana were at that time educated, and the good character of the son of the nurse, attracted the attention of his excellent foster-brother; and from that moment, he and his mother became the recipients of the greatest kindness and favors, corresponding with the patriarchal character of the Havanese.

The little negro was a trifle more than fourteen years of age, when, in view of the great taste he manifested for music, they placed him as a pupil in the Academy of the distinguished Professor, Ignatius Calvo, well known in Cuba for his musical talents, as also for his worthy emulation of the not less celebrated Thomas Alarcon. As the pupil advanced in his studies, he distinguished himself as a singer, and the excellence of his voice was such, that he was in demand at all great festivals, and was asked, as a great favor, that his voice might be heard, as 'his treble was unequalled.' At that time, the island was governed by his Excellency, the Marquis of Someruelos,

who had to *assist* at a feast in the convent of Our Lady de Mercedes, and where, delighted to hear so fine a voice, he took pains to inform himself about the circumstances of the singer, when he desired to see him. Now begins the true epoch of the musical triumphs of our hero. The community, or the largest part of it, endeavored to get an introduction to the young singer. The Governor showered eulogiums and favors on him; advised him to continue his studies with diligence and constancy; gave him a gold coin valued at seventeen dollars, and offered him his protection. Friendly and enthusiastic gifts from others followed on that, to Brindis, memorable day, and he returned home with a sum amounting to nearly a hundred dollars—the total amount of the donations made by his auditors.

Nature did not confine Brindis to two talents—two faculties; he was familiar with dancing, and for a long time a director in and teacher of this art to the most distinguished youths, including the families of the Governors. He even eclipsed professors of greater reputation.

Hardly was Brindis out of his boyhood, when he appeared as leader of a large and selected orchestra. His first step then was to offer his services to his distinguished protectors, who gave him the appointment of musical director at the grand entertainments of his Excellency, which post he filled till the termination of the Count's administration.

In 1837, he was elected musical conductor at a great banquet given by the garrison in honor of his Excellency, Michael Tacon, Governor of the island. There he demonstrated the extent of his knowledge of his art by playing his first composition, which was so well received by all present, as well as by Tacon, that the latter selected him to direct the band on the occasion of the dedication of the flag of the Havana regiment; and at that of the inauguration of the Palace of Arms, he paid him the same compliment.

When the Marquis of St Philip and St. James complimented Gen. Bertrand with a ball, which was attended by a great number of foreigners, noblemen, authorities, in a word, by the elite of Havana society, Brindis, as usual, attracted universal attention; and General Ulloa, of the marines, gave him

charge of the orchestra during the royal feasts celebrated at the majority of Queen Isabella II. In short, the fine character, engaging manner, and elegant air, united with the talents of this negro, made him an indispensable auxiliary at every entertainment given by the nobility and gentry. He even experienced the happiness of being crowned at a ball by several ladies to whom he had inscribed his exquisite compositions.

The Corporation of Havana submitted him to a rigorous examination, from which he came forth '*Maestro Composer and Musician.*' His compositions were popular in Havana, and foreign papers even noticed them favorably.

Brindis was, besides director of the orchestras of various Philharmonic and dramatic societies, and figured at the principal concerts; obtaining from the first honorable mention—as he also did from one of the greatest Professors of the island, Mr. Roffdin, for having distinguished himself at a musical concert composed of nine orchestras.

We will not conclude this sketch without saying that Brindis served his Queen as sub-lieutenant in the (now extinguished) colored regiment of Havana, and then he dedicated to her a richly bound collection of his compositions.

His absence of eight years from the island did not obliterate from the minds of his friends the remembrance of his good qualities and talents. On his return from the province of Merida, where he gathered not a few laurels, he met in Havana a great many friends; add if it is true the great and rapid progress which the opulent capital of Cuba daily makes attracts to it talent of every kind of the highest order; it is also true that that does not prevent Brindis from again filling a respectable station, and acquiring the title of sympathetic friend and persevering person, by which he is generally distinguished at the present time.

This sketch has two objects. 1st. To inscribe a remembrance from this land to the man who contributed to make our youthful days pass pleasantly. 2d. To verify the assertion with which we prefaced it, respecting the great results which are almost always obtained, even from the most barren natures, by civilization, education and protection.

(Signed)

SABINO LASADA.

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NO. 7.

Blake: or, the Guts of America.

A TALE OF THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY, THE SOUTHERN UNITED STATES, AND CUBA.

BY M. R. DELANY.

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CHAPTER XXI.

WHAT NOT.

Leaving the United Nation of Chickasaw and Choctaw Indians, Henry continued his travel in this the roughest apparently of all the States. Armed with bowieknives and revolvers openly carried belted around the person, he who displays the greatest number of deadly weapons seems to be considered the greatest man. The most fearful incivility and absence of refinement was apparent throughout this region. Neither the robes of State nor gown of authority is sufficient to check the vengeance of awakened wrath in Arkansas. Law is but a fable, its ministration a farce, and the pillars of justice but as stubble before the approach of these legal invaders.

Hurriedly passing on in the darkness of the night, Henry suddenly came upon a procession in the wilderness, slowly and silently marching on, the *cortege* consisting principally of horsemen, there being but one vehicle, advanced by four men on horseback. Their conversation seemed at intervals of low, muttering, awe-stricken voices. The vehicle was closely covered, and of a sad, heavy sound by the rattling of the wheels upon the unfinished path of

the great Arkansas road. Here he sat in silence listening, waiting for the passage of the solemn procession, but a short distance from whence in the thicket stood the hut of the slave to whom he was sent.

"Ole umin! done yeh heah some 'un trampin' round de house? Hush! eve-droppehs 'bout!" admonished Uncle Jerry.

"Who dat?" enquired Aunt Rachel, as Henry softly rapped at the back window.

"A friend!" was the reply.

"What saut frien' dat go sneak roun' people back windah stid comin' to de doh?"

"Hush, ole umin, yeh too fas! how yeh know who 'tis? Frien', come roun' to de doh," said the old man.

Passing quickly around, the door was opened, a blazing hot fire shining full in his face, the old man holding in his hand a heavy iron poker in the attitude of defence.

"Is dis you, my frien?" enquired Uncle Jerry, to whom Henry was an entire stranger.

"Yes, Uncle, this is *me*," replied he.

"God bless yeh, honey! come in; we didn know 'twos you, chile! God bless de baby!" added Aunt Rachel. "Ole man, heah yeh comin' an' we been lookin' all-day-long. Dis evenin' I git some suppeh, an' I don'o if yeh come uh no."

"How did you know I was coming, Aunty?"

"O! honey, da tell us," replied she.

"Who told you?"

"De folks up dah."

"Up where?"

"Up dah, 'mong de Injins, chile."

"Indians told you?"

"No, honey; some de black folks, da all'as gwine back and for'ard, and da lahn heap from dem up dah; an' da make 'ase an' tell us."

"Can you get word from each other so far apart, that easy?"

"Yes 'ndeed, honey! some on 'em all de time gwine; wite folks know nothin' 'bout it. Some time some on 'em gone two-three day, an' ain miss; white folks tink da in de woods choppin'."

"Why, that's the very thing! you're ahead of all the other States. You folks in Arkansas must be pretty well organized already."

"Wat dat yeh mean, chile, dat 'organ' so?"

"I mean by that, Aunty, a good general secret understanding among yourselves."

"Ah, chile! dat da is. Da comin' all de time, ole man hardly time to eat mou'full wen 'e come in de hut night."

"Tell me, Aunty, why people like you and Uncle here, who seem to be at the head of these secrets, are not more cautious with me, a stranger?"

"Ole umin, I lisenin at yeh!" said Uncle Jerry, after enough had been told to betray them; but the old people well understood each other, Aunt Rachel by mutual consent being the mouth-piece.

"How we knows *you*!" rejoined the old woman; wy, chile, yeh got mahk dat so soon as we put eye on yeh, we knows yeh. Huccum yeh tink we gwine tell yeh so much wen we don'o who yeh is? Sho! chile, we ain' dat big fool!"

"Then you know my errand among you aunty?"

"Yes, meh son, dat we does, an' we long been waitin' foh some sich like you to come mong, us. We thang God dis night in ouh soul! We long been lookin' foh ye chile!" replied Uncle Jerry.

"You are closely watched in this State, I should think, Uncle."

"Yes, chile, de patrolas da all de time out an' gwine in de quah'tehs an' huntin'

up black folks wid der 'nigga-dogs' as da call 'em."

"I suppose you people scarcely ever get a chance to go anywhere, then?"

"God bless yeh, honey, da blacks do'n mine dem noh der 'nigga-dogs' nutha. Patrolas feahd uh de black folks, an' da black folks *charm* de dogs, so da cahn heht 'em," said Aunt Rachel.

"I see you understand yourselves! Now, what is my best way to get along through the State?"

"Keep in de thicket, chile, as da patrolas feahd to go in de woods, da feahd runaway ketch 'em! Keep in da woods, chile, an' da ain' goin' dah bit! Da talk big, and sen' der dog, but da ain' goin' honey!" continued the old woman.

"Ah spose, meh son, yeh know how to chaum dogs?" enquired Uncle Jerry.

"I understand the mixed bull, but not the full bred Cuba dog," replied Henry.

"Well, chile, da keep boph kine heah, de bull dog an' bloodhoun' an' fo' yeh go, I lahn yeh how to fix 'em all! Da come sneakin, up to yeh! da cahn bite yeh!"

"Thank you, uncle Jerry! I'll try and do as much for you in some way."

"Yeh no call foh dat, meh son; it ain' nothin' mo' nah onh—"

"Hush! ole man; ain' dat dem?" admonished Aunt Rachel, in a whisper, as she went to the door, thrusting out her head in the dark.

"Who! Patrols?" with anxiety enquired Henry.

"No chile, de man da kill down yondah; all day long da been lookin' foh 'em to come."

"A procession passed just before I came to your door, which I took for a funeral."

"Yes, chile, dat's it, da kill im down dah."

On enquiry, it appeared that in the Senate a misunderstanding on the rules of order and parliamentary usage occurred, when the Speaker conceiving himself insulted by the Senator who had the floor, deliberately arose from his chair, when approaching the Senator, drove a bowie-knife through his body from the chest, which laid him a corpse upon the Senate floor.

"There he is! there he is!" stormed the assassin, pointing with defiance at the lifeless body, his hand still reeking with blood. "I did it!" slapping his hand

upon his own breast in triumph of his victory.

They had just returned with the body of the assassinated statesman to the wretched home of his distracted family, some ten miles beyond the hut of Uncle Jerry.

"Is this the way they treat each other here, Auntie?"

"Yes, chile, wus den dat! da kill one-notha in cole blood, sometime at de table eatin'. Da all'as choppin' up some on 'em."

"Then you black people must have a poor chance among them, if this is the way they do each other!"

"Mighty po', honey; mighty po' indeed!" replied Uncle Jerry.

"Well, Uncle, it's now time I was doing something; I've been here some time resting. Auntie, see to your windows and door; are there any cracks in the walls?"

"No, honey, da dob good!" whispered the old woman as a well-patched woollen quilt to shield the door was hung, covering nearly one side of the hut, and a thickly-patched linsey gown fully shielded the only window of four eight by ten lights.

These precautions taken, they drew together in a corner between the head of the bed and well-daubed wall to hold their seclusion.

"Laud!" exclaimed Uncle Jerry, after the secrets were fully imparted to them; "make beah dine all conquering ahm! Strike off de chains dat dy people may go free! Come, Laud! a little nigh, eh!"

"Honah to 'is name!" concurred Aunt Rachel. "Wuthy all praise! Tang God foh wat I seen an' heahn dis night! ah night long to be membed! Meh soul feels it! It is heah!" pressing her hand upon her breast, exclaimed she.

"Amen! Laud heah de cry uh dy children! Anseh prah!" responded the old man, in tears; when Aunt Rachel in a strain of sorrowful pathos, sung to the expressive words in the slaves' lament:

"In eighteen hundred and twenty-three
They said their people should be free!"

It is wrote in Jeremiah,
Come and go along with me!

It is wrote in Jeremiah,
Go sound the Jubilee!"

At the conclusion of the last line, a sudden sharp rap at the door startled them, when the old woman, hastening, took down the quilt, enquiring,

"Who dat?"

"Open the door, Rachel!" was the reply, in an authoritative tone from a posse

of patrols, who on going their evening rounds were attracted to the place by the old people's devotion, and stood sometime listening around the hut.

"You seem to be happy here, Jerry:" said Ralph Jordon, the head of the party. "What boy is this you have here?"

"Major Morgan's, sir," replied Henry, referring to the proprietor of the next plantation above.

"I don't remember seeing you before, boy," continued Jordon.

"No, sir; lately got me," explained Henry.

"Aye, aye, boy; a preacher, I suppose."

"No, sir."

"No, Maus Rafe, dis brotkeh no preacheh; but 'e is 'ligious, and come to gib us little comfit, an' bless God I feels it now; dat I does, blessed be God!" said the old woman.

"Well, Rachel, that's all right enough; but, my boy, its high time that you were getting towards home. You've not yet learned our rules here; where are you from?"

"Louisiana, sir."

"Yes, yes, that explains it. Louisiana negroes are permitted to go out at a much later hour than our negroes."

"Maus Rafe, ah hope yah let de brotkeh cat a mough'l wid us fo' 'e go?"

"O yes, Rachel! give the boy something to eat before he goes; I suppose the 'laborer is worthy of his hire," looking with a smile at his comrades.

"Yes 'indeed, seh, dat he is!" replied the old woman with emphasis.

"Rachel, I smell something good! What have you here, spare rib?" enquired Ralph Jordon, walking to the table and lifting up a clean check apron which the old woman had hurriedly thrown over it to screen her homely food from the view of the gentlemen patrols. "Good! spare rib and ash cake, gentlemen! What's better? Rachel, give us some seats here!" continued Ralph.

Hurrying about, the old woman made out to seat the uninvited guests with a halt barrel tub, an old split bottom chair, and a short slab bench, which accommodated two.

"By gum! this is fine," said Ralph Jordon, smacking his mouth, and tearing at a rib; "gentlemen, help yourselves to some spirits," setting on the table a large flask of Jamaica rum, just taken from his lips.

"Nothing better," replied Tom Hammond; "give me at any time the cooking

in the negro quarters before your great house dainties."

"So say I," sanctioned Zack Hite, championing like a hungry man; "the negroes live a great deal better than we do."

"Much better, sir, much better," replied Ralph. "Rachel, don't you nor Jerry ever take any spirits?"

"No, Maus Rafe, not any," replied the old woman.

"May be your friend there will take a little."

"I don't drink, sir," said Henry.

Rising from the homely meal at the humble board of Aunt Rachel and Uncle Jerry, they emptied their pockets of crackers, cold biscuits and cheese, giving the old man a plug of honey-cured tobacco, to be divided between himself and wife, in lieu of what they had, without invitation, taken the liberty of eating. The patrol this evening were composed of the better class of persons, principally business men, two of whom, being lawyers who went out that evening for a mere "frolic among the negroes."

Receiving the parting hand, accompanied with a "good bye, honey!" and "God bless yeh, meh son!" from the old people, Henry left the hut to continue his course through the forest. Hearing persons approaching, he stepped aside from the road to conceal himself, when two parties at the junction of two roads met each other, coming to a stand.

"What's up to-night, Colonel?" enquired one.

"Nothing but the raffle."

"Are you going?"

"Yes; the whole party here; wont you go?"

"I dun'o; what's the chances?"

"Five dollars only."

"Five dollars a chance! What the deuce is the prize?"

"Oh, there's several for the same money."

"What are they?"

"That fine horse and buggy of Colonel Sprout, a mare and colt, a little negro girl ten years of age, and a trail of four of the finest negro-dogs in the State."

"Hallo! all them; why, how many chances, in the name of gracious, are there?"

"Only a hundred and fifty."

"Seven hundred and fifty dollars for the

whole; that's cheap. But, then, all can't win, and it must be a loss to somebody."

"Will you go, Cap'n?"

"Well, I don't care—go it is!" when the parties started in the direction of the sport, Henry following to reconnoiter them.

On approaching the tavern, the rafflers, who waited the rest of the company to gather, could be seen and heard through the uncurtained windows and the door, which was frequently opened, standing around a blazing hot fire, and in groups over the bar-room floor, amusing themselves with jests and laughter. Henry stood in the verge of the forest in a position to view the whole of their proceedings.

Presently there was a rush out of doors with glee and merriment. Old Colonel Sprout was bringing out his dogs, to test their quality previous to the raffle.

"Now, gentlemen!" exclaimed he, "them is the best trained dogs in this part of the State. Be dad, they's the bes' dogs in the country. When you say 'nigger,' you need't fear they'll ever go after anything but a nigger."

"Come, Colonel, give them a trial; we must have something going on to kill time," suggested one of the party.

"But what will he try 'em on?" said another; "there's no niggers to hunt."

"Send them out, and let them find one, be George; what else would you have them do?" replied a third.

"Where the deuce will they get one?" rejoined a fourth.

"Just as a hunting dog finds any other game," answered a fifth; "where else?"

"O, by golly, gentlemen, you need'n give yourselves no uneasiness about the game. They'll find a nigger, once started, if they have to break into some negro quarter and drag 'm out o' bed. No mistake 'bout them, I tell you, gentlemen!" boasted Sprout.

"But won't a nigger hurt 'em when he knows he's not a runaway?" enquired Richard Rester Rutherford.

"What, a nigger hurt a bloodhound! By, gracious, they're fearder of a bloodhound than they is of the devil himself! Them dogs is dogs, gentlemen, an' no mistake; they is by gracious!" declared Sprout.

"Well, let them loose, Colonel, and let's have a little sport, at any rate!" said Ralph Jordon, the patrol, who had just arrived; "we're in for a spree to-night, anyhow."

"Here, Ceasar, Major, Jowler, here Pup! niggers about! Seek out!" hissed the Colonel with a snap of the finger, pointing toward the thicket, in the direction in which was Henry. With a yelp which sent a shudder through the crowd, the dogs started in full chase for the forest.

"By George, Colonel, that's too bad! Call them back!" said Ralph Jordon, as the savage brutes bounded in search of a victim.

"By thunder, gentlemen, it's too late! they'll have a nigger before they stop. They'll taste the blood of some poor black devil before they git back!" declared Sprout.

Having heard every word that passed between them, in breathless silence Henry awaited the approach of the animals. The yelping now became more anxious and eager, until at last it was heard as a short, impatient, fretful whining, indicating a near approach to their prey, when growing less and less, they ceased entirely to be heard.

"What the Harry does it mean! the dogs has ceased to bay?" remarked Colonel Sprout.

"Maybe they caught a nigger," replied John Spangler.

"It might be a 'Tartar!'" rejoined Ralph Jordon.

"Maybe a nigger caught them!" said the Sheriff of the county, who was present to superintend the raffle, and receive the proceeds of the hazard.

"What!" exclaimed the old gentleman, to enhance the value of the prizes; "What! my Ceasar, Major, Jowler, and Pup, the best dogs in all Arkansas!—a nigger kill them! No, gentlemen, once let loose an' on their trail, an' they's not a gang o' niggers to be found out at night they couldnt devour! Them dogs! Hanged if they didn't eat a nigger quick as they'd swaller a piece o' meat!"

"Then they're the dogs for me!" replied the Sheriff.

"And me," added Spangle, a noted agent for catching runaway slaves.

"The raffle, the raffle!" exclaimed several voices eager for a chance, estimating at once the value of the dogs above the aggregate amount of the stakes.

"But the dogs, the dogs, gentlemen! they're not here! Give us the dogs first," suggested an eager candidate for competition in the prizes.

"No matter, gentlemen; be sartin," said the Colonel, "when they's done they'll come back agin."

"But how will they be managed in attacking strange negroes?" enquired Ralph Jordon.

"O, the command of any white man is sufficient to call 'em off, an' they's plenty o' them all's wherever you find niggers."

"Then, Colonel, we're to understand you to mean, that white men can't live without niggers."

"I'll be hanged, gentlemen, if it don't seem so, for wherever you find one you'll all's find tother, they's so fully mixed up with us in all our relations!" peals of laughter following the explanation.

"Come, Colonel, I'll be hanged if we stand that, except you stand treat!" said Ralph.

"Stand what? Let us understand you; what'd I say?"

"What did you say? why, by George, you tell us flatly that we are *related* to niggers!"

"Then, gentlemen, I'll stand treat; for on that question I'll be consarned if some of us don't have to knock under!" at which there were deafening roars of laughter, the crowd rushing into the bar-room, crying:

"Treat! treat! that's too good to be lost!"

Next day after the raffle, the winners having presented the prizes back to their former owner, it was whispered about that the dogs had been found dead in the woods, the mare and colt were astray, the little slave girl was in a pulmonary decline, the buggy had been upset and badly worsted the day before the raffle, and the horse had the distemper; upon which information the whole party met at a convenient place a fixed day, going out to his house in a body, who ate, drank, and caroused at his expense during the day and evening.

"Sprout," said Ralph Jordon, "with your uniform benevolence, generosity and candor, how did you ever manage to depart so far from your old principles and rule of doing things? I can't understand it."

"How so? explain yourself," replied Sprout.

"Why you always give rather than take advantage, your house and means always being open to the needy, even those with whom you were unacquainted."

"I'm sure I nint departed one whit from my old rule," said Sprout; "I saw you was all strangers to the thing, an' I took you in; I'm blamed if I didn't!" the crowd shouting with laughter.

"One word, Sprout," said Jordon; "when the dogs ceased baying, didn't you suspect something wrong?"

"I know'd at once when they stopped that they was defeated; but I thought they'd pitched headlong into a old well-hole some sixty foot deep, where the walls has tumbled in, an' made it some twenty foot wide at the top. I lis'ened every minute 'spectin' to hear a devil of a whinin' 'mong 'em; but I was disapinted."

"Well, its a blamed pity, anyhow, that such fine animals were killed; and no clue as yet, I believe, to the perpetration of the deed," said the Sheriff.

"They was, indeed," replied Sprout, "as good a breed o' dogs as ever was, an' if they'd a been trained right, nothin' could a come up with them; but consarn their picters, it sarves 'em right, as they was the cussedest cowards I ever seed! 'Sarn them, if a nigger ony done so—jis' made a pass at 'em, an' I'll be hanged if they didn't yelp like wild cats, an almost kill 'emselves runin' away!" at which explanation the pearls of laughter were deafening.

"Let's stay a week, stay a week, gentlemen!" exclaimed Ralph Jordon, in a convulsion of laughter.

"Be gracious, gentlemen!" concluded Sprout, "if you stay till eternity it wont alter the case one whit; case, the mare an' colt's lost, the black gal's no use to anybody, the buggy's all smashed up, the hos' is got the distemper, and the dogs is dead as thunder!"

With a boisterous roar, the party, already nearly exhausted with laughter, commenced gathering their hats and cloaks, and left the premises declaring never again to be caught at a raffling wherein was interested Colonel Joel Sprout.

The dogs were the best animals of the kind, and quickly trailed out their game; but Henry, with a well-aimed weapon, slew each ferocious beast as it approached him, leaving them weltering in their own blood instead of feasting on his, as would have been the case had he not overpowered them. The rest of the prizes were also valuable and in good order, and the story which found currency depreciat-

ing them, had its origin in the brain and interest of Colonel Sprout, which resulted as designed, entirely in his favor.

Hastening on to the Fulton landing, Henry reached it at half past two o'clock in the morning, just in time to board a steamer on the downward trip, which barely touched the shore to pick up a package. Knowing him by reputation as a great horse master, the captain received him cheerfully, believing him to have been, from what he had learned, to the Texas races with horses for his master.

Being now at ease, and faring upon the best vessel could afford, after a little delay along the cotton trading coast, Henry was safely landed in the portentous city of New Orleans.

CHAPTER XXII.

NEW ORLEANS.

The season is the holidays, it is evening, and the night is beautiful. The moon, which in Louisiana is always an object of impressive interest, even to the slave as well as those of enlightened and scientific intelligence, the influence of whose soft and mellow light seems ever like the enchanting effect of some invisible being, to impart inspiration—now being shed from the crescent of the first day of the last quarter, appeared more interesting and charming than ever.

Though the cannon at the old fort in the Lower *Faubourg* had fired the significant warning, admonishing the slaves as well as free blacks to limit their movements, still there were passing to and fro with seeming indifference negroes, both free and slaves, as well as the whites and creole quadroons, fearlessly along the public highways, in seeming defiance of the established usage of negro limitation.

This was the evening of the day of *Maid digras*, and from long established and time-honored custom, the celebration which commenced in the morning was now being consummated by games, shows, exhibitions, theatrical performances, festivals, *masquerade* balls, and numerous entertainments and gatherings in the evening. It was on this account that the negroes had

been allowed such unlimited privileges this evening.

Nor were they remiss to the utmost extent of its advantages.

The city which always at this season of the year is lively, and Chartier street gay and fashionable, at this time appeared more lively, gay and fashionable than usual. This fashionable thoroughfare, the pride of the city, was thronged with people, presenting complexions of every shade and color. Now could be seen and realized the expressive description in the popular song of the vocalist Cargill :

" I suppose you've heard how New Orleans
Is famed for wealth and beauty ;
There's girls of every hue, it seems,
From snowy white to sooty."

The extensive shops and fancy stores presented the presence behind their counters as saleswomen in attendance of numerous females, black, white, mulatto and quadroon, politely bowing, courtesying, and rubbing their hands,—in accents of broken English inviting to purchase all who enter the threshold, or even look in at the door :

" Wat fa you want someting? Walk in, sire, I will sell you one nice present fa one young lady."

And so with many who stood or sat along the streets and at the store doors. Courtesying and smiling they give the civil banter :

" Come, sire, I. sell you one pretty ting."

The fancy stores and toy shops on this occasion were crowded seemingly to their greatest capacity. Here might be seen the fashionable young white lady of French or American extraction, and there the handsome, and frequently beautiful maiden of African origin, mulatto, quadroon, or sterling black, all fondly interchanging civilities, and receiving some memento or keepsake from the hand of an acquaintance. Many lively jests and impressive flings of delicate civility noted the greetings of the passers-by. Freedom seemed as though for once enshielded by her sacred robes and crowned with cap and wand in hand, to go forth untrammelled through the highways of the town. Along the private streets, sitting under the verandas, in the doors with half closed *jalousies*, or promenading unconcernedly the public ways, mournfully humming in solace or chanting in lively glee, could be seen and heard many a

creole, male or female, black, white or mixed race, sometimes in reverential praise of—

Father, Son and Holy Ghost—
Madonna, and the Heavenly Host !

in sentimental reflection on some pleasant social relations, or the sad reminiscence of ill-treatment or loss by death of some loved one, or worse than death, the relentless and insatiable demands of slavery.

In the distance, on the levee or in the harbor among the steamers, the songs of the boatmen were incessant. Every few hours landing, loading and unloading, the glee of these men of sorrow was touchingly appropriate and impressive. Men of sorrow they are in reality ; for if there be a class of men anywhere to be found, whose sentiments of song and words of lament are made to reach the sympathies of others, the black slave-boatmen on the Mississippi river is that class. Placed in positions the most favorable to witness the pleasures enjoyed by others, the tendency is only to augment their own wretchedness.

Fastened by the unyielding links of the iron cable of despotism, reconciling themselves to a life-long misery, they are seemingly contented by soothing their sorrows with songs and sentiments of apparently cheerful, but in reality wailing lamentations. The most attracting lament of the evening was sung to words, a stanza of which is presented in pathos of delicate tenderness, which is but a spray from the stream which gushed out in insuppressible jets from the agitated fountains of their souls, as if in unison with the restless current of the great river upon which they were compelled to toil, their troubled waters could not be quieted. In the capacity of leader, as is their custom, one poor fellow in pitiful tones lead off the song of the evening:

" Way down upon the Mobile river,
Close to Mobile bay ;
There's where my thoughts is running ever,
All through the livelong day :
There I've a good and fond old mother,
Though she is a slave ;
There I've a sister and a brother,
Lying in their peaceful graves."

Then in chorus joined the whole company—

" O. could I somehow a'nother,
Drive these tears away ;
When I think about my poor old mother,
Down upon the Mobile bay."

Standing in the midst of and contemplating such scenes as these, it was, that Henry determined to finish his mission in the city and leave it by the earliest conveyance over Pontchartrain for Alabama—Mobile being the point at which he aimed. Swiftly as the current of the fleeting Mississippi was time passing by, and many states lay in expanse before him, all of which, by the admonishing impulses of the dearest relations, he was compelled to pass over as a messenger of light and destruction.

Light, of necessity, had to be imparted to the darkened region of the obscure intellects of the slaves, to arouse them from their benighted condition to one of moral responsibility, to make them sensible that liberty was legitimately and essentially theirs, without which there was no distinction between them and the brute. Following as a necessary consequence would be the destruction of oppression and ignorance.

Alone and friendless, without a home, a fugitive from slavery, a child of misfortune and outcast upon the world, floating on the cold surface of chance, now in the midst of a great city of opulence, surrounded by the most despotic restrictions upon his race, with renewed determination Henry declared that nothing short of an unforeseen Providence should impede his progress in the spread of secret organization among the slaves. So aroused, he immediately started for a house in the Lower *Faubourg*.

"My fren', who yeh lookin' foh?" kindly enquired a cautious black man, standing concealed in the shrubbery near the door of a low, tile-covered house standing back in the yard.

"A friend," replied Henry.

"Wat's 'is name?" continued the man.

"I do not rightly know."

"Would yeh know it ef yeh heached it, my fren'?"

"I think I would."

"Is it Seth?"

"That's the very name!" said Henry.

"Wat yeh want wid 'm, my fren'?"

"I want to see him."

"I spose yeh do, fren'; but dat ain' answer my questin' yet. Wat yeh want wid 'im?"

"I would rather see him, then I'll be better able to answer."

"My fren'," replied the man, meaningly, "ah see da is somethin' in yeh; come in!" giving a significant cough before placing his finger on the latch-string.

On entering, from the number and arrangement of the seats, there was evidence of an anticipated gathering; but the evening being that of the *Maid di gras*, there was nothing very remarkable in this. Out from another room came a sharp, observing, shrewd little dark brown-skin woman, called in that community a *griffe*. Bowing, sidling and courtesying, she smilingly came forward.

"Wat brotha dis, Seth?" enquired she.

"Ah don'o," carelessly replied he with a signal of caution, which was not required in her case.

"Ah!" exclaimed Henry; "this is Mr. Seth! I'm glad to see you."

After a little conversation, in which freely participated Mrs. Seth, who evidently was deservedly the leading spirit of the evening, they soon become reconciled to the character and mission of their unexpected and self-invited guest.

"Phebe, go tell 'em," said Seth; when lightly tripping away she entered the door of the other room, which after a few moments' delay was partially opened, and by a singular and peculiar signal, Seth and the stranger were invited in. Here sat in one of the most secret and romantic-looking rooms, a party of fifteen, the representatives of the heads of that many plantations, who that night had gathered for the portentous purpose of a final decision on the hour to strike the first blow. On entering, Henry stood a little in check.

"Trus 'em!" said Seth; "yeh fine 'em da right saut uh boys—true to deh own color! Da come fom fifteen diftent plantation."

"They're the men for me!" replied Henry, looking around the room; "is the house all safe?"

"Yes, brotha, all safe an' soun', an' a big dog in da yahd, so dat no one can come neah widout ouah knowin' it."

"First, then, to prayer, and next to seclusion," said Henry, looking at Seth to lead in prayer.

"Brotha, gib us wud a' prah," said Seth to Henry, as the party on their knees bowed low their heads to the floor.

"I am not fit, brother, for a spiritual leader my warfare is not Heavenly, but

earthly; I have not to do with angels, but with men; not with righteousness, but wickedness. Call upon some brother who has more of the grace of God than I. If I ever were a Christian, slavery has made me a sinner; if I had been an angel, it would have made me a devil! I feel more like cursing than praying—may God forgive me! Pray for me, brethren!”

“Brotha Kits, gib us wud a prah, my brotha!” said Seth to an athletic, powerful black man.

“Its not fah ouah many wuds, noah long prah—ouah ’pinion uh ouah self, nah sich like, dat Dou anseh us; but de ’cerity ob ouah hahts an ouah ’tentions. Bless de young man dat come ’mong us; make ’im fit fah ’is day, time, an’ genration! Dou knows, Laud, dat fah wat we ’semble; anseh dis ouah ’tition, an’ gib us token ob Dine ’probation!” petitioned Kits, slapping his hand at the conclusion down upon and splitting open a pine table before him.

“Awen” responded the gathering.

“Let da wud run an’ be glorify!” exclaimed Nathan Seth.

The splitting of the table was regarded as omenous, but of doubtful signification, the major part considering it as rather unfavorable. Making no delay, lest a dependency ensue through fear and superstition, Henry at once entered into seclusion, completing an organization.

“God sen’ yeh had come along dis way befo’!” exclaimed Phebe Seth.

“God grant ’e had!” responded Nathap.

“My Laud! I feels like a Sampson! ah feels like gwine up to take de city mehself!” cried out Kits, standing erect in the floor, with fists clenched, muscles braced, eyes shut, and head thrown back.

“Yes, yes!” exclaimed Phebe; “blessed be God, brotha Kits, da King is in da camp!”

“Powah, powah!” responded Seth; “da King is heah!”

“Praise ’Is name!” shouted Phebe clapping and rubbing her hands; “fah wat I feels an’ da knowledge I has receive dis night! I been all my days in darkness till now! I feels we shall be a people yit! Thang’ God, thang’ God!” when she skipped over the floor from side to side, keeping time with a tune sung to the words—

“We’ll honor our Lord and Master;
We’ll honor our Lord and King;
We’ll honor our Lord and Master,
And bow at His command!”

O! brothers, did you hear the news!
Lovely Jesus is coming!
If ever I get to the house of the Lord,
I’ll never come back any more.”

“It’s good to be heah!” shouted Seth.

“Ah! dat it is, brotha Seth!” responded Kits. “Da Laud is nigh, dat ’e is! ’e promise whahsomeveh two-throe ’semble, to be in da mids’ an’ dat to bless ’em, an’ ’is promise not in vain, case ’e heah to-night!”

At the moment which Phebe took her seat, nearly exhausted with exercise, a loud rap at the door, preceded by the signal for the evening, alarmed the party.

“Come in, brotha Tib—come quick, if yeh comin!” bade Seth, in a low voice hastily, as he partially opened the door, peeping out into the other room.

“O, pshaw!” exclaimed Phebe, as he and her husband yet whispered; “I wish he stay away. I sho nobody want ’im! he all’as half drunk anyhow. Good ev’nin’, brotha Tib. How yeh been sense we see yeh early paut da night?”

“Reasable, sistah—reasable, thang God. Well, what yeh all ’cided on? I say dis night now au neveh!” said Tib, evidently bent on mischief.

“Foolishness, foolishness!” replied Phebe; “it make me mad see people make fool uh demself! I wish ’e stay home an’ not bothen heah!”

“Ah, ’spose I got right to speak as well as da rest on yeh! Yeh all ain’ dat high yit to keep body form talkin’, ah ’spose. Betta wait tell yeh git free fo’ ye ’temp’ scrow oveh people dat way! I kin go out yeh house!” retorted the mischievousman, determined on distracting their plans.

“Nobody odeh yeh out, but I like see people have sense, specially befo’ strangehs! an’ know how behave demself!”

“I is gwine out yeh house,” gruffly replied the man.

“My friend,” said Henry, “listen a moment to me. You are not yet ready for a strike; you not yet ready to do anything effective. You have barely taken the first step in the matter, and—”

“Strangeh!” interrupted the distracter; “ah don’o yeh name, yeh strangeh to me—I see yeh talk bout ’step;’ how many step man got take fo’ ’e kin walk? I likes to know dat! Tell me that fus, den yeh may ax me what yeh choose!”

“You must have all the necessary means,

my brother," persuasively resumed Henry, "for the accomplishment of your ends. Intelligence among yourself on everything pertaining to your designs and project. You must know what, how, and when to do. Have all the instrumentalities necessary for an effective effort before making the attempt. Without this, you will fail, utterly fail!"

"Den ef we got wait all dat time, we neveh be free!" gruffly replied he. "I goes in foh dis night! I say dis night! Who goes—"

"Shet yo' big mouth! Sit down! Now make a fool o' yo'self!" exclaimed several voices with impatience, which evidently only tended to increase the mischief.

"Dis night, dis night au neveh!" boisterously yelled the now infuriated man at the top of his voice; "now's da time!" when he commenced shuffling about over the floor, stamping and singing at the top of his voice—

"Come all my brethren, let us take a rest,
While the moon shines bright and clear;
Old master died and left us all at last,
And has gone at the bar to appear!
Old master's dead and lying in his grave;
And our blood will now cease to flow;
He will no more tramp on the neck of the slave,
For he's gone where slave-holders go!
Hang up the shovel and the hoe—o—o—o!
I don't care whether I work or no!
Old master's gone to the slave-holders rest—
He's gone where they all ought to go!"

pointing down and concluding with an expression which indicated anything, but a religious feeling.

"Shame so it is dat he's lowed to do so! I wish I was man foh 'im, I'd make 'im fly!" said Phebe much alarmed, as she heard the great dog in the yard, which had been so trained as to know the family visitors, whining and manifesting an uneasiness unusual with him. On going to the back door, a person suddenly retreated into the shrubbery, jumping the fence, and disappearing.

Soon, however, there was an angry low heavy growling of the dog, with suppressed efforts to bark, apparently prevented by fear on the part of the animal. This was succeeded by cracking in the bushes, dull heavy footsteps, cautious whispering, and stillness.

"Hush! Listen!" admonished Phebe; "what is dat? wy dont Tyger bark? I dont understan' it? Seth, go out and see,

will you? Wy dont some you men make dat fool stop? I wish I was man, I'd break 'is neck, so I would!" during which the betrayer was shuffling, dancing, and singing at such a pitch as to attract attention from without.

Seth seizing him from behind by a firm grasp of the collar with both hands, Tib sprang forward, slipping easily out of it, leaving the overcoat suspended in his assailant's hands, displaying studded around his waist a formidable array of deathly weapons, when rushing out of the front door, he in terrible accents exclaimed:—

"Insurrection! Insurrection! Death to every white!"

With a sudden spring of their rattles, the *gens d'armes*, who in cloisters had surrounded the house, and by constant menacing gestures with their maces kept the great dog, which stood back in a corner, in a snarling position in fear, arrested the miscreant, taking him directly to the old fort *calaboose*. In the midst of the confusion which necessarily ensued, Henry, Seth, and Phebe, Kits and fellow-leaders from the fifteen plantations, immediately fled, all having passes for the day and evening, which fully protected them in any part of the city away from the scene of disturbance.

Intelligence soon reached all parts of the city, that an extensive plot for rebellion of the slaves had been timely detected. The place was at once thrown into a state of intense excitement, the military called into requisition, dragoons flying in every direction, cannon from the old fort sending forth hourly through the night, thundering peals to give assurance of their sufficiency, and the infantry on duty traversing the streets, stimulating with martial air with voluntary vocalists, who readily joined in chorus to the memorable citing words in the Southern States, of—

"Go tell Jack Coleman,
The Negroes are arising!"

Alarm and consternation succeeded pleasure and repose, sleep for the time seemed to have departed from the eyes of the inhabitants, men, women, and children ran every direction through the streets, seeming determined if they were to be massacred, that it should be done in the open highways rather than secretly in their own houses. The commotion thus continued

till the morning, meanwhile editors, journalists, reporters, and correspondents, all were busily on the alert, digesting such information as would form an item of news for the press, or a standing reminiscence for historical reference in the future.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE REBEL BLACKS.

For the remainder of the night secreting themselves in Conti and Burgundi streets, the rebel proprietors of the house in which was laid the plot for the destruction of the city were safe until the morning, their insurrectionary companions having effected a safe retreat to the respective plantations to which they belonged, that evening.

Jason and Phebe Seth were the hired slaves of their own time from a widower master, a wealthy retired attorney at Baton Rouge, whose only concern about them was to call every ninety days at the counter of the Canal Bank of New Orleans, and receive the price of their hire, which was there safely deposited to his credit by the industrious and faithful servants. The house in which the rebels met, had been

hired for the occasion, being furnished rooms kept for transient accommodation.

On the earliest conveyance destined for the City of Mobile, Henry left, who, before he fled, admonished as his parting counsel, to "stand still and see the salvation;" the next day being noted by General Ransom, as an incident in his history, to receive a formal visit of a fortnight's sojourn, in the person of his slaves Jason and Phebe Seth.

The inquisition held in the case of the betrayer Tib, developed fearful antecedence of extensive arrangements for the destruction of the city by fire and water, thereby compelling the white inhabitants, to take refuge in the swamps, whilst the blacks marched up the coast, sweeping the plantations as they went.

Suspicious were fixed upon many, among whom was an unfortunate English school-teacher, who was arrested and imprisoned, when he died, to the last protesting his innocence. Mr. Farland was a good and brave hearted man, disdaining to appeal for redress to his country, lest it might be regarded as the result of cowardice.

Taking fresh alarm at this incident, the municipal regulations have been most rigid in a system of restriction and *espionage* toward negroes and mulattoes, almost destroying their self-respect and manhood, and certainly impairing their usefulness.

The Successive Advances of Astronomy.

BY GEORGE B. VASHON.

"Ye stars! which are the poetry of heaven!
If in your bright leaves we would read the fate
Of men and empires—'tis to be forgiven,
That, in our aspirations to be great,
Our destinies o'erleap their mortal state.
And claim a kindred with you; for ye are
A beauty and a mystery, and create
In us such love and reverence from afar,
That fortune, fame, power, life, have named
themselves a star."

THE existence of the superstition which has been thus beautifully excused by the author of Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, is attested by the history of mankind from the earliest periods. It is possible, that the original Adam, as he gazed upon the starry heavens, on the evening which succeeded the day of his creation, may have fancied that they were to exercise an influence over his future fortunes. Certain is it, that his descendants not many degrees removed, strenuously believed, that the destinies of every individual of the human family were subject to the same celestial bodies whose position in the heavens determined the length of the year, and whose risings and settings presaged the times for committing the seeds to the cherishing bosom of the earth, or for gathering the ripened harvest into the garner. This belief found an especial advocacy among the Egyptians, whose habits of observation and meditative turn of mind gave the starting-point to nearly all of the sciences. Thence it spread to the land of the Chaldeans, and obtained there to such an extent, that the term *chaldean* became synonymous with that of *astrologer*. Following in the wake of empire, it gained a foothold among the Greeks; and passed from their hands, with painting and sculpture, with eloquence and song, with philosophy and the mathematics, as the spoil of the victorious Romans. Surviving the gods of more

than one mythology, it did not pale its fires before the spreading light of Christianity; and, escaping the ruin of the empire of the Cæsars, it received a welcome to the courts and households of mediæval Europe. More fortunate, too, than other superstitions, it did not fly like a will o' the wisp, when the darkness of the Middle Ages was dispelled by the dawn of a more enlightened time. The wisest princes still gave full credence to its predictions. Catharine de Medici, the beautiful and wicked inheritress of the wit and wisdom of the Florentine rulers, sought, from its presages, a propitious time for the massacre of Saint Bartholomew's and fancied that she had found, in the conjunction of the planets on that August day, the fated moment for a final blow at the protestant faith in France. And, half a century later, Albert of Wallenstein, with the blindest confidence in the guidance of the stars, went on from one degree of power to another, until, plotting the downfall of the house of Hapsburg, he perished, a baffled traitor, beneath the hand of assassination. Nor were the occupants of thrones and military chieftains the only ones, who thus suffered themselves to be misled by the silent oracles of Astrology. The most learned scholars of that time were not proof against the fascination of its pretensions. Kepler and Cardan, two sages whose names will always be remembered with honor, as long as Mathematics and Astronomy are cultivated among men, were devoted adherents to the belief in stellar and planetary influences. And, if the philosophers of the seventeenth century were the thralls of ancient superstitions, it is scarcely a matter for wonder, that, in spite of the present general diffusion of knowledge, many of our contemporaries still be-

lieve in the mystic power of the stars, and seek horoscopes from pretended professors of the Chaldean art; for error is a hydra with more heads and with a greater tenacity for life, than was the monster of the Lernean Lake.

But if Astrology is a delusive science, it served a useful purpose in its early days, by calling men to a contemplation of the heavens, and thus giving birth to the important and truthful science of Astronomy. Both started from the same source; but, while the one, in traversing the Ages, has gradually dwindled to an impure and insignificant rill, the other has widened into a stately river, blessing the world with the abundance and purity of its waters. The Egyptians, in striving to learn the occurrence of pestilence and inundations, the fate of empires and individuals, from the prophetic stars, doubtless, did not dream of the magnificent results which were to ensue from their labors. Yet their silent and pensive watchings were rewarded by the first lessons of a mighty lore. Standing, as they conceived themselves to be, on the immovable plane of the earth, they followed with their eyes their god Osiris, typified by the dazzling sun, as he took his daily march through the heavens; and when Nature darkened at his disappearance, they contemplated the pale crescent of Isis, as it glided through the nocturnal skies. They learned to know the stars among which those divinities pursued their westward way; and soon their glowing imaginations shaped them into the constellated glories of the Zodiac, and bestowed upon them the names of their inferior gods. They noted other celestial bodies wandering hither and thither along the same starry pathway; and they made, of these planetary visitants, the lords of human destiny, the masters in the house of Riches and of Disaster, of Life and of Death. Having thus unconsciously laid the foundation of a noble science, they left the attestation of their labors in the mighty pyramids which they reared, with sides accurately facing the four quarters of the heavens, and in the celestial planispheres which they traced as decorations for their monarchs' tombs, or deposited in the linen swathings of those monarchs' embalmed remains.

The Chaldeans, upon becoming participants in the lore of the Egyptians, mani-

festated a zeal which showed that they were worthy of that honor. In the exhibition of this zeal, they defined the boundaries of other constellations; recorded many important observations with reference to the heavenly bodies; and, finally, resolved the eclipses of the sun and moon, which had previously been regarded as portents of fearful meaning, into necessary natural phenomena. True, they did not effect this with the scientific accuracy of our own times; but the means which they employed for that purpose strikingly indicate the patient spirit with which they fostered the infant science. Repeated observations had made known to them, that these occurrences only took place when the sun and the moon occupied certain positions with reference to the points at which the moon's path crossed the apparent one of the sun; and, that these relative positions were constantly assumed at the termination of a *Saros*, or period of a little more than eighteen years in duration. Thus, each eclipse of the sun, or moon, when duly noted, predicted the occurrence of another one, after the lapse of the proper time. In these astronomical labors and investigations, the Chaldeans had, as co-workers, first, the inhabitants of the Chinese and Indian Empires; and afterwards, the people of the various Grecian States. If the testimony of a poet who sang of events which occurred a thousand years before his own time, is to be received in this matter, then we must believe that the nations dwelling upon the shores of the Mediterranean Sea (and hence, it would not be unreasonable to infer, that the Greeks) were acquainted with the causes of eclipses, of the difference in the length of days and nights, and with some of the principal constellations, such as the Greater and the Lesser Bears, Bootes and the Hyades, at a time when Aldebaran, the principal star of the last-mentioned cluster, was, in fact, as well as in name, "the leader of the starry host." For Virgil, in speaking of the song of Iopas at the feast with which Dido welcomed Æneas to Carthage, says:

Hic canit errantem lunam, solisque labores,
Arcturum, pluviasque Hyadas, geminosque Triones;
Quid tantum oceano properant se tingere soles,
Hiberni, vel quæ tardis mora noctibus obstet.

At any rate, we are credibly informed,

that, in the sixth century before the Christian era, Thales of Miletus calculated eclipses of the sun, and even determined the obliquity of the ecliptic, or the angle which the sun's apparent course makes with the Celestial equator. His townsman and disciple, Anaximander, made a further advance in astronomical knowledge, in determining the times of the solstices and of the equinoxes by mechanical means. Anaximander, too, moved by the spirit of original thought, maintained, that the earth was a body of a cylindrical form, suspended in the centre of the universe ; and, that the sun, which was also a cylinder, had a circumference twenty-eight times larger than that of the earth. In these views, however, he was not followed by his own disciple, Anaximenes, nor by Anaximenes' disciple, the Ionian Anaxagoras. Both of these Astronomers held the opinion, that the earth and sun were flat ; and Anaxagoras taught, that, so far from the sun's being a body as large as Anaximander had represented it to be, it did not exceed in dimensions the Peloponnesus, a tract of country having an area of about seven thousand square miles. But this moderation of views was of no avail to our astronomer. It seems that the inhabitants of his adopted city, Athens, were, in his time, like the descendants in the days of St. Paul—exceedingly pious ; or, (as the received version of the New Testament erroneously renders the apostle's expression,) "too superstitious." In their religious zeal they regarded the modest estimate of Anaxagoras as a scientific hyperbole, pronounced him a blasphemers, and banished him from their State. But a nearer approach to the truth than any which had yet been made, was contained in the teachings of Pythagoras. That philosopher, following out the suggestions of the first principle of his system, viz. that fire was the primal element, taught, that the sun was the central body of our portion of the universe ; that the earth was a sphere, having a daily motion upon its axis ; and, that it together with the other planets, annually revolved around the sun. Thus, in this instance, as in many others, did poetic genius coincide with the subsequent discoveries of science ; thus did the philosophic reveries of the Samian sage anticipate the long, careful and demonstrated observations of the Prussian astronomer.

In the century following the one in which Pythagoras lived, the Athenian Meton made a discovery which was accounted of great importance by his countrymen. It was that of the *Lunar Cycle*, or the fact, that if the new moon falls upon any given day of the year, it will, after a period of nineteen solar years, fall again upon the same day. As the games and religious festivals of the Greeks were appointed according to new and full moons, this discovery afforded them an admirable rule for the regulation of their calendar ; and so grateful were they therefore, that they caused the statement of it to be inscribed in golden letters upon the walls of the temple of Minerva ; from which circumstance it has ever since been known as the *Golden Cycle*. Even in our own days it is of service ; since it is employed to regulate the movable feasts of the Roman Catholic and Episcopalian churches.

After the time of Meton, we encounter no great astronomer in Grecian history, until we come to Aristarchus, who lived in the third century before Christ. He made and recorded, in reference to the positions of the stars, many observations which were afterwards of essential importance ; and, being of the Pythagorean sect, he taught the tenets of its founder respecting the system of which our earth forms a part. His views, however, did not gain adherents ; and for many years after his time, (as, indeed, between the age of Pythagoras and his own) attempts were made to explain the terrestrial system by the most vague and absurd theories.

But, about half a century before the birth of Aristarchus, an astronomical school had been established at Alexandria, in Egypt, under the patronage of the Ptolemies. The labors of the philosophers connected with this school were not without their value. After it had been established more than a hundred years, the arts came to the aid of the sciences. The use of instruments was introduced ; and, thenceforward, the relative positions of the heavenly bodies were determined with much more accuracy than they had previously been. First in fame among the Alexandrian astronomers was the celebrated Hipparchus of Rhodes, who flourished about a century after the death of Aristarchus. By comparing his own observations of the stars with the recorded observations of the last

mentioned philosopher, he perceived, that the apparent orbit of the sun does not always cross the celestial equator at the same point ; but that it recedes westwardly along that line about 50'' of space, every successive year. Having thus established the precession of the equinoxes, he was enabled to determine the length of the year with much more accuracy than his predecessors had done. He perceived, also, that the distance of the sun from the earth did not always remain the same. He did not account for this, however, by supposing the sun's apparent orbit to be an ellipse ; but, still entertaining the opinion that it was circular, he explained the circumstance by conceiving the earth to be fixed within it, a little outside of its centre. To Hipparchus, also, belongs the honor of being the first astronomer who attempted to estimate through the application of trigonometrical principles, the distance of the earth from the sun and moon, by means of the horizontal parallaxes of those bodies.

The next important step recorded in the Annals of Astronomy, was the effort to reform the Calendar by means of the Bissextile year. This effort was made at the time when Julius Cæsar was Chief Pontiff at Rome. It is note-worthy, as being the only valuable contribution made to astronomical science by the Romans ; and, even in this matter, Cæsar acted under the guidance of the Grecian astronomer Sosigenes. We are not to suppose, however, that the Romans were totally indifferent to the subject of astronomy. We are informed by Cicero, in his elegant treatise concerning *Old Age*, that Caius Gallus was accustomed to spend whole days and nights in making observations upon the heavenly bodies ; and, that he took pleasure in predicting to his friends the eclipses of the sun and moon a long time before they occurred. Besides, in the *Scipio's Dream* of the same author, we find, in the course of an admirable dissertation upon the Immortality of the Soul, an account of a terrestrial system, according to which our earth was the central body, around which the concave sphere of the starry heavens revolved ; while, in the space between, the Moon, Venus, Mercury, the Sun, Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn moved with retrograde courses, in the order here mentioned. In fact, this system was the one which was afterwards adopted, elaborated and zealously main-

tained by the famous Ptolemy of Alexandria, and which has ever since borne his name. To Ptolemy, then, who flourished about the commencement of the second century, the world is indebted for the first complete system of astronomy that secured the approbation of all the learned. This it was enabled to do by the ingenious, although not perfect, explanation which it gave of the planetary movements, by supposing these bodies to move in circles whose centres had an easterly motion along an imaginary circle. Thus, these epicycles, as the circles were called, moving along the imaginary circle, or deferent, cause the planets to have, at times, an apparent easterly direction, at other times a westerly one, and at other times again, to appear stationary. Thus recommended, the Ptolemaic system continued to gain adherents, until the irruptions of the Huns under Alaric and Attila, and the destruction of the celebrated library at Alexandria by the fanatical and turbulent Christians of that city, laid waste the fair domains of Science. Being thus driven from the places where Learning had fixed her favorite seats, it took refuge with the Arabs, who preserved it with watchful care, until happier times restored it to Europe. It returned with the conquering Moors, who established themselves in Spain ; was brought again under the notice of the Christian States in the thirteenth century, through the patronage of the Emperor Frederic II., of Germany, and Alphonso X., of Castile ; and flourished more than two hundred years longer, without any rival to dispute its claims to correctness.

But, in the early part of the sixteenth century, the Copernican system of the Universe was announced to the world. It was, in fact, the same system which Pythagoras had divined many ages before ; and which Aristarchus had afterwards taught upon the *ipse dixit* of that philosopher. But this, its third presentation to the world, was based upon the careful observations and scientific calculations of the great Nicholas Copernicus of Prussia. The sun was restored to the central place of our portion of the universe ; and the Earth, with its attendant moon, took the third rank among the planets. But the day of triumph for this system had not yet dawned. Tycho Brahe, a Danish astronomer, whose accurate observations will always command

for him a deserved renown, opposed the doctrines of Copernicus, and advocated a system of his own, according to which the Sun, attended by the other planets, as satellites, revolved around our earth. In the following century, however, the immortal Galileo of Italy was led, through his observations with the telescope, then just invented, to accept the truth of the Copernican system; and, in spite of ecclesiastical persecution, he maintained it so earnestly, that he achieved for it a triumph, which will, doubtless, prove a final, and lasting one.

About the same time, too, the German astronomer Kepler, was enabled, by calculations based upon Tycho Brahe's observations of the planet Mars, to arrive at the discovery of his first great law, in reference to the elliptical form of the planetary orbits. Soon after, he was led by observation, to the discovery of his second and third laws;—the one, that the velocity of any planet varies in such a manner, that an imaginary line drawn from the sun to it, will describe equal areas in equal times; and the other, that the squares of the times in which the planets' revolutions are accomplished, are as the cubes of their mean distances from the sun. Thus, the *facts* in reference to the planets' motions and distances were known to Kepler. But, as Virgil says:

Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas,

and Sir Isaac Newton was the fortunate mortal who first succeeded in assigning a *reason* for them. This he was enabled to do, by the discovery of the well-known law of gravitation—a law, of which the importance is scarcely to be computed. Indeed, nearly all of the great acquisitions to astronomical science, since the days of Newton, are due to it. It not only explains the motions of the heavenly bodies; but it enables man to determine their shapes, to weigh their masses, and to calculate the effect of their action upon the waters of our seas. It enabled d'Alembert to explain the precession of the equinoxes, and Laplace, to account for the obliquity of the Ecliptic, and confute the opinion, that, at

some distant period, it would coincide with the Equator, as well as to demonstrate mathematically, that the Solar system is so justly poised, as to be secure from destruction by any collision between its component masses. It also enabled Halley, Encke, and others, to predict the returns of the comets which bear their respective names. It suggested the existence of another planet between Mars and Jupiter; and now, not one, but many asteroids, are seen revolving there—the probable fragments of an exploded orb. Then, too, it revealed to Sir William Herschel the planet Uranus; and inspired Le Verrier to point to a certain region of the heavens, and declare prophetically, that there, too, a planet, until then unknown, must gleam.

The past century and a-half have been especially productive of eminent astronomers, and rich in important astronomical investigations. Among the latter may be mentioned those relative to the various means of determining the longitude at sea, and, also, those relating to the refraction and aberration of light; since these last afforded valuable data for the correction of observations upon the heavenly bodies. And, thanks to the mechanical genius of the last few years, those observations are now taken with telescopes and other instruments so much improved, as to leave men very little to hope in reference to their future perfectibility. In these improved instruments, and in the numerous observations now established all over the enlightened world, lie the hopes of Astronomy. Many questions of the utmost importance to the welfare of humanity, still await its solution. It has been of essential service to chronology, geography, navigation, and other sciences, in days gone by; and who would presumptuously pretend to define the boundary of its benefactions in the future? The dream of Astrology, then, does not seem to be an utterly illusory one. The starry heavens are, indeed, the horoscope of man;—a horoscope cast by the unerring wisdom of an Infinitely-loving God, manifestly generous in its past gifts, and rich in the promise of blessings yet to come.

The Oberlin Wellington Rescue.

BY JOHN MERCER LANGSTON.

THE 13th day of September 1858 is at once, the darkest and the brightest day in the Calendar of Oberlin. It is the darkest day because it was then, that heartless and cruel negro-catchers desecrated the sanctity of this community by their shameless presence, and perpetrated one of those black and devilish acts which render the kidnapping so hateful and despicable. The foul betrayal of John Price into the hands of the kidnappers Lowe, Davis, Mitchell, and Jennings, was accomplished through the agency of Shakespeare Boynton, a fast young lad, about fourteen years of age, the son of a prominent Democrat of Russia Township, and a man particularly distinguished for his utter want of honor and honesty. It is not wonderful that the son of such a father could be influenced and hired, for the paltry sum of twenty dollars, to assist in doing the base deed of *kidnapping a man*. Indeed, it is the opinion of very many excellent and judicious persons, that the father himself gave "aid and comfort," counsel and assistance, to these traitors to humanity. It is very positively asserted, by Lewis D. Boynton, the father of this lad, however, that he knew nothing of his son's having been employed to betray John Price, till several hours after the deed had been done. And yet, Anderson Jennings, the man who employed Shakespeare, very emphatically stated under oath, when under examination as a witness, that he gave Mr. Boynton full information in regard to his intention of securing the services of his son. Whether Boynton be truthful in his assertion and Jennings false, or Jennings be truthful in his and Boynton false, it is not in our power to determine. For the sake of humanity, it is to be hoped, that Boynton knew nothing of this collusion with his son till after its development. That father is indeed base, who can allow his child to do a mean thing for hire. The youthfulness of this lad and his want of

suitable training would lead us to excuse his conduct, as a boyish though calamitous indiscretion; while the father, intelligent and full of years of observation and experience, can find no forgiveness at our hands, if he be guilty of aiding in this nefarious procedure.

But the 13th day of September, 1858, is the brightest day in the Calendar of Oberlin, because on that day the noble and true men of this place, by their brave and manly conduct in the rescue of John Price, vindicated their determination not to allow the humblest human being "to be deprived of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law," when in their power to prevent it. And on that day, too, Oberlin, with fresh vigor, gave another and more glorious exhibition of her purpose to stand firm in favor of Justice and Christianity, the Declaration and the Constitution, Law and Order, and against Injustice and Atheism, Despotism and Slavery, Mob-violence and Misrule. Indeed, that day and the deeds that distinguish it shall never be forgotten. Posterity shall regard it as *the bright and glorious day* in the history of this "Gibraltar of Freedom," and shall deem it worthy of the most sacred remembrance.

The manner in which John Price was captured, deserves, in this connection, but a passing notice. It is already well understood. Without attempting the slightest minuteness of detail, then, it is enough to say that he was ensnared by the huge and monstrous falsehood of young Boynton, who came to him with a friendly appearance, but with a heart bent upon his ruin. He knew that this poor fugitive belonged to the class of the energetic, the industrious, and the faithful. He knew, too, that for several months past, Price had suffered extremely under the most excruciating bodily disorder, and that, in consequence of his protracted sickness, he had been driven

to the last extremity of want; and, now that he was convalescing, he was anxious to secure employment, that he might replenish his exhausted revenue. Therefore, he came to this poor man—poor in body and in purse—saying, "My father has sent me here to tell you that he wants you to come out and dig potatoes for him, and that he will pay you for your services one dollar and twenty-five cents per day." But Price was still in such feeble health that he dared not undertake such laborious service. Not suspecting anything wrong—not knowing the devil that lurked in the heart of this youthful but arch deceiver—he undertook the kind and neighborly task of pointing out the dwelling-place of another industrious and faithful fugitive, whose services Mr. Boynton could secure. This man lived about two miles from the village of Oberlin, and to reach his house it was necessary to pass over an unfrequented road. As they rode along in their buggy, having gone about half the distance, they were suddenly, and unexpectedly to John Price, overtaken by Dept. U. S. Marshals Lowe, Davis, and Mitchell. These negro-catchers rode in a fine, double-seated carriage. They were armed with Bowie-knives and revolvers. As soon as they overtook young Boynton and Price, seizing Price, they dragged him from the buggy in which he was riding, and forced him into the carriage in which they rode. This they did without making exhibition of the process, or giving any account of the authority in accordance with which they acted. Thus, having secured their prey, by an untravelled route, in the most expeditious manner, they hurried off towards Wellington. Meantime, Shakspeare Boynton returned to Oberlin to find Anderson Jennings, of whom he was to receive compensation for his dirty work. He found Jennings, reported that the negro had been captured, and received his reward. This ended his connection with this black and infamous drama. After having learned of this miscreant what had been done, Jennings left Oberlin, and joined his comrades and co-workers in iniquity at Wellington.

But before these ruffian negro-catchers arrived at Wellington, fortunately for the kidnapped man and for the Anti-Slavery cause, the report of their doings reached Oberlin, and thrilled and aroused our com-

munity, already intensely agitated by villainous deeds done within a few days prior to this time by these hunters of men, under the cover of night. Now one purpose only animated the hearts of the people. Old men and young men, old women and maidens, all expressed in looks and voice their determination to rescue this stolen man. At once, men of strong heart and moral nerve—men of stalwart arms and prowess such as knows no fear—with wondrous determination pictured in their faces, were seen hurrying off in buggies, carriages, wagons, and some on horse-back, and others on foot, towards Wellington, a place yet to be celebrated in story and in verse, in forensic address and judicial record, as the scene of the rescue of John Price, a stolen and kidnapped man, from his cowardly and brutal captors.

It is not fit that this rescue be dwelt upon with too great particularity at this time. Names must not be mentioned. The conduct of particular individuals must not be described. It is enough for us to know, just now, that the brave men who came together in hot haste, but with well-defined intention, returned as the shades of night came on bringing silence and rest to the world, bearing in triumph to freedom the man who, but an hour before, was on the road to the fearful doom of Slavery. To-day John Price walks abroad in his freedom, or reposes under his own vine and fig-tree, with no one to molest him or make him afraid. But for this boon—this glorious boon—he must be ever grateful to the courageous men who jeopardized their lives, their property, and their liberty to secure his release; for, according to the Fugitive Slave Law of 1850, those who rescue a man under such circumstances, or who aid, assist, and abet in the rescue, are to be indicted, convicted, imprisoned, and fined. It matters not if its victim be born in freedom and reared under its benign influences, and it be thus distinctly understood that he is a free man. It matters not if he be kidnapped. In this sense the law is no respecter of persons. Nor does it make any complexional discriminations. And still it subjects to pains and penalties most severe and cruel all who oppose its execution, whether the opposition be violent, legal, or only such as find an expression in prayerful ejaculations in behalf of the captured. If this statement be doubt-

ed, let the incredulous peruse with thoughtfulness and care, the unreasonable, the blasphemous, and the atheistic charge delivered by Judge Wilson to the Grand Jury that found bills of indictment against thirty-seven citizens of Lorain county, charging some with rescuing, and others with aiding and abetting in the rescue of John Price. If the incredulous are still unmoved in their unbelief, they would read with edification and profit the charges of the same Judge delivered to the traverse Jurors before whom Bushnell and Langston were tried and convicted. All these charges harmonize with, and strikingly illustrate this Fugitive Slave Law. It is under such a Congressional enactment—an enactment whose soul is not unreasonableness, but injustice and wrong—an enactment whose horrid features are seen in its unconstitutionality, in its denial of the free exercise of religion, in its subversion of State Sovereignty and individual rights, and in its overthrow of all the ancient bulwarks of liberty and law—that the philanthropic and Christian men who are now confined in the jail of Cuyahoga county, together with those of the noble thirty-seven who have been already released from their confinement, were indicted by a packed and partisan Grand Jury, of which Lewis D. Boynton was an influential member.

Of the persons thus indicted, only two have as yet been tried. Both were found guilty and sentenced. Mr. Simeon M. Bushnell, the first one tried, is a man of true nobility of soul and Christian fortitude. A man of very small physical endurance, he has a heart capable of the boldest endeavor and the most unshrinking purpose in the discharge of duty. After his conviction, when ordered to stand up and receive his sentence, Judge Wilson, seeking to extort some word of humiliation and contrition, asked him if he had anything to say why sentence should not be pronounced upon him. In a clear and manly voice, he answered, "I have not." But the Judge was not satisfied with this stern reply; so he asked him if he had no regrets to offer for his conduct. To this, Mr. Bushnell, conscious of the rectitude of his intentions and satisfied with the part he had played in the rescue, with very great emphasis and point, replied again, "I have not." Because Mr. Bushnell had no regrets to offer—because he exhibited the spirit of a man of dignity

and courage, and none of the disposition of the poltroon and the coward, he was sentenced by this unjust Judge to sixty days' confinement in the county jail, and to pay a fine of six hundred dollars and the costs of the prosecution. And to-day, he, a white man, an American citizen, is in the common jail, serving out his time, for doing nothing other than giving succor to an oppressed and outraged brother.

Mr. Charles H. Langston, the other person who has been tried, convicted, and sentenced, needs no eulogistic words from my humble pen. He is widely known as a devoted and laborious advocate of the claims of the negro to liberty and its attendant blessings. Indeed, his entire life has been a free offering to the Anti-Slavery cause. Discreet and far-seeing, uncompromising and able, he has labored most efficiently in behalf of the slave and the disfranchised American. But in no position has he demeaned himself with greater propriety and wisdom, with greater decision and courage, and with greater efficiency, than when he stood before Judge Wilson, and, as the representative of the Negro Race, in the most beautiful and powerful tones, told him why sentence should not be pronounced upon him. He spoke as follows:—

"I am for the first time in my life before a court of Justice, charged with the violation of law, and am now about to be sentenced. But before receiving that sentence, I propose to say one or two words in regard to the mitigation of that sentence, if it may be so construed. I cannot of course, and do not expect, that which I may say, will, in any way, change your predetermined line of action. I ask no such favor at your hands.

"I know that the courts of this country, that the laws of this country, that the governmental machinery of this country, are so constituted as to oppress and outrage colored men, men of my complexion. I cannot then, of course, expect, judging from the past history of the country, any mercy from the laws, from the constitution, or from the courts of the country.

"Some days prior to the 13th day of September, 1858, happening to be in Oberlin on a visit, I found the country round about there, and the village itself, filled with alarming rumors as to the fact that slave-catchers, kidnappers, negro-stealers

were lying hidden and skulking about, waiting some opportunity to get their bloody hands on some helpless creature to drag him back—or for the first time, into helpless and life-long bondage. These reports becoming current all over that neighborhood, old men and innocent women and children became exceedingly alarmed for their safety. It was not uncommon to hear mothers say that they dare not send their children to school, for fear they would be caught up and carried off by the way. Some of these people had become free by long and patient toil at night, after working the long, long day for cruel masters, and thus at length getting money enough to buy their liberty. Others had become free by means of the good will of their masters. And there were others who had become free—to their everlasting honor I say it—by the intensest exercise of their own God-given powers;—by escaping from the plantations of their masters, eluding the blood-thirsty patrols and sentinels so thickly scattered all along their path, outrunning blood-hounds and horses, swimming rivers and fording swamps, and reaching at last, through incredible difficulties, what they, in their delusion, supposed to be free soil. These three classes were in Oberlin, trembling alike for their safety, because they well knew their fate, should those men-hunters get their hands on them.

“In the midst of such excitement the 13th day of September was ushered in—a day ever to be remembered in the history of that place, and I presume no less in the history of this Court—on which those men, by lying devices, decoyed into a place where they could get their hands on him—I will not say a slave, for I do not know that—but a *man*, a *brother*, who had a right to his liberty under the laws of God, under the laws of Nature, and under the Declaration of American Independence.

“In the midst of all this excitement, the news came to us like a flash of lightning that an actual seizure under and by means of fraudulent pretences had been made!

“Being identified with that man by color, by race, by manhood, by sympathies, such as God had implanted in us all, I felt it my duty to go and do what I could toward liberating him. I had been taught by my Revolutionary father—and I say

this with all due respect to him—and by his honored associates, that the fundamental doctrine of this government was that *all* men have a right, to life and liberty, and coming from the Old Dominion I brought into Ohio these sentiments, deeply impressed upon my heart; I went to Wellington, and hearing from the parties themselves by what authority the boy was held in custody, I conceived from what little knowledge I had of law, that they had no right to hold him. And as your Honor has repeatedly laid down the law in this Court, a man is free until he is proven to be legally restrained of his liberty, and I believed that upon that principle of law those men were bound to take their prisoner before the very first magistrate they found, and there establish the facts set forth in their warrant, and that until they did this, every man should presume that their claim was unfounded, and to institute such proceedings for the purpose of securing an investigation as they might find warranted by the laws of this State. Now, sir, if that is not the plain, common sense and correct view of the law, then I have been misled both by your Honor, and by the prevalent received opinion.

“It is said that they had a warrant. Why then should they not establish its validity before the proper officers? And I stand here to-day, sir, to say that with an exception of which I shall soon speak, *to procure such a lawful investigation of the authority under which they claimed to act, was the part I took in that day's proceedings, and the only part.* I supposed it to be my duty as a citizen of Ohio—excuse me for saying that, sir—as an *out-law of the United States* (much sensation), to do what I could to secure at least this form of Justice to my brother whose liberty was in peril.—*Whatever more than that has been sworn to on this trial, as an act of mine, is false, ridiculously false.* When I found these men refusing to go, according to the law, as I apprehended it, and subject their claim to an official inspection, and that nothing short of a *habeas corpus* would oblige such an inspection, I was willing to go even thus far, supposing in that county a Sheriff, might, perhaps, be found with nerve enough to serve it. In this I again failed.—Nothing then was left to me, nothing to the boy in custody, but the confirmation of my first belief that

the pretended authority was worthless, and the employment of those means of liberation which belong to us. With regard to the part I took in the forcible rescue, which followed, I have nothing to say, further than I have already said. The evidence is before you. It is alleged that I said, 'We will have him anyhow.' *This I NEVER said.* I did say to Mr. Lowe, what I honestly believed to be the truth, that the crowd were very much excited, many of them averse to longer delay, and bent upon a rescue at all hazards; and that he being an old acquaintance and friend of mine, I was anxious to extricate him from the dangerous position he occupied, and therefore advised that he urge Jennings to give the boy up. Further than this I did not say, either to him or any one else.

"The law under which I am arraigned is an unjust one, one made to crush the colored man, and one that outrages every feeling of humanity, as well as every rule of right. I have nothing to do with its constitutionality; about that I care but little. I have often heard it said by learned and good men that it was unconstitutional; I remember the excitement that prevailed throughout all the free States when it was passed; and I remember how often it has been said by individuals, conventions, legislatures, and even *Judges*,"

that it never could be, never should be, and never was meant to be enforced. I had always believed, until the contrary appeared in the actual institution of proceedings, that the provisions of this odious statute would never be enforced within the bounds of this State.

"But I have another reason to offer why I should not be sentenced, and one that I think pertinent to the case. I have not had a trial before a jury of my peers. The common law of England—and you will excuse me for referring to that, since I am but a private citizen—was that every man should be tried before a jury of men occupying the same position in the social scale with himself. That lords should be tried before a jury of lords; that peers of the realm should be tried before peers of the realm; vassals before vassals, and *aliens before aliens*, and they must not come from the district where the crime was committed, lest the prejudices of either personal friends or foes should affect the accused. The Constitution of the United States guarantees, not merely to its citizens, but to *all persons*, a trial before an *impartial jury*. I have had no such trial.

"The colored man is oppressed by certain universal and deeply fixed *prejudices*. Those jurors are well known to have shared largely in these prejudices, and I therefore consider that they were neither impartial, nor were they a jury of my peers. And the prejudices which white people have against colored men, grow out of the facts that we have as a people *consented* for two hundred years to be *slaves* of the whites. We have been scourged, crushed, and cruelly oppressed, and have submitted to it all tamely, meekly, peaceably; I mean as a people, and with rare individual exceptions,—and to-day you see us thus, meekly submitting to the penalties of an infamous law. Now the Americans have this feeling, and it is an honorable one, that they will respect those who will rebel at oppression, but despise those who tamely submit to outrage and wrong; and while our people, as people, submit, they will as a people be despised. Why, they

* The following resolutions were reported to and adopted by an indignation meeting, held in Cleveland soon after the passage of the Fugitive Slave Law, Judge Hiram V. Wilson being on the Committee on Resolutions:

1. *Resolved*, That the passage of the Fugitive Law was an act unauthorized by the Constitution, hostile to every principle of justice and humanity, and, if persevered in, fatal to Human Freedom.

2. *Resolved*, That the law strikes down some of the dearest principles upon which our fathers predicated their right to assert and maintain their independence, and is characterized by the most tyrannical exercise of power; and that it cannot be sustained without repudiating the doctrines of the Declaration of Independence, and the principles upon which all free governments rest.

3. *Resolved*, That tyranny consists in the wilfully violating, by those in power, of man's natural right to his personal security, personal liberty, and private property; and it matters not whether the act is exercised by one man or a million of men, it is equally unjust, unrighteous, and destructive of the ends of all just governments.

4. *Resolved*, That regarding some portions of the Fugitive Law as unconstitutional, and the whole of it as oppressive, unjust and unrighteous, we deem it the duty of every good citizen to de-

nounce, oppose and RESIST, by all proper means, the execution of said law, and that we demand its immediate and unconditional repeal, and will not cease to agitate the question, and use all our powers to secure that object, until it is accomplished.

will hardly meet on terms of equality with us in a whiskey shop, in a car, at a table, or even at the altar of God—so thorough and hearty a contempt have they for those who will meekly *lie still* under the heel of the oppressor. The jury came into the box with that feeling. They knew they had that feeling, and so the Court knows now, and knew then. The gentleman who prosecuted me, the Court itself, and even the counsel who defended me, have that feeling.

"I was tried by a jury who were prejudiced; before a Court that was prejudiced; prosecuted by an officer who was prejudiced, and defended, though ably, by counsel that were prejudiced. And therefore it is, your Honor, that I urge by all that is good and great in manhood, that I should not be subjected to the pains and penalties of this oppressive law, when I have *not* been tried, either by a jury of my peers, or by a jury that were impartial.

"One more word, sir, and I have done. I went to Wellington, knowing that colored men have no rights in the United States, which white men are bound to respect; that the Courts had so decided; that Congress had so enacted; that the people had so decreed.

"There is not a spot in this wide country, not even by the altars of God, nor in the shadow of the shafts that tell the imperishable fame and glory of the heroes of the Revolution; no, nor in the old Philadelphia Hall, where any colored man may dare to ask a mercy of a white man. Let me stand in that Hall and tell a United States Marshal that my father was a Revolutionary soldier; that he served under Lafayette, and fought through the whole war, and that he fought for *my* freedom as much as for his own; and he would sneer at me, and clutch me with his bloody fingers, and say he has a *right* to make me a slave! And when I appeal to Congress, they say he has a right to make me a slave; when I appeal to the people, they say he has a right to make me a slave, and when I appeal to your Honor, *your Honor* says he has a right to make me a slave, and if any man, white or black, seeks an investigation of that claim, they make themselves amenable to the pains and penalties of the Fugitive Slave Act, for BLACK MEN HAVE NO RIGHTS WHICH WHITE MEN ARE

BOUND TO RESPECT. (Great Applause.) I, going to Wellington with the full knowledge of all this, knew that if that man was taken to Columbus, he was hopelessly gone, no matter whether he had ever been in slavery before or not. I knew that I was in the same situation myself, and that by the decision of your Honor, if any man whatever were to claim me as his slave and seize me, and my brother, being a lawyer, should seek to get out a writ of *habeas corpus* to expose the falsity of the claim, he would be thrust into prison under one provision of the Fugitive Slave Law, for interfering with the man claiming to be in pursuit of a fugitive, and I, by the perjury of a solitary wretch, would by another of its provisions be helplessly doomed to life-long bondage, without the possibility of escape.

"Some may say that there is no danger of free persons being seized and carried off as slaves. No one need labor under such a delusion. Sir, *four* of the eight persons who were first carried back under the act of 1850, were afterwards proved to be *free men*. They were free persons, but wholly at the mercy of the oath of one man. And but last Sabbath afternoon, a letter came to me from a gentleman in St. Louis, informing me that a young lady who was formerly under my instructions at Columbus, a free person, is now lying in the jail at that place, claimed as the slave of some wretch who never saw her before, and waiting for testimony from relatives at Columbus to establish her freedom. I could stand here by the hour and relate such instances. In the very nature of the case they must be constantly occurring. A letter was not long since found upon the person of a counterfeiter when arrested, addressed to him by some Southern gentleman, in which the writer says:

"Go among the niggers; find out their marks and scars; make good descriptions and send to me, and I'll find masters for 'em."

"That is the way men are carried 'back' to slavery.

"But in view of all the facts, I say that if ever again a man is seized near me, and is about to be carried southward as a slave, before any legal investigation has been had, I shall hold it to be my duty, as I held it that day, to secure for him, if possible, a legal inquiry into the character of

the claim by which he is held. And I go further : I say that if it is adjudged illegal to procure even such an investigation, then we are thrown back upon those last defences of our rights which cannot be taken from us, and which God gave us that we need not be slaves. I ask your Honor, while I say this, to place yourself in my situation, and you will say with me that if your brother, if your friend, if your wife, if your child, had been seized by men who claimed them as fugitives, and the law of the land forbade you to ask any investigation and precluded the possibility of any legal protection or redress, then you will say with me, that you would not only demand the protection of the law, but you would call in your neighbors and your friends, and would ask them to say with you that these, your friends, *could not* be taken into slavery.

"And now I thank you for this leniency, this indulgence, in giving a man unjustly condemned by a tribunal before which he is declared to have no rights, the privilege of speaking in his own behalf. I know that it will do nothing towards mitigating your sentence, but it is a privilege to be allowed to speak, and I thank you for it. I shall submit to the penalty, be it what it may. But I stand here to say, that if, for doing what I did on that day at Wellington, I am to go in jail six months and pay a fine of a thousand dollars, according to the Fugitive Slave Law—and such is the protection the laws of this country afford me—I must take upon myself the responsibility of self-protection ; when I come to be claimed by some perjured wretch as his slave, I shall never be taken into slavery. And as in that trying hour I would have others do to me, as I would call upon my friends to help me, as I would call upon you, your Honor, to help me, as I would call upon you (to the District Attorney) to help me, and upon you (to Judge Bliss), and upon you (to his counsel,) *so help me God!* I stand here to say that I will do all I can for any man thus seized and held, though the inevitable penalty of six months imprisonment and one thousand dollars fine for each offence hangs over me! We have all a common humanity, and you all would do that ; your manhood would require it, and no matter what the laws might be, you would honor yourself for doing it, while your friends and your

children to all generations would honor you for doing it, and every good and honest man would say you had done *right!*" (Great and prolonged applause, in spite of the efforts of Court and Marshal.)

This terse, argumentative and eloquent speech so touched the sensibility of the Judge that he sentenced Mr. Langston to confinement in the county jail for but twenty days, to pay a fine of one hundred dollars and costs of the prosecution. He has already served out his time, and is now in his office in Cleveland, discharging his duties as Recording Secretary of the Ohio State Anti-Slavery Society.

How the United States officials will collect the fines imposed upon these men it is impossible to tell. They are said to be destitute of lands, and all manner of personal property. It is reported that they are very poor. Then blessed be nothing!

There still remain in jail awaiting their trial, Prof. Henry E. Peck, John Watson, Henry Evans, J. M. Fitch, David L. Watson, Ralph Plumb, Wilson Evans, A. W. Lyman, John H. Scott, Robert Winsor, and William E. Lincoln. These are all men of indomitable purpose. The terrible penalties of the Fugitive Slave Law cannot drive them from their firm position in favor of Liberty and Right. Nor are they men who will fear and tremble before a tyrannical Judge. The ruffian threats of a Government Prosecutor cannot deter them. These are men, too, whose lives are not marked by acts of selfishness, but by deeds of benevolence and charity. Some of them are distinguished by their scholarly attainments ; all of them are distinguished by their deep and consistent devotion to the welfare of humanity. The large circle of friends and acquaintances who daily and hourly express their sympathy for these good and noble men, feel confident that they will conduct themselves in such manner while they remain in jail and when they are brought before the Court for trial, as to further the interests of the Anti-Slavery cause.

It is a fact worthy of particular mention, that in this rescue the colored men played an important and conspicuous part. Twelve of them were indicted ; four of them have not yet been taken into custody ; two have been discharged ; one is now at large upon his own recognizance, and five are still in jail. For the heroic

conduct of these worthy men and their white co-laborers, they deserve and shall receive our hearty thanks and lasting gratitude.

Upon the conduct of the Court before which Bushnell and Langston have been tried, and before which the rest of the indicted are to be tried—upon the behavior of the Prosecutor, who has shown himself so anxious and determined to convict these men—upon the character of the Jurors called in the cases already tried, and upon the testimony of the witnesses on the part of the Government, it is needless to say a single word. The Court, the Prosecutor, the Jurors, and the witnesses, with one or two exceptions, are Pro-Slavery and Democrat-

ic in their connections and associations. It is well known, then, what we may expect. And, so far, we have not been disappointed.

But the object of this prosecution can never be accomplished. The free spirit of the Western Reserve cannot be "crushed out." Our deep love of liberty, our intelligent veneration for the precepts of Christianity, and our abiding determination to obey God rather than man, no prosecution, however oppressive, no irksome confinement in gloomy dungeons, no illegal and unjust confiscation of our property, can ever overthrow and destroy. And this prosecution, so far, has only tended to deepen and strengthen this conviction.

Afric-American Picture Gallery.

FIFTH PAPER

BY ETHIOP.

— Home again, and in fine spirits.
 "Sound, sound the clarion, fill the air;
 To all the sensual world proclaim,
 One crowded hour of glorious life
 Is worth an age without a name."

So felt I, after my visit to the Black Forest, which has been among the most remarkable of my meandering life.

A faithful recital of what I heard and what I saw, lengthened out in a dozen carefully collated and closely written volumes, would scarcely do justice to my three days' stay in that place of mysteries. But, as the pressure of other engagements called me from those never-to-be-forgotten scenes, so now, also, do the events of the passing hour require at my hands something else for my readers, reserving for another occasion a further chat about the famous Grotto Home of Old Bernice, one of Nature's noblemen and one of her noblest artists.

Home again, and in the Afric-American

Picture Gallery, and seated in my big arm-chair. Dear old arm-chair! seated in thee I survey with renewed and increasing satisfaction this extraordinary Gallery.

My feelings are fresh and my eye clear, so that I can, perhaps, better take in the beauties and excellencies of a picture than give out anything like an accurate description of one.

Notwithstanding this, I cannot resist the temptation of a sketch offered by a pair of pictures just beneath my eye, on the south side of the Gallery.

They are marked

Pictures Nos. XIX and XX.

PREACHING AND AFTER PREACHING.

The first represents the interior of a church—a negro church.

Locality—sunny South. The particular spot, I conclude from its surroundings, is among the best of the good old plantations.

The church is filled to overflowing with

devout worshippers, and is being discoursed to, affectionately, of course, by a double-fisted, burly, white-faced old Southern Preacher—a genuine Hard Shell.

The artist has caught him just in the nick of time.

The Preacher is just in the act of exhorting his sable hearers to obey their masters—their kind, good masters.

"He that knoweth his master's will and doeth it not shall be beaten with many stripes." These are his words. In catching the artist's conception, you feel them, you hear them—you put yourself in his audience, and then they are gracious words to you. They are unctious. On them your parson is feeling; he looks full of feeling; he looks unctious all over. Unction pours out of his mouth; it beams out of his eyes; it sticks out of his outspread fingers; it runs down his broad face in greater profusion than did the oil down the venerable beard of Aaron.

Just at this unctious point is our good man taken, and I heartily thank the artist for having done him such justice. A fairer exhibit of a Southern preacher is certainly nowhere else on canvass.

Nor has the artist lost any of his inspiration in the other details of his picture. The preacher's sable hearers, with eyes dilated, mouths agape, nostrils distended and ears alert, are intently leaning forward, that they may lose no word of the good admonition, while here a moody brow, and there a skeptical face, or yonder a defiant look, combine to form an admirable background.

The second of this pair of pictures, entitled *After Preaching*, represents the congregation standing about outside the church in groups around the faithful leaders, who, being men carefully selected by the white piety of the sunny South, are of course, all of the Uncle Tom school.

By another masterly stroke of the artist's conception, they are taken just at the point of the extreme of their extacies about the great and good sermon they have just heard, while the leaders are in earnest exhortation on submission and willing obedience to masters as the height of Christian duty.

In the back-ground may also be seen a few young, determined-looking faces, on which are expressed disbelief in, and detestation of, the whole affair. They are

the same noticed in the back-ground of the former piece.

These young spirit-faces possess such a strong look of meaning that none need mistake it. A look so strong, so bold, so towering, that, like Monadnoc among the granite hills, it peers far above the scrawny frowns, and puny smiles, and jeers, and gibes, and sneers, and hates of the vulgar, the mean, the base; a look that will go up through all time, and, as light before the coming sun, so as surely will it be the forerunner of the great deliverance of long-pressed humanity. The look and the meaning do actually exist, and the sooner the World knows it the better.

These faces, in contrast with the others of the congregation, give a most striking effect to the picture. They are the unruly, the skeptical, the worthless of the flock—the wicked ones, who would rather run the risk than be bound up in the religious love so feelingly and so faithfully proclaimed to them—the religious love of the land.

It is of this class comes our Nat Turners, who laid a scheme for redemption, and the man in Georgia who received nine hundred and ninety-nine lashes by way of gentle compulsion, and then would not so much as reveal one particle of the plan laid by and for the uprising of his oppressed brethren. It is of this class come the Margaret Garners, who rather than their babes even shall clank a chain, prefer to send them up to their God who gave them. It is of this class comes our Douglasses and our Browns, and a host of other spirits now cast upon the regions of the North, as a Southerner once expressed it, "to wail in the misery of their sins, and lament in the wretchedness of their misunderstood liberty."

These are good views, and may be studied with profit by any Southern Preacher, master or monster who will take the trouble to visit the Afric-American Picture Gallery.

Picture No. XXI. is

A HEAD OF PHILLIS WHEATLY.

It hangs in the north-east corner of the Gallery, and in good light, and is so decidedly one of the finest in the collection, whether viewed in an artistic light or in point of fact, that it is both a constant charm and study for me. The features, though indicative of a delicate organiza-

tion, are of the most pleasing cast. The facial angle contains full ninety degrees; the forehead is finely formed, and the brain large; the nose is long, and the nostrils thin, while the eyes, though not large, are well set. To this may be added a small mouth, with lips prettily turned, and a chin—that perfection of beauty in the female face—delicately tapered from a throat and neck that are of themselves perfection. The whole make-up of this face is an index of healthy intellectual powers, combined with an active temperament, over which has fallen a slight tinge of religious pensiveness. Thus hangs Phillis Wheatly before you in the Afric-American Picture Gallery, and if we scrutinize her more closely through her career and her *works*, we shall find her truly an extraordinary person. Stolen at the tender age of seven years from the fond embraces of a mother whose image never once faded from her memory, and ferried over in the *vile slave ship* from Africa's sunny clime to the cold shores of America, and sold under the hammer to a Boston merchant—a delicate child, a girl, alone, desolate; a chilly, dreary world before her, a chain on her feet and a thorn in her bosom, and an iron mask on her head, what chance, what opportunity was there for her to make physical, moral, or mental progress? In these respects, how get up to, or keep pace with, other and more favored people?—how get in the advance?—how ascend, at last, without a single competitor, the highest scale of human eminence? Phillis Wheatly did all and more than this. A sold thing, a bought chattel, at seven years she mastered, notwithstanding, the English language in sixteen months. She carried on with her friends and acquaintances an extensive and elegant epistolary correspondence at twelve years of age, composed her first poem at *fourteen*, became a proficient Latin scholar at *seventeen*, and published in England her book of poems dedicated to the Countess of Huntingdon at *nineteen*; and with the mantle of just fame upon her shoulders, sailed from America to England to receive the meed due to her learning, her talents, and her virtues at twenty-two. What one of America's paler daughters contemporary with her, with all the advantages that home, fortune, friends and favor bring—what one ascended so far up the hill of just fame at any age. I have searched

in vain to find the name upon the literary page of our country's record.

Oh! Wheatly!

What degrading hand, what slavish chain,
What earthly power could link thy nobler soul
To baser things, and check its eagle flight!
Angel of purity, child of beauteous song,
Thy harp still hangs within our sight
To cheer though thou art gone.

The lady visitors to the Gallery would do well to make the head of Phillis Wheatly a study.

—

I have never read a *treatise* on the art of pleasing, nor have I otherwise acquired it, and hence my imperfection in so important a matter. I never could well please; a lady friend says I have never tried. Be this as it may, permit me to observe that since my three days' visit to the Black Forest and three weeks' barricading of the doors of the Afric-American Picture Gallery against its many friends who have sought it out, there has been brought upon me such a storm of choleric feeling as will serve for all of life to come. I had just finished the last sketch, and wrapped myself up in the happy consciousness of its justness, my old mood stealing over me, my mind traversing back to the days when Banneker lived and told of the stars and of the rising suns, and Wheatly sung their praise to listening worlds, when a loud rap at the door brought me to a sense of the present moment and to my feet. Wondering who the intruder might be that dared to thus disturb me, I bade him enter. It was *Tom*—yes, Tom, with a package of letters in his hand. The little rogue's smile was as fresh and sunny as ever, and it was a pleasure to see him; but, somehow or other, there was a wicked twinkle playing about the corners of his usually wicked little eyes, that told me something in my absence had gone amiss. I concealed this discovery, however, and merely said: "Well, Tom, my good fellow, what has turned up since my absence?" "Oh! nothing much, only a plenty of calls, sir," said he. "Calls?" said I, rising, "I hope you have not permitted, sir, any one to enter the *Afric-American Gallery* during my absence?" "Why no, sir," said he, provokingly, "but then there has been such a knocking at the door!"

I perceived how it was in an instant. The little rogue had been operating on his own hook, and pointing out the Gallery to the various magnates around for his own special amusement.

"The doctor has been here," he added, without paying any heed to the embarrassment in which he had placed me; "and the Professor has been here, and the Philosopher with him; and a little lady in black, and a tall lady, and a fat lady, and a strange nice lady from abroad have been here; and a number of other ladies, and some queer ones, too, have been here; and a crusty old gentleman, (white,) with a cane, has been here, too; and two colored gentlemen, in white cravats and long black coats all buttoned down before."

Tom's odd description of so strange a group really put me in good humor. I took the package from his hand, and throwing it on the table, wheeled round

before the stature of Benjamin Banneker, for the purpose of a few notes for the readers of the *Anglo-African Magazine*, when rather a loud and unusual noise in the outer hall interrupted me. In looking up, lo! and behold, advancing and bowing, hats in hand, who should my eyes meet but the *Doctor*, the *Professor*, and the *Philosopher*, closely followed by the little lady in black, and the tall lady, and the fat lady, and the lady from abroad, and the two gentlemen in white cravats and long black coats all buttoned down before, fetching up the rear. Dumbfounded at so many and such imposing visitors, I could only rise and make my best bow, which was awkward enough at best. Of course I was cheated out of my reflections on Banneker, and so are my readers.

The conversation of my visitors, which was free, characteristic, and remarkable, I must reserve for my next, reader.

(To be Continued.)

Thoughts on Hayti.

NUMBER II.

BY J. THEODORE HOLLY.

The Disabilities under which that Country Labors.

In the preceding article I have claimed for the Haytian people a solitary pre-eminence, in their Revolutionary independence, as the political prodigy of universal history. In this article I propose to speak of the *disabilities under which they labor*, notwithstanding their unexampled position in this respect. In fact, I will show that these disabilities are inherent in, and grow out of, the wonderful phenomenon that her national sovereignty displays amid the galaxy of nations. But before entering on this subject, I desire to bring my previous thoughts to a close by showing, that during the half-century and more that Hayti has preserved her national in-

dependence, she has not degenerated a whit from the proud political position she assumed when she bounded from a condition of chattel slavery into a community of independent, self-respecting freemen. The leaven of despotism soon manifested itself in the infant nation as it has everywhere raised its hydra-head among the nations of the Earth in every age of the world. But were these sable freemen less efficient than other lovers of liberty to crush out the monster in their midst? Did they permit the lustre of great names or the splendor of heroic deeds to lull them into a passive sleep while the gilded chains of a tyrant were clasped around

their limbs? Ah! the liberty-loving deeds of that people as presented in their national history indignantly answer, No! Desalines, heroic avenger of his race though he were, and deliverer of his country as he may justly be called, was not exempt from the tyrant's doom, though shielded by the splendor of all his illustrious achievements, when he dared to trample on the liberties of his self-emancipated countrymen. Christophe, though the "Frederick the Great" of Hayti, found no toleration at the hands of these independent freemen when he disregarded their God-given and blood-bought emancipation. Boyer, though he was the Solon of his country by giving unto her a well-digested code of laws, found no exemption from the doom of a despot when he desired to rule for his own aggrandizement. And last, and perhaps least of all, Faustin Soulouque, the Louis Napoleon of Hayti, has been promptly awarded the fate that awaits all the oppressors of mankind by being hurled from his usurped dominion and power. Even the manner in which each of these tyrants have received their doom have all along shown a progressive civilization among the Haytian people. The first tyrant was executed or put to death by his enraged people; the second was forced by the pressure of an outward indignation to put himself to death, and thus saved the people from staining their hands with his blood; the third was neither executed by the people nor so straitened in circumstances as to be driven to take his own life, but was sent into exile after some bloodshed between his partisans and the people; and the fourth tyrant was sent into banishment without one drop of blood being spilt on either side. Thus does the jealous spirit of liberty maintained among the Haytian people, not only vindicate their exalted political position among the nations of the earth which their revolutionary deeds had already accorded to them, but the humane manner in which they have improved on the penalties awarded to tyrants, also vindicates their claims to an enlightened appreciation of the true spirit of Christianity. So much, then, for the unexceptionable political position that the Haytian people have continued to maintain until the present time. I come now to consider their disabilities. And here let me say at the threshold that consummate

tact and ability in achieving and maintaining a national sovereignty do not constitute the whole of national greatness; neither is the liberty of a people most secure when it is constantly maintained against the encroachments of tyrants at the point of the sword. The dissemination of sound religious morality as the basis of public virtue, and the cultivation of Literature, the Arts and Sciences, as the sources of national prosperity, are inseparable concomitants of political sovereignty in making up true national greatness. These things Hayti does not and could not possess; and in this destitution we have the sum of her disabilities. I say that Hayti does not and could not possess these appendages of national greatness, because, as I have previously shown, she sprang into being from the lowest depths of degradation and slavery. The ignorance and barbarism, the brutality and sottishness attendant on this state of society do not comport with the cultivation of polite learning. Literature, the Arts and Sciences, can find no congenial home amidst minds over-spread with the dark pall of chattle slavery. On the other hand, the only form of Religion that had shed its influence over the people of this island was Romanism; and even this Church, which is at best covered over with the superstitions of the dark ages, has never been introduced there under its most favorable circumstances. Only the corruptest forms of that corrupt Church pointed its benighted votaries to the Religion of the Savior. And through the murky vision thus offered to their view, they could behold nothing but the most distorted and exaggerated features of Christianity. Such, then, were the prospects of Hayti for Religious and Literary development at the birth of her national independence. Nothing could be more gloomy, foreboding, and discouraging; and the only wonder that surprises us, is, how a national sovereignty could have been attained, when Christianity and Science—these two arms of all national well-being, were completely cut off from the body politic. And it is no less surprising how the independence of this armless trunk of a nation has been so long maintained by a people destitute of these acquirements; ostracized and insulated as they are, and have been, from all the rest of the nations of the earth; and having no other re-

source to depend upon but their own maimed and unaided efforts. Powerful and enlightened nations have failed to give her a hearty welcome among the family of nations by establishing full and reciprocal relations with her, and thus have contributed to keep her back in the career of a progressive civilization. Protestant Christianity, with her thousands of missionaries penetrating everywhere else, has dared to almost totally neglect these benighted people, who are perishing for want of the light of the Gospel ; and thus have they been left to swelter in darkness, deprived of the enlightening influences of the pure Religion of Jesus. But these very disabilities, great as they are, and seriously as they effect the continued prosperity of Hayti, yet they serve, nevertheless, to give an unparalleled character to the incidents connected with the national existence of that country ; and her superlative grandeur among the nations of the earth is increased in proportion to the magnitude that these disabilities assume before our vision.

The Shadows of Intemperance.

BY JAMES FIELD.

What mind can grasp, what pen can delineate all the gigantic *ills*, the stupendous *miseries* that *shadow* the drunkard's dark and devious path through life ?

Whether in the princely palace, the mansion of elegance and refinement, or the quiet and peaceful cottage of the poor ; wherever moves the inebriate, there moves the fell *shadow*, like the hand-writing on the wall, in characters of fire. Towering intellect, soaring genius alike succumb before the inroads of the monster demon of intemperance.

The hallowed precincts of *Home* loses its talismanic power, and wife, children, and all the dear accessories to happiness, no longer bind the strong, loving heart of *husband* and *father* in rosy fetters, *strong as adamant, enduring as eternity*.

The calm, dignified love of the "gentle one," to whom he pledged love and an un-

failing fidelity in the bright sunshine of early manhood, each and all fall before the dark shadows of brutal indulgence in the intoxicating bowl !

Wealth and influence may hide for a time the mildew that, however *slowly*, yet *surely*, creeps over each pure joy of the charmed circle of home.

Its gathering gloom falls upon the *Ledger* of the *Merchant*, the *Chart* of the *Mariner* on the trackless sea, on the *Farmer's* neglected land and perishing stock ; on the *Mechanic's* workshop, on the *Studio* of the *Artist*, as well as upon the wretched *hovels* of earth's toiling and starving millions.

Truly may the philanthropic exclaim, while beholding the wide-spread ruin produced by the Shadows of Intemperance, "Who shall deliver us from the body of this death ?"

Communication

FROM

THE NEW YORK SOCIETY FOR THE PROMOTION OF EDUCATION AMONG COLORED CHILDREN.

To the Honorable the Commissioners for examining into the condition of Common Schools in the City and County of New York.

The following statement in relation to the colored schools in said city and county is respectfully presented by the New York Society for the Promotion of Education among Colored Children :

1. The number of colored children in the city and county of New York (estimated in 1855, from the census of 1850), between the ages of 4 and 17 years 3,000

a. Average attendance of colored children at public schools in 1855 . . . 913

Average do. in corporate schools supported by school funds (Colored Orphan Asylum) 240

1,153

b. Proportion of average attendance in public schools of colored children to whole number of same is as 1 to 2.60.

2. The number of white children in the city of New York in 1855 (estimated as above), between the ages of 4 and 17 years . . . 159,000

a. Average attendance of white children in public schools in 1855 43,858

Average attendance of do. in corporate schools supported by public funds 2,826

46,684

b. Proportion of average attendance of white children on public schools to whole number of the same is as 1 to 3.40.

3. From these facts it appears that col-

ored children attend the public schools (and schools supported by public funds in the city of New York) in the proportion of 1 to 2.60, and that white children attend similar schools in said city in the proportion of 1 to 3.40; that is to say, nearly 25 per cent. more of colored children than of white children attend the public schools, and schools supported by public funds in the city of New York.

4. The number of colored children attending private schools in the city of New York, 125.

a. The number of white children attending private schools in 1850, census gave 10,175, which number has since been increased by the establishment of Catholic parochial schools, estimated in 1856, 17,560.

b. The proportion of colored children attending private schools to white children attending same, is as 1 to 140.

c. But the average attendance of colored children in all schools is about the same as that of white in proportion, that is to say, as many colored children attend the public schools as do whites attend both public and private schools, in proportion to the whole number of each class of children.

Locality, capability, &c., of colored schools.

1. The Board of Education, since its organization, has expended in sites and buildings for white schools \$1,600,000.

b. The Board of Education has expended in sites and buildings for colored schools (addition to building leased 19 Thomas) \$1,000.

c. The two school-houses in possession of the Board now used for colored children were assigned to same by the Old Public School Society.

2. The proportion of colored children to white children attending public schools is as 1 to 40.

a. The sum expended on school-buildings and sites of colored and white schools by the Board of Education is as 1 to 1,600.

3. a. School-house No. 1, for colored children, is an old building, erected in 1820 by the New York Manumission Society as a school for colored children, in Mulberry street, in a poor but decent locality. It has two departments, one male and one female; it consists of two stories only, and has two small recitation rooms on each floor, but as primary as well as grammar children attend each department, much difficulty and confusion arises from the want of class room for the respective studies. The building covers only part of the lot, and as it is the best attended, and among the best taught of the colored schools, a new and ample school building, erected in this place, would prove a great attraction, and could be amply filled by children.

b. School-house No. 2, erected in Laurens street more than twenty years ago for colored children by the Public School Society, is in one of the lowest and filthiest neighborhoods, and hence, although it has competent teachers in the male and female departments, and a separate primary department, the attendance has always been slender, and will be until the school is removed to a neighborhood where children may be sent without danger to their morals.

c. School No. 3, for colored children, in Yorkville, is an old building, is well attended, and deserves, in connection with School-house No. 4, in Harlem, a new building midway between the present localities.

d. School-house No. 5, for colored children, is an old building, leased at No. 19 Thomas street, a most degraded neighborhood, full of filth and vice; yet the attendance on this school, and the excellence of its teachers, earn for it the need of a new site and new building.

e. School-house No. 6, for colored children, is in Broadway, near 37th street, in a dwelling house leased and fitted up for a school, in which there is always four feet of water in the cellar. The attendance

good. Some of the school-officers have repeatedly promised a new building.

f. Primary school for colored children, No. 1, is in the basement of a church on 15th street, near 7th avenue, in a good location, but premises too small for the attendance; no recitation rooms, and is perforce both primary and grammar school, to the injury of the progress of all.

g. Primary schools for colored children, No. 2 and 3, are in the rear of Church, in 2d street, near 6th avenue; the rooms are dark and cheerless, and without the needful facilities of sufficient recitation rooms, &c.

From a comparison of the school-houses with the splendid, almost palatial edifices, with manifold comforts, conveniences and elegancies which make up the school-houses for white children in the city of New York, it is evident that the colored children are painfully neglected and positively degraded. Pent up in filthy neighborhoods, in old and dilapidated buildings, they are held down to low associations and gloomy surroundings.

Yet Mr. Superintendent Kiddle, at a general examination of colored schools held in July last, (for silver medals awarded by the society now addressing your honorable body) declared the reading and spelling equal to that of any schools in the city.

The undersigned enter their solemn protest against this unjust treatment of colored children. They believe with the experience of Massachusetts, and especially the recent experience of Boston before them, there is no sound reason why colored children shall be excluded from any of the common schools supported by taxes levied alike on whites and blacks, and governed by officers elected by the vote of colored as well as white voters.

But if in the judgment of your honorable body common schools are not thus common to all, then we earnestly pray you to recommend to the Legislature such action as shall cause the Board of Education of this city to erect at least two well appointed modern grammar schools for colored children on suitable sites, in respectable localities, so that the attendance of colored children may be increased, and their minds be elevated in like manner as the happy experience of the honorable the Board of

Education has been in the matter of white children.

In addition to the excellent impulse to colored youth which these new grammar schools would give, they will have the additional argument of actual economy; the children will be taught with far less expense in two such school-houses than in the half dozen hovels into which they are now driven. It is a costly piece of injustice which educates the white scholar in a palace at \$10 per year, and the colored pupil in a hovel at \$17 or \$18 per annum.

Taxes, &c., of colored population of the city.

No proposition can be more reasonable than that they who pay taxes for schools and school-houses should be provided with schools and school-houses. The colored population of this city, in proportion to their numbers, pay their full share of the general and therefore of the school-taxes. There are about nine thousand adults of both sexes; of these over three thousand are house-holders, rent-payers, and therefore tax-payers, in that sense of the word in which owners make tax-payers of their poor tenants. The colored laboring man, with an income of \$200 per year, who pays \$72 per year for a room and bed-room, is really in proportion to his means a larger tax-payer than the millionaire whose tax-rate is thousands of dollars.

But directly, also, do the colored people

pay taxes. From examinations carefully made, the undersigned affirm that there are in the city at least 1,000 colored persons who own and pay taxes on real estate.

Taxed real estate in the city of New York, owned by colored persons	\$1,400,000
Untaxed by colored persons, (churches)	250,000
Personal estate	710,000
Money in savings banks	1,121,000
	<hr/>
	\$3,481,000

These figures indicate that in proportion to their numbers, the colored population of this city pay a fair share of the school-taxes, and that they have been most unjustly dealt with. Their money has been used to purchase sites and erect and fit up school-houses for white children, whilst their own children are driven into miserable edifices in disgraceful localities. Surely the white population of the city are too able, too generous, too just, any longer to suffer this miserable robbing of their colored fellow-citizens for the benefit of white children.

Praying that your honorable commission will take due notice of these facts, and recommend such remedy as shall seem to you the best,

We have the honor to be, in behalf of the New York society for the promotion of education among colored citizens,

Most respectfully, yours,

CHARLES B. RAY, *President.*

PHILIP A. WHITE, *Secretary.*

NEW YORK CITY, December 28, 1857.

NOTE.—We copy the above document from the "Second Report to his Excellency, the Governor on the Common Schools, in the City of New York, by Thomas Stillman, Francis R. Tillou, Robert A. Adams, Charles Tracy, and Charles C. Mott, Special Commissioners appointed for that purpose." Although nearly two years old, it is of intrinsic value as a record of what Caste Schools are, when left to the tender mercies of a Board of Education, whose members feel themselves little if at all responsible to COLORED VOTERS. It is, nevertheless, one of the most effective documents ever issued by an association of colored men, for since it was written, and mainly in consequence of it, the School-house in Thomas street has been removed to the corner of Hudson and Franklin streets, one of the finest locations in the fifth ward; the school-house in Mulberry street has been taken down, to be replaced immediately by a new and elegant structure, replete with all the modern furniture and equipments; and a handsome sum has been appropriated to re-model the School-house in Laurens street. Yet there are men among the colored people who say, that we cannot do anything in this land!

THE Anglo-African Magazine.

VOL. I.

AUGUST, 1859.

NO. 8.

On the Fourteenth Query of Thomas Jefferson's Notes on Virginia.

BY DR. JAMES M'CUNE SMITH.

"What further is to be done with them?"* enquired Thomas Jefferson in 1787. "What, then, is to be done?"† is demanded of Dr. Dewey fifty-seven years afterwards. These questions relate to the colored population of these United States. "What further is to be done with them?" "What is to be done with them?" Can they be elevated to the same rank with the white citizens of this great Republic? This question involves another, Is the standard occupied by the whites really elevated above that occupied by the black population? What is the standard of mind—of excellence? Is it ingenuity in constructing machinery? Is it in morals? Is it in physical courage? Or is it to be measured by the tone of a "shop-keeping gentility?" The standard of excellence is not fixed. The question of elevation must therefore be an undeterminate question. It is hard to say who is more elevated—the master, learned, acute, ingen-

ious, the constructor of splendid machinery, the framer of laws, the successful financier, the acute philosopher—the one master of all this, with a slave-whip in his hand—or, the poor Christian slave, his breast heaving, his eyes raining tears, his flesh rooted up, quivering beneath the lash, whilst he prays God to soften the heart of the accomplished torturer—who is the more elevated?

It is better to lay aside, then, this word "*elevation*," because it is uncertain in its meaning. Let us put the same question in another form: Can the black and the white live together in harmony under American institutions, each contributing to the peace and prosperity of the country, and to the development of the problem of self-government involved in American institutions?

If there be any reason why they can not live together and contribute to the general advancement, this reason must be found either in the institutions of the country, or in the nature of the people.

There is no such reason to be found in the institutions of the country, when those institutions are in accordance with the

*Jefferson's Notes, Fourteenth Query, p. 202. Edit. 1801. Philad.

†A Discourse on Slavery and the Annexation of Texas, by Orville Dewey. New York: C. S. Francis. 1844.

principles of democracy. In Maine, Massachusetts, and Rhode Island, where the laws are made equal for all men, we find all men, including black and white, living in peace and harmony. And these States are bright examples of progress. It is only where the institutions of the State make invidious distinctions, as in South Carolina, Mississippi, and Georgia, that we find the whites and blacks living together, in peace indeed, but retrograding rather than advancing in civil and religious liberty, and in general prosperity.

There is nothing, therefore, in institutions, purely and equally democratic, which bars the mutual harmony and general progress of these races.

If there be no reason, founded upon democratic institutions, which prevents the harmonious dwelling together of these two races, is there anything in the races themselves which constitutes such a prohibition?

Mr. Jefferson contends that there are physical and mental distinctions between the negro and the white man—distinctions which must ever prevent them from an equal and harmonious participation in the blessings of democratic freedom.

This constitutes the main proposition in his fourteenth query. In support of this proposition he produces certain views, speculations, and reasonings, which many writers since his day, including De Tocqueville and Dr. Dewey, have admitted without questioning, and have urged as quite unanswerable. In fact, the only stain upon the literary merit of De Tocqueville's great work consists in this: he gives Mr. Jefferson's views as if they were De Tocqueville's views, and gives them in Mr. Jefferson's own words—thus, not only committing unpardonable plagiarism, but also adding the apparently independent and calm opinion of a foreign observer in favor of the perpetuation of American Slavery.

Dr. Dewey pursues a different course;

he states the result of Mr. Jefferson's views, refers to the book which contains them, and declines repeating the argument, saying that he feels a repugnance to these details arising from delicacy towards his brethren of the darker hue, which he cannot overcome.*

There are, certainly, in this world, various ways of fleeing from our own convictions. This mode of the reverend gentleman has the merit of novelty. He is too refined to brand with epithets of inferiority a class of men who have done him no harm, but he refers the world, men, women, and children, to where they may find this brand affixed in what he deems an indelible manner. Had he been candid, he would have said that the testimony of Mr. Jefferson was unfit for him to repeat, as a Christian man—for this very testimony, mingled up with sneers at religion, contains statements in themselves revolting to any mind which has the slightest regard for the decencies and proprieties of life. And if, in the examination of the testimony of Thomas Jefferson, we shall be forced to enter upon statements and arguments somewhat unusual in a magazine like this, the reader will perceive that we have been forced into them by the nature of the subject.

On the 268th page of his *Notes on Virginia*, Mr. Jefferson asks: "Why not retain and incorporate the blacks into the State," &c. He answers, on the next page, "Deep-rooted prejudices entertained by the whites; ten thousand recollections by the blacks of the injuries they have sustained; new provocations; the real distinctions which nature has made; and many other circumstances, will divide us into parties, and produce convulsions which will probably never end but in the exter-

*Discourse on Slavery and the Annexation of Texas, p. 11. C. S. Francis & Co., New York. 1844.

mination of the one or the other race. To these objections, which are political, may be added others which are physical and moral," &c.

Mr. Jefferson then states the physical and mental differences which exist, and which, in his opinion, will forever prevent the incorporation of the blacks into the State. His arrangement of these views is so mixed and confused, that we must depart from it, and consider, *first* the physical, *secondly*, the mental differences between the races.

First, In regard to the physical differences between the races.

In discussing this portion of the subject, we will not confine ourselves to the views announced by Thomas Jefferson, but will examine all the views and statements which have been urged since his work appeared, and which support his views.

The physical differences which are urged as existing between whites and blacks are, *first*, those which relate to the bones of the body; *secondly*, those which relate to the muscles; *thirdly*, those which relate to the texture of the hair; and *fourthly*, the color of the skin.

THE OSTEOLOGICAL DIFFERENCES,

Or those which are said to exist in the bones, do not relate to the number of the bones, for in this both races are alike; nor do they relate to the form of the bones, because as much difference is found to exist between the forms of the bones of different individuals, who are undoubtedly white, as are said to exist between the blacks and the whites. And these very differences, so far from being characteristic, simply prove this: that whilst there are the same individual varieties in each race, there are also the same general resemblances. The fallacy in the argument has consisted in this: the variations in the black race have been arranged together, and have been called the type of the race, and as such have been compared with, not

the varieties, but the general type of the whites, and from this unfair comparison, the illogical conclusion has been adduced that there is a permanent difference between these two races. This argument is about as conclusive as if we were to select all the white men in this city who have grey eyes, and to argue that because the color of their eyes differs from that of the remainder, therefore the two classes belong to different races.

In illustration of this view, let us take up one of the osteological differences alleged to exist between the white and black races. It has been said by many writers, and among the rest by Dr. John Augustine Smith, that there is a permanent difference in the form of the skull, exhibited by these two races. This view will be found in the abstract of a lecture on the different races of men, by Dr. J. A. Smith, in an appendix to Lyell's Lectures on Geology, printed at the office of the "Tribune."

It is said by the learned lecturer, Dr. Smith, that the skull of the negro approaches very nearly to the form of the skull of the ape, and recedes very much from the form of the skull of the white or Caucasian race.

In proof of this, he states that the facial angle in the Caucasian is **eighty** degrees, in the ape sixty-four degrees, in the black seventy degrees.

The skulls selected from the white race for this admeasurement were rather above than below the usual admeasurement; whilst the skulls selected from the blacks were extreme cases of acuteness of this angle or flatness of the forehead. They constituted the exceptions. That there are cases amongst the whites in whom the facial angle is equally acute will be evident to any one who will take the trouble to look at a profile of Henry Clay, General Lafayette, or at most of the heads found on French and Spanish coins of the latter part of the last century.

This is sufficient to destroy the general conclusion that there is less difference between the facial angle of the ape and the black than between the angle of the latter and the white.

There is further proof that this conclusion is not a true one. The skulls of the apes used by Professor Camper, who was the author of this mode of mensuration, were the skulls of young apes; in the skull of the young of this animal there is a greater approximation to the facial angle of man, than in the adult ape. Mr. Owen, the most distinguished of British naturalists, has shown that the facial angle of the adult troglodyte is only thirty-five degrees, and that of the ourang or satyr thirty degrees.*

Hence, if we grant that the facial angle of the negro measured only seventy degrees, it is between thirty-five and forty degrees larger than the facial angle of the ape; while it is only ten degrees less than the most obtuse angle of the European head. And this is only one of the many wide chasms, if they may be so called, which divide the human species from all other species of animals.

It is unnecessary to cite the statements of travelers in Africa to prove that the flat, retreating forehead is not the type but the variety in the heads of the native blacks. Any who are curious in this matter may visit any of our colored churches, and will find the low, retreating forehead to be the exception, and not the rule.

But this facial angle itself has been assumed to be the measurer of intellect; and this assumption is based upon two things not yet proven: *First*, that intelligence bears some proportion to the development of the brain; *Second*, that the facial angle is a measure of the quantity of brain. It would require more time than we have at present to expose the fallacy of the first

assumption; but its relation to this subject is destroyed if we can overthrow the second. The facial angle is not a measure of the quantity of brain in man. So far from this, it is neither a measure of the solid contents of the skull, nor of the relative position of the different parts of the brain contained in the skull.

It simply measures the position of the upper jaw in regard to the orifice of the ear and edge of the orbit: these last two being points fixed upon the skull, and the latter moving in the skull. Hence if two skulls of precisely the same shape have the upper jaw placed differently upon them, they will measure facial angles differing ten degrees, or even twenty degrees.

Other admeasurements of the skull have been taken, with a view to prove that there is a wide difference between the skulls of blacks and whites, and a close resemblance between the crania of blacks and monkeys. But these comparisons fail in like manner with the above.

Mr. Owen has recently set this question at rest, by showing "that strongly marked and most important characters distinguish the quadrumanous type from that of the human skull." In apes, the cranium, properly so termed, is a small rounded case, and is altogether posterior to, and not at all above the face. The antero-posterior diameter of the basis of the skull is very much longer than in man. The most striking circumstance which displays the difference is the different situation occupied by the zygomatic arch in the plane of the basis of the skull. In all races of men, and even in human idiots, the entire zygoma is included in the anterior half of the basis cranii; in the head of the adult troglodyte, or chimpanzee, as well as in that of the satyr, or wang, the zygoma is situated in the middle region of the skull, and in the basis occupies just one-third part of the entire length of its diameter. Poste-

*Zool. Transact., vol. 1., pp. 372, 373.

rior to the zygomata, the petrous portions have in the simias a large development in the antero-posterior direction. Another most remarkable character, in respect to which those anatomists have been greatly deceived who compared only young troglodytes with man, is the position of the great occipital foramen, a feature most important as to the general character of structure, and to the habits of the whole being. This foramen in the human head is very near the middle of the basis of the skull, or rather it is situated immediately behind the middle transverse diameter, while in the chimpanzee it is placed in the middle of the posterior third of the basis cranii. In the heads of young apes, which heretofore have been the subjects of comparison, this foramen is situated much more forward, or near to the middle of the basis of the skull. Still its position is obviously posterior to the situation of the same foramen in the human skull. "I have carefully examined," says Dr. Prichard, "the situation of the foramen magnum in many negro skulls; in all of them it is in precisely the place which Mr. Owen has pointed out as the general position of the occipital hole in the human skull."

From these and similar facts, it is evident that, far from there being any great and uniformly marked differences in the elementary shape, form, or size of the skulls of the African and the white, there exists in reality a uniform resemblance, proving that, from the bony structure of the human frame, there can be deduced the sublime argument of the unity of the human race.

Before leaving this part of the subject, it may be well to state that the researches of the best anatomists have not been able, on a careful comparison, to discover in the brains of the white and the black any differences in size weight, consistence, or color of the two.

Tiedeman, by an admeasurement of the

skulls of the various races of mankind, as they are called, found the following results:

BRAIN.—Tiedeman, in *Philosophical Transactions*, (1836,) states that he found the average weight of *Hindoo* brains from 29 oz. to 32 oz.

41 *Tribes not Egyptian*.—Negro brains, from 31 to 43 ounces—largest 54 ounces, an *Ibo* of Congo.

71 *Tribes*.—Caucasian brains, 39 to 54 ounces—largest 57 ounces, a *Cassoc* of the Don.—"*Martin on Man and Monkeys*," p. 301. *Edit. Lond.*

Much stress has been laid upon the fact that the bones of the leg in the black are somewhat more bent than in the white races. This is not universally true. On the coast of Africa, where we are to look for the type of this race, we find this bending of the tibia to be the exception, and not the rule. And these exceptions are traced to the geological, or rather the topographical aspect of the country inhabited by a small portion of the native tribes.

That climate, or, more properly speaking, geological position, has a powerful influence upon the bony structure of man, is a proposition which numerous facts in our own sphere of observation tend to support. The colored race now living in Maryland and Virginia have a depth of chest and symmetry of form so very remarkable that we have been able to tell the birth-place of very many men of those States by a simple examination of their chests.

Only two hundred years have elapsed since their ancestors, made up of every of the many diversities of the African tribes, first landed at Jamestown; yet two centuries have made a marked uniformity in the frames of men who would otherwise have retained their original varieties. This could only be the result of geological influences.

By an inspection of the busts of Daniel Webster, Henry Clay, and Thos. H. Benton, as a distinguished sculptor informed me, any one may trace the perceptible development of the Indian form of skull; and

this is equally true of all the descendants of families that have resided during several generations on this continent. Here is other proof of the influence of geology on the bony frame of mankind, for these results cannot be traced to the admixture of Indian blood.

Thus much on the topic of osteology. There is no reason to infer, from the structure of the skeleton, that there are distinctions and permanent differences between the framework of the white and black races.

We shall say little about the *muscular system*. One poor, persecuted muscle—that which constitutes, principally, the calf of the leg—has been the cause of earnest speculation by those who have sought differences where the Almighty has stamped uniformity. These earnest seekers after, not the truth, but the differences, cannot deny the fact that this muscle *does* exist in both races, but they rejoice in finding it smaller and higher up in the leg of the black than in that limb in the white.

The head and front of this offending, is, that the black race have less *calf* than their brethren of the fairer hue. Even this “soft-impeachment” is not universally true. It is only the exception; and it is to be found, as Mr. Walsh states in his Notes on Brazil, among those miserable slaves who are made to bear very heavy burdens on their heads, from an early age. By this means the arch of the foot is flattened down, this muscle is scarcely brought into use, and hence dwindles away, whilst the bones of the leg, necessarily thrown forward, acquire a curve. The same thing is brought about by the low, miserable diet on which some of this class are forced to subsist.

This low diet produces rickets, or rickets, in which disease the bones assume the peculiar form above named. And this fact is true of all men of every race. “Bandy legs,” as they are termed, may be

found as frequently among the masters as among the slaves of the South. And if this peculiar bend should be sufficient to rule the blacks out from the circle of mankind, it would, if rigidly applied, rule out many who have a white complexion. It is a curious confirmation of this view that the inhabitants of a portion of the western coast of Ireland, a people who submit to the same low diet, and other privations analogous to those endured by a portion of the natives of the African coast, have very nearly the same osteological and muscular deformities with those above named.

HAIR.

The hair is named by Mr. Jefferson as affording one of those physical differences between the whites and blacks, which must ever prevent the blacks from being incorporated into the State. The short, curly, or crisp hair of the negro, is compared with the long, flowing locks of the whites; and from this comparison it is inferred that the two races cannot live in the same land. Nay, other writers—Dr. Nott, of Mobile, for example—enumerates this among the reasons which led him to believe that the two races are of a distinct species—as much so as the “swan and the goose.”

In regard to these points, we cannot do better than quote the opinion of the late Dr. Samuel Forry, who says, on the 165th page of the first volume of the “New York Journal of Medicine:” “As much stress has always been laid upon the national differences of the human hair, by those who hold that the negro is a distinct species from our own, a few general observations will not be deemed out of place. While the head of the Caucasian race is adorned with an ample growth of fine locks, and his face with a copious beard, the negro’s head presents short, woolly knots, and that of the American or Mongolian coarse and straight hair, all having nearly beardless faces; and with this dim-

inuation of the beard is combined a general smoothness of the whole body. That the coloring principle in the skin and hair is of a common nature, is evident from the fact that, among the white races, every gradation, from the fair to the dark, is accompanied by a corresponding alteration in the tint of the hair. This remark applies equally to the colored varieties of men, for all these men have black hair." To this particular assertion of Dr. Forey, there are some apparent, but not real exceptions; we mean the cases of nearly black men having red hair. A close examination of the color of such will detect the fact that, instead of pure jet black, there is a reddish black tint which pervades the hue of the skin. Dr. Forey continues: "But among the spotted Africans, according to Blumenbach," (by spotted Africans are meant the class who are partially Albinos,) "the hairs growing out of a white patch of the head are white. These facts, with others observed among inferior animals, as the dog, sheep, and goat, prove sufficiently that a distinction of *species* cannot be established on the mere difference in the hair. Upon this point Dr. Prichard very happily remarks that 'if this cuticular excrescence of the negro were really not hair, but a fine wool—if it were precisely analagous to the finest wool—still this would by no means prove the negro to be of a peculiar and separate stock, since we know that some tribes of animals bear wool, while others of the same species are covered with hair.'

"But," continues Dr. Forey, "the so-called woolly hair of the negro is not wool in fact, but merely a curled and twisted hair. This has been proved by microscopic observation, upon the well-known law that the character which distinguishes wool from hair consists in the serrated nature of its external surface, giving to wool its felting property."

The cause of the extreme crispness of

the hair of the black may be sought, not merely in the heat of the torrid zone, but in the addition of the low, marshy locations on the coasts of Africa and other tropical localities, in which this close, tight hair is found indigenous. There is a curious fact connected with this subject, which I have not seen recorded, and may mention in this place, to wit: the children of white parents are at birth nearly bald; the children of black parents, on the contrary, have at birth a fine growth of nearly straight hair. At a time varying from ten months to twenty months of their age, white children have a short but firm growth of straight hair, whilst the hair of black children becomes decidedly crisped—often knotted. Perhaps the physiological reason for this may be found in the fact that the hair of the black children, by piercing the scalp while it is yet very thin and soft, may be curled by the subsequent thickening and hardening of the scalp, whilst the hair of the white children, being developed along with the scalp, is not in the above manner curled by its pressure. We all know that heat and pressure will curl the straightest hair.

There is another fact which may be added, to wit: that this woolly hair of the negro may, by proper care, be made nearly straight. This must be consolatory to those who have gazed upon this, to them, insurmountable difficulty in the way of incorporating the blacks into the State. Any one whose observation extends twenty years back, must observe that the hair of the colored population in the Southern and Northern States is growing more and more straight. This is partly the result of extreme culture on their part, and partly the result of the climatic or geological influences under which they live. That these influences—climate and culture—will ultimately produce a uniform character to the hair of the different races upon this portion of the American continent, is a

question even now capable of solution. On the eastern coast of Africa are, living on a marshy sea coast, a race of negroes who speak a language which identifies them with another race who live somewhat farther back, but on land elevated above the level of the sea. These last have hair that is nearly straight, doubtless in consequence of the difference of the climate under which they have, during several centuries, lived.*

*The most recent writer on this subject is Peter A. Browne, LL. D., of Philadelphia, whose work, "Trichologia Mammalium," at the 51st page, professes to set forth the discovery that the difference of *species* in man may be determined by the difference in the shapes of the hair, or rather hair disc. Dr. Browne does not "split," but slices hair into infinitely small discs, cut off as epicures do Bologna sausages. He claims that in the Indian the hair disc is round, in the white man oval, and in the negro a flattened ellipse, or "eccentrically elliptical." Of course, in accordance with the principles of inductive logic, all individuals of the several species must present the identical phenomenon of "round," "oval," or "eccentrically elliptical" hair discs. Blacks, for example, with woolly hair, if that hair be "eccentrically elliptical," are negroes, and of a separate species; but if their hair be not "eccentrically elliptical," then they are not negroes, not a separate species. Unfortunately for the Doctor's discovery, he says, (p. 65,) "It might easily be supposed that, in a city like Philadelphia, abounding in black faces, no difficulty would be encountered in procuring pure negro hair. It is quite the contrary; with great exertions, we have been able to obtain the following only." He enumerates fifteen specimens, *not one of which was procured from Philadelphia*, and only four of negroes born in the United States. Hence, either the twenty-five thousand blacks in Philadelphia are not negroes, or the Doctor's test fails to prove them such. The Doctor is very learned, however, on "crosses" between whites and blacks, which he enumerates as follows: *Simple Hybrids*, white to black—1. Hepta Mulattin; 2. Hexa Mulattin; 3. Penta Mulattin; 4. Tetra Mulattin; 5. Tria Mulattin; 6. Di Mulattin; 7. Mono Mulattin; 8. Black. *Compound Hybrids*—1. White; 2. Hepta-hypo-mono-mulattin; 3. Hexa-mono-mulattin; 4. Penta-hyper-mono-mulattin; 5. Tetra-di-mulattin;

THE COLOR OF THEIR SKIN

is, in the opinion of Thomas Jefferson and his followers, another objection to incorporating the blacks into the American Republic. This may be called the "physical distinction" upon which the question is made to rest by the opponents of the black man in this Republic.

Mr. Jefferson asks, with an air of triumph, "Is this difference of no importance? Is it not the foundation of a greater or less share of beauty in the two races? Are not the fine mixtures of red and white, the expressions of every passion by greater or less suffusions of color in the one, preferable to that eternal monotony which reigns in the countenances, that immovable veil of black which covers all the emotions of the other race?" We regret that a sense of propriety prohibits us from finishing this quotation, for the argument against the part which must be omitted is full and conclusive.

In reply to what has been quoted from Mr. Jefferson, it would be sufficient to give the testimony of Mr. Waddington, in regard to a race of black men whom he saw on the eastern coast of Africa. He says, "The general complexion of the Shogya is jet black—clear, glossy, jet black—which appeared to my then unprejudiced eyes to be the finest color that could be selected for a human being. Mr. Jefferson himself, if we may credit the statement of Dr. Bacon, in his account of the colored Virginians who are now living in Liberia—Mr. Jefferson himself has left living testimony against his own expressions above quoted—testimony whose close resemblance to himself, and partial inheritance of his talents, should forever close the mouths of men who refer to Jefferson's Notes on Vir-

6. Tria-hypo-tria-mulattin; 7. Di-tria-mulattin; 8. Mono-hyper-tria-mulattin; 9. Tetra-mulattin. Which is truly the most formidable attack on "our people" we have yet seen in print!

ginia as proof of the impossibility of incorporating the colored race into the State. "That testimony," says Dr. Bacon, "is a colored grand-daughter of Thomas Jefferson." Those who are anxious to examine this matter will find the statements alluded to in the "Wanderings on the Seas and Shores of Africa," by Dr. F. R. Bacon.

Another witness against this view of Mr. Jefferson, is Bishop Heber. On his first entrance into the Hoogly river he described the crew of a vessel as "*extremely black*, but well made, with good countenances and fine features—certainly a handsome race.*

There is higher testimony than Mr. Waddington, or Thomas Jefferson, or Bishop Heber, on this subject—testimony which we can hold in regard, if the apostle of democracy did not—"I am black but comely, oh ye daughters of Jerusalem, as the tents of Kedar, as the curtains of Solomon. Look not upon me because I am black, because the sun hath looked upon me: my mother's children were angry with me; they made me the keeper of the vineyards"—"I am black but comely"†—"for we are all His workmanship."—*Ephes. 2: 10.*

Such testimony is enough to show that there is nothing essentially hideous or distinctly deformed in a black complexion.

Let us take a more general view of this matter, the complexion of the human skin. The fact is, that the term white is an arbitrary one, when used in contradistinction to black, the latter meaning the colored mixed race now enslaved in this Republic.

A more accurate investigation of the subject has shown that there are but three great varieties to the human complexion, varieties under which all mankind may be classed. The Leucos or white variety, the Xanthic or yellow variety, and the Melanic or black variety.

*Prichard, *Phys. Hist.*, vol. 4, p. 236.

†Songs of Solomon, chap. 1: 5-6.

1st. In regard to the leucos or white complexion. The word white, in physics means a combination of all colors—a reflection from the white object, of all the rays of color—hence the object itself is perfectly colorless. In the leucos or white skinned variety of mankind, therefore, there is an entire absence of coloring matter in the skin, which is milk white—in the hair, which is also white, and in the iris, which suffers the red blood to gleam through its colorless parietes. There is an absence of the dark pigment in the colored coat. This color, or rather colorless skin, is not confined to mankind. It occurs frequently among domesticated animals, in rabbits, cats and dogs, sheep, hogs, goats, &c. It has been found in many wild species, as in monkeys, squirrels, rats, and mice; several species of birds, as crows, blackbirds, canary birds, partridges, &c., exhibit similar phenomena, having their feathers of a pure white color and their eyes red.

-White, has often been termed, from Lord Bacon's time, the color of *defect*. The whiteness of the hair is owing to a defect of a peculiar secretion. It is in age, when the frame has lost its vigor, and the life has extended beyond its prime, that the hair of men—not albinos—turns white. A similar delicacy, or deficiency in strength of constitution, appears to accompany the leucos or albino variety of mankind from birth. It is congenital deficiency. Hence the pure white is a deformed variety of the human species. The leucos, or white class of men, are very few. But the most curious fact is, that they may be children of either the negro or the European, the Indian or the Asiatic. All have seen, in the museums, white children with black parents. These are leucos or albino children. Cases are recorded of albinos born of white parents. We saw one a few months ago. The complexion was the same milk-white with the albinos

of African origin. The features were European, and the hair, also white, was straight. Horace Greeley is nearly an albino. Far from being the rule or distinctive type of any race, then, the albino, or white, is a variety, an exception, occurring in all races, whether African or Caucasian, Indian or Mongolian.

2nd. The xanthous variety of complexion is marked by yellow hair and light eyes. The color of the skin is fair but not white, and is agreeably relieved by that ruddy tint which characterizes the sanguine temperament. The xanthous variety of mankind appears to have a degree of the same delicacy which marks the leucoses. Medical writers, from the time of Galen, have remarked a certain degree of irritability and delicacy of constitution in what they term the sanguine temperament. Persons of very fair complexion are often less robust than those of more swarthy hue. The xanthous variety composes a much larger proportion of mankind than the leucos variety. The north of Europe, including the Danes, the Belgians, a portion of the Germans, and the northeastern part of Asia—to wit, Eastern Siberia—and even some of the Highlands of Africa, are principally inhabited by the xanthous variety of mankind.

3d. The melanocomous, or dark-haired variety of mankind, is distinguished by black hair, dark eyes, and a complexion, varying from a bright brunette of the Italian to jet black of the negro. Men of the melanic variety are of the choleric or melancholic temperament, and have generally sounder and more vigorous constitutions, and are less susceptible of morbid impressions from external causes than the sanguine. This variety composes the greatest proportion of the human race. The south of Europe, nearly all Asia, all Africa and Australia, with a large portion of the American Continent, are occupied by the melanic or dark variety of mankind.

To this variety of mankind, says Dr. Prichard, the *negro* belongs.

Hence it appears that the black comprises no special variety of the human race, no distinctive species of mankind, but is part and parcel of the great original stock of humanity—of the rule, and not of the exception. He also belongs to that variety which is endowed with the most powerful constitutions.

This black complexion does not constitute him a special or distinctive variety in the melanic race. Far from it. In America and in India are found men of the melanic race quite as black as the African negro. It is stated by Dr. Forry that "Even among the American (Indian) tribes, known the world over as the *red man*, the most remarkable diversities of complexion are presented, varying from a decidedly white to an unequivocally black skin. Of so deep a hue are the Californians that La Perouse compares them to the negroes of the West Indies. "The complexion of the Californians," he says, "very nearly resembles that of negroes."

"Although the Americans," says Dr. Morton, "possess a pervading and characteristic complexion, there are occasional and very remarkable deviations, including all the tints, from a decided white to an unequivocally black skin."

In India there are not only many Hindoos with complexion perfectly black, but what is more singular, the Brahmins, even of the highest caste, vary in complexion from nearly white to perfectly black.

Mr. Fraser, in his journey to the Himalaya, states that the Pavrias or hill tribes of Garhawal, Suinor, and Bisahur, vary in complexion from a dark brown, or black, to a tawny yellow. Mr. Traill (Prichard, vol. 4, p. 205) states that the Doms, natives of Kumau, are extremely black, their hair inclining to wool.

Bishop Heber also says of the Hindoos, "The great difference in color between the

different natives struck me much. Of the crowd by whom we were surrounded, some were black as negroes, others merely copper-colored, and others little darker, &c. Mr. Mill, the principal of Bishop's College, * * who has seen more of India than most men, tells me that he cannot account for this difference, which is general throughout the country, and everywhere striking. It is not merely the difference of exposure, since this variety of tint is visible in the fish women who are naked all alike. Nor does it depend on caste, since very high caste Brahmins are sometimes black, while Parriahs are comparatively fair.

From these facts, it is evident that the black complexion is not confined to the negroes of Africa, and their descendants in this country.

There is proof on another point—namely, that the black complexion of the negro is not peculiar to him as a variety of the melanic race, but arises from a climatic influence which produces the same color on men who are not negroes. These climatic agencies are a low, flat soil, in a very hot climate. It is a popular opinion that all the natives of Negroland, or the slave region of Africa, are black. This is not true.

The Fulahs are a tribe of Africans living on the borders of the Senegal, between Podher and Galam. They have been generally termed blacks. But according to Park and other travelers, they are not black. He says they have soft, silky hair, and are of a tawny color. These Fulahs, of a lighter complexion than other Africans, are natives of Fouta-Jallo in the High regions about Timbu.

Among the Abyssinians, on the eastern coast of Africa, there is every variety of complexion, from the pure black to the xanthic, or as it is called popularly, the white race. A question which here presents itself, says Dr. Prichard, "is, whether differ-

ences in complexion exist among the Abyssinians, bearing any relation to climate or the elevation of countries."

"The low and hot tracts which extend round Abyssinia to the west and north-west, covered with forests and containing the plants and animals of tropical climates, are inhabited by the *Shan-galla negroes*. To the eastward, the low countries are occupied by Ha-Fora or Shiho, who are almost equally black."

Dixan, although situated at a considerable elevation above the coast, is a comparatively low region. Mr. Salt informs us that the people here are of a very dark hue, few of them having claims to the term copper-colored which Mr. Bruce bestowed on them.

Mr. Bruce informs us that the natives of the high regions of Narea, or Enarea, of the high country, are lightest in complexion of any people of Abyssinia."

"The Fungi, a race of negroes who, 200 years ago, conquered the highlands of Nubia, are now no longer negroes in appearance."

In India, the Hindoos who dwell on low, flat lands have a pure black complexion, whilst those of the same race, language and religion, who live in a higher and colder region, about Jumnotri and Gangotri, have the following appearance:—"Their complexions are frequently fair, though much sun-burnt, their eyes often blue, their hair and beards curled, and of a light and even red color." (p. 209.) (see vol. 4, p. 248.)

From these facts it is plain that the black complexion of the negro race is not a distinctive mark, separating them from the rest of mankind, but is, on the contrary, a result of the combined influence of the hot climate and low, marshy soil, on which they or their ancestors resided in Africa.

From these facts it would appear, that under climatic influences of a peculiar kind, the complexion of the dark races,

even of the black, can be changed to a lighter, even a white hue. The Ethiopian can change his skin.

It is a familiar fact that the hue of a white man can be greatly changed by a residence in a torrid climate.

Hence it would seem, that the color of the skin, be that color what it may, does not mark a distinct species in man.

A curious enquiry here suggests itself: What was the original complexion of mankind? Deeply interesting as is this enquiry, we cannot examine into it at present. Dr. Prichard (vol. 1, p. 220) records his belief that the original complexion of the human race was the dark or melanic complexion.

The older anatomists held that the color of the skin, in the negro, depended upon a specific membrane peculiar to him. Microscopic science has exploded this idea. Before quoting the highest authority on this point, it may be well to state that the skin of the human being is made up of cells of very minute size; by tearing open an orange, and examining one of the extremely small bags which contain the juice, an accurate idea of an anatomic cell is afforded, as to shape; if we imagine a dark central spot in one of these cells, we see what microscopists call a *nucleus*; and if within this dark spot we imagine one still smaller and darker, this is what microscopy terms a *nucleolus* or central *nucleus*.

Writing of the color of the human skin, Mr. Wilson says, "There is another feature in the history of the development of the epidermal cell, which I regard as peculiarly interesting. This relates to an organic change taking place in the assimilative powers of the primitive granules by which the latter are altered in their color; in short, are converted into 'pigment granules.' Pigment granules appear to differ in no respect from the primitive granules, excepting in tint of color. They have the

same globular form, the same size, and occupy the same position in the cell, being always accumulated around the nucleus, and dispersed less numerously through the rest of the cell. The nucleus of the cell in the epidermis of the negro appears to consist wholly of pigment granules, while in the European there is greater or less admixture of colored or uncolored granules."

* * "When pigment granules are examined separately, they offer very little indication of the depth of color which is produced by their accumulation. We have observed some to have the hue of amber, while others scarcely exceeded the most delicate fawn. The depth of color of the deep stratum of the epidermis in the negro is evidently due to the composition of that layer of these granules chiefly." (Diseases of the Skin, by Erasmus Wilson, F. R. S., fourth edition, p. 12. London 1857.)

The fact that the fairest women of the "white" races, during gestation, present an accumulation of these pigment granules, in other words, turn nearly black around the centres of the mammae, may afford a hint on the original complexion of the human race.

We have now arrived at a resting place in this tedious array of facts. We have carefully examined into the principal physical differences, which are alleged to constitute a bar in the way of incorporating the black men into the American State.

Do these differences in reality constitute such a bar? "Words," said Mirabeau, "are things." The history of words would be one of the most interesting of all histories. You may have observed that we use the word black, as distinguishing the class whom we have under consideration. This word "black," and the other word "negro," were the common, the usual, term used for this class, at the time Mr. Jefferson wrote. That is more than fifty years ago. The newspapers, sure indices of public opinion,

now call this same class "*colored people*." The class is the same, the name is changed; they are no longer blacks, bordering on beastiality; they are "*colored*," and they are a "*people*." I will not stop to enquire whether the word "*colored*" be used as a euphony for black, nor whether it marks the fact of an already perceptible change in the hue of the skin of this class. It answers our argument if it show, and it does show, a lessening of the distance—a step towards harmony and reciprocal kindness between man and his fellow man—between the black and the white man in this Republic.

The question is already partly answered; the physical differences do not constitute a permanent bar, because the public voice has already softened the terms which denote those differences.

Then there is that other word, "*people*." What does it mean? Tell us, poor, cringing sycophant, thou who art fearful that the two races can only live together as master and slave, what does this word "*people*" mean? In Thomas Jefferson's time, "*we, the people*," meant men endowed with certain inalienable rights; men exercising those rights, the noblest of which was the great, the God-like right of governing themselves! There was, then, in that word "*people*," a profound, a sublime import. It meant men who were part and parcel of—were the great sires and the great inheritors of this

"Fair broad Empire, State with State,"

which their prowess in war had snatched from tyrannical hands—which their wisdom in peace had erected into a magnificent fabric, capable of holding within its ample dome the majestic presence of Liberty!

Hic currus fuit! hic illius arma!

Here were her arms, and here reposed her chariot. The same import which the word "*people*" had then, the same import it has now. Place before it what epithet

you may, let the American public but call men "*people*," and those men, residing in this Republic, are already raised by the public voice into the dignity and privileges of citizenship. I care not if the fact be delayed a few years; the principle is already established; the physical distinctions of the black class in this country are not any longer a bar against their being incorporated with the people of the State.

The question asked by Mr. Jefferson in his fourteenth query, would never have been propounded had he been acquainted with the philosophy of human progress. Instead of asking, How shall we get rid of them?—instead of affirming that they could never be safely incorporated in the State—had he possessed the insight or sagacity for which he is so celebrated, he would have welcomed their presence as one of the positive elements of natural progress. Why this is so we have endeavored to show in the first number of this magazine, in the article on "*Civilization*," &c. That essay, written in 1844, was slightly amended when published in 1859. Its views are mainly the same with those of Mr. Buckle, in his work on "*Civilization in England*," and receive support from the higher authority of Mr. Mill, in his remarkable work on "*Liberty*," published recently in London. Mr. Mill says, (p. 129): "The modern *regime* of public opinion is, in an unorganized form, what the Chinese educational and political systems are in an organized; and unless individuality shall be able successfully to assert itself against this yoke, Europe, notwithstanding its noble antecedents and its professed Christianity, will tend to become another China. What is it that has hitherto preserved Europe from this lot? What has made the European family of nations an improving instead of a stationary portion of mankind? Not any superior excellence in them, which, when it exists, exists as an effect, not as a cause; but

their remarkable diversity of character and culture. Individuals, classes, and nations have been extremely unlike one another; they have struck out a great variety of paths, each leading to something valuable; and although at every period those who traveled in different paths have been intolerant of one another, * * each has in time endured to receive the good which the others have offered. * * Wilhelm Von Humboldt points out two things as necessary conditions of human development, because necessary to *render people unlike one another*—namely: freedom and variety of situations."

Whilst Jefferson, Dewey, and last of all Doolittle, raise their impotent voices to exclude the blacks from the United States, Henry Ward Beecher exclaims from his pulpit, with higher instincts and keener insight, "What! drive out the colored people from among us? I would as soon, with these two hands, undertake to uproot and cast out every shrub, bush, and tree that grows between this and the Rocky Mountains!"

Having briefly discussed the physical differences between the whites and blacks, a future article will be devoted to the mental and moral differences in these classes.

In the Constitution of Man there Exists a Religious Element.

THEOLOGY IS THE ONLY SCIENCE THAT MEETS IT.

BY ROBERT GORDON.

Man has aptly been designated a religious animal. The *Logos Spermatos* has been effectually sown in the original substance of his mental constitution. No wonder, therefore, that his instinct peculiarly tends to religious worship; no wonder that when this etherial longing is not gratified, he should find or create something which he conceives will meet the wants of his immaterial constitution, will fill up the moral void. Certainly, there are tribes which have been discovered not possessing either an altar or an idol, and destitute of all notions of a God; but it has never yet been heard that there were any who did not entertain any belief of some Invisible Power which was superior to themselves, or to the mechanical forces of Nature—any supernatural agency which could originate the thunder, and other natural phenomenon, bring upon, and avert diseases from them—any Celestial Being who should be propitiated by prayers or offerings. The fact that that instinct develops itself in the assumption of a multitude of Deities, "Lords many and Gods many," in the instituting many irrational and superstitious modes of

worship, affords proof that however ignorant he may be with regard to those truths which *we* never could have known independent of a written revelation, yet that he practically evidences his belief that the Powers which he invokes are superior to his own. The stream cannot be confined: it needs an outlet, and it will necessarily endeavor to find it; the *testimonium anime* cannot be withheld: consequently, it will be expressed. If it be rejected, the *onus* of stating what is the adequate cause of its universal existence cannot but be assumed by the rejector. Let it be granted that Priestcraft is the cause, and then the judicious reply will follow, that Priestcraft must have had convictions which were extant as its *substratum*. Admit it to be mythological tradition, and then these stubborn facts must be annihilated: the origin of the tradition, its universality and perpetuity, its maintenance by all the varieties and through all the changes of the human race. It, then, cannot but be an intuitive axiom of the human kind, that there must be a Moral, or Voluntary, or Intelligent Cause, "the cause of all uncaused."

Revealed Religion takes it for granted, that the mind had already received those impressions made on it by the inductions of reason, or the evidence which Natural Theology affords. Therefore, when it makes known the existence of a God, it never proves it. It regards mankind as merely rational when reason leads them to the reasonable conclusion, that the Creator's Eternal Power and Godhead is not at all a controvertible point. Thus, the Psalmist considers the Atheist as a fool, as as a creature whom reasonable men would deem far more irrational than if he were to contend that two sixes are not equivalent to a dozen. And the reason is this: that the minds of the whole of the rational creation have not been as deeply impressed with this truth as with the other—a truth which it is not improper to class among those necessary truths which cannot be made, which are independent of all will, which cannot be arranged by contrivance, and which no will can change nor annul. But wherever this Natural Religion has been found, whether among tribes or civilized communities, there has also been found mortifying evidence, that it was intrinsically inadequate and impotent to bring men to worship and serve their Creator in the manner in which alone He will accept worship and service from them, namely, "in spirit and in truth."

Anterior to the birth of Him whom it had been prophesied, "that He should be a light to lighten the Gentiles, and to be the glory of His people Israel," the element in which the heathen world breathed was characteristic for its gross darkness. The Greeks and Romans were men whose master minds brightly reflected the excellency of the arts and sciences, whose politeness and refinement afforded proof of their advanced civilization; yet these men were abominably corrupt and depraved in manners. The Apostle Paul thus graphically portrays their ungodly condition:

"And even as they did not like to retain God in their knowledge, God gave them over to a reprobate mind, to do those things which are not convenient; being filled with all unrighteousness, fornication, wickedness, covetousness, maliciousness; full of envy, murder, debate, deceit, malignity; whisperers, backbiters, haters of God, despiteful, proud boasters, inventors of evil things, disobedient to parents, without understanding, covenant breakers, without natural affection, implacable, unmerciful; who, knowing the judgment of God, that they which commit such things are

worthy of death, not only do the same, but have pleasure in them that do them."—*Rom. i: 28-32.*

By the phenomena which they observed in the natural world, or by the things that were made, they were expected by their Creator to know Him practically, in their living up to the light which was vouchsafed to them. They were then without excuse for not having done so; since, when they knew Him, they glorified Him not as God, neither were thankful, but became vain in their imaginations, which, so far from guiding their religious instincts, became the unhappy means of plunging them into inextricable labyrinths. Thus they rendered themselves foolish, although they professed themselves to be wise.

Whatever might have been the original, uncorrupted purity of the Religion of Nature, it is evident that it was a guide inadequate in its abilities to afford *decisive information* with respect to the nature and attributes of God, the peculiar character of the worship He required, the doctrine of the Trinity, the duties and obligations of God's ethical code, His method of worldly government, and motive for creating man, the primeval dignity of the human race, and their subsequent corrupt and degenerate condition, the particular plan which Infinite Wisdom and Goodness devised for their restoration, the immortality of the soul, &c., &c., &c.

But what the ancient Philosophers knew they were not solicitous to render plain and intelligible, so that they might effectually teach the mass of the people. In fact, these were entirely without the smallest particle of religious knowledge, and, therefore, could entertain no desire "to feel after" their Maker, so that they might find Him, though He were not far from every one of them. They did not grope in the Egyptian darkness in which they were enveloped, but complacently sat in the regions and shadow of death. Now, supposing those sages were indefatigable in their efforts to instruct them—what then? The virtues that they would recommend necessarily required authoritative sanctions to enforce them. Motives that were intrinsically powerful must have been adduced to urge to such a course of moral living as would stem the mighty tide of their vicious and corrupt habits; and, from the nature of the case, philosophical pre-

cepts alone could not effect the reformation needed. Their own example was essentially necessary, which, we know, was generally diametrically opposed to their doctrines, some of which, doubtless, may even now bear scrutiny. In a word, because "the fullness of the time" was not yet come, because "life and immortality" was not yet brought to light, they were unable to advance what the Christian preacher can, namely, the rewards and punishments of a future state, the most effectual restraints on the passions and vices of mankind, and the most powerful incentives to virtue.

Now, however poorly the above arguments have been set forth, it cannot but be admitted by the reader who has closely attended to them, that neither Natural Theology nor Natural Religion has ever satisfactorily administered to the religious instincts of man. He must admit that neither has ever precisely pointed out to those instincts that "Sabbath and Port" of which Lord Bacon gave a description, and which this profoundly intellectual man found only "in Sacred and Inspired Divinitie." Decipher the hand-writing upon the wall, and this will be its explicit language: "Thou art weighed in the balances and found wanting." There was an urgent need for the Deity to reveal Himself to His rational creatures, and to bring "life and immortality to light" by definite statements in a written Revelation; but we do not think that it was essentially necessary to human duty and salvation. Man is in such circumstances as to render it natural for him to need and look for it; but as the Ransomer of the human family was "the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world," those who died from the period that Adam fell were as much the objects of the merits of His death as those who went the way of all flesh subsequently to His advent; so that that Revelation was not essentially necessary, but only highly desirable. Infants, over whom death reigned, although they had not sinned; after the similitude of Adam's transgression, have ever been saved through Christ, so that it could not have been necessary that this merciful circumstance should have been known; or, rather, the fact of its not having been definitely revealed could have been no impediment to their salvation. There have been, in the heathen

world, many Corneliiuses, whose prayers have been graciously accepted, and their salvation secured through the atonement made for them by the Lord, their Righteousness. The Judge of all the earth, who cannot but deal uprightly, attributed no culpability to them because they had not seen with their own eyes the Messenger of Peace who brought the good tidings, that He had laid on One mighty and willing to bear them, the iniquities of them all, nor heard with their own ears the blessed message of reconciliation, the joyful news that "mercy and truth had met together, that righteousness and peace had kissed each other."

But, in man there are three classes of instincts, the intellectual, the moral, and the religious. The intellectual enables him to know the true from the false, to analyze and detect the mental tares among the genuine wheat, the spurious coin bearing the image and superscription of Cæsar passing current among the veritable, standard product of the authorized mint of truth, which, so far from shrinking from the keen scrutiny and rigid trial, courts investigation into its internal and external verity. The moral enables him to recognize the right and the wrong in the actions and dispositions of his fellow man, and, without deliberation or forethought, without the aid of metaphysics or of his reasoning powers, causing him involuntarily to pronounce the soul's emphatic dictum: "As the Lord liveth, the man that hath done this thing, shall surely die." "And as he reasoned of righteousness, temperance and judgment to come, Felix trembled and said, 'Go thy way for this time, and when I have a convenient season, I will call for thee.'" The religious enables him to make a distinction between the things which are spiritual and sacred, and those which he considers to be sensual and common.

"Tu, genitor, cape sacra manu patriosque Penates :
Me, bello e tanto digressum et caule recenti.
Attrectare nefas : donec me flumine vivo
Abluero."—Æneidas, Lib. 2.

Now, the truths which Revealed Theology brings before man are truths in which his intellectual instinct can feel delight in exercising itself, and find ample scope for its development. His moral instinct can feel itself naturally drawn to their homage. His religious instinct can make them tangible, rendering them substantially

present, and almost within the grasp of his finite faculties. At least, believing that the Holy Author of the Law and the Testimony is infallible, and being convinced that the sacred duty of loving Him is founded on the happy fact, that He is the best of beings—he endeavors to live as one who knows that this is not his abiding city. Being born again, not of corruptible seed, he promotes his highest interests by “hold-

ing faith and a good conscience;” so that, eventually, by the indwelling assistance of that Holy Spirit, “without whom nothing is strong, nothing is holy,” he may, by his Redeemer’s merits, come to the land of everlasting life, to enjoy “those things which eyes have not seen, nor ears heard, nor have entered into the heart of man to conceive.”

Thoughts on Hayti.

NUMBER III.

BY J. THEODORE HOLLY.

Emigration as a means of removing the National Disabilities of the Haytian People.

A people gains national prestige and respect, in proportion as their internal resources are developed, their numerical population multiplied, and new and vigorous elements of social life absorbed from other sources and made tributary to the onward flow of the stream of their own national prosperity. If this self-evident proposition be admitted, we must at once conclude, that but little has yet been done to give national prestige to the Haytian people; because in all these respects they have been sadly deficient. Their internal resources have not been developed; their population has made but little increase; and no new scions of national life have been grafted upon the native stem; no tributary streams of social regeneration have poured their swelling waters into this national channel of almost stagnant life.

The question, therefore, very naturally arises as to the means that may be resorted to, in order to remove the political disabilities that this nascent nationality now labors under. And to this question there cannot be but one true and philosophical response. Emigration alone is the only means by which a suffering people can seek their political regeneration. Indeed we may call this God’s divinely appointed method of national regeneration, if we be allowed to

deduce a legitimate conclusion from the great deliverance, that he effected for his people Israel, when He led them forth from Egyptian bondage, with a high hand and an outstretched arm. By means of a foreign emigration setting towards the shores of Hayti, and stirring up her stagnant waters of social life, bone and sinew will be furnished to that country—by which her rich internal resources may be adequately developed; the tide of her population swelled; and new ideas of progress infused into the national mind. Thus then, Hayti would be accelerated in her march towards the goal of that strong national prestige in the councils of the world which, it is so desirable the negro race should attain, in this age of modern civilization.

And yet, after admitting the necessity of emigration as a means of political regeneration, it is still necessary to insist that this emigration should be a select, judicious and discreet movement, or else by an indiscriminate and *en masse* emigration pouring upon the shores of Hayti, the very end sought to be accomplished, would be permanently defeated. It is only the fertilizing, shower which occurs at appropriate intervals, that is beneficial to the full development of vegetable and animal life; but the flood of waters, the mighty deluge, that

rushes, with its impetuous waves—instead of promoting this life, only succeeds in its complete destruction. So the stream of emigration, in order to be genial and fruitful to the national life of Hayti, must proceed by limited debarkations on her shores at appropriate intervals; and a mighty and headlong rush of emigrants must be avoided and discouraged by every possible means.

Let me now indicate, what are some of the essential characteristics necessary in a proper emigration movement, in order to be beneficial to any country. 1st The emigrants should be of a homogeneous branch of the human family, and capable of an easy assimilation with the people among whom they settle. 2nd They should come from contact with a maturer and better developed civilization than exists in the country to which they migrate. 3rd They should find a wider and more unrestricted field of useful activity and progressive development among the people where they migrate, than in the homes which they leave. Now if these tests of true emigration be applied to the present wants of Hayti, we will find under the first head, that the emigration which ought to set towards her shores should be composed of colored persons; and under the second and third heads, as laid down above, we shall conclude that this colored emigration should proceed from the United States. The colored race in the United States is not only in contact with a maturer and better developed civilization than can be found in Hayti; but they are also the only portion of that race, that has its field of useful activity and progressive development completely circumscribed by impassable barriers. The colored people in the other West-India islands and in Central and South America, although in many cases still suffering under the most grievous oppression, yet have a field of progress opening up before them, where they dwell. They constitute the great bulk of the population in these countries, and it is only a question of time and further mental development for them, to pass on to the possession of that rightful ascendancy, where they are—which their numbers entitle them to. Link by link the chain of oppression is being broken asunder throughout all the West-Indies, Central and South America, and the black man is assuming his unquestionable status in society as the equal of the white. An illimitable field of human pro-

gress, therefore, opens up before the meanest slave now delving in the tobacco-fields of Cuba, or diving for precious gems in the rivers of Brazil. That progress is secure to him just where he is, by the irresistible force of circumstances that his numerical strength gives him; and which is wafting him on to the national glories of a boundless future. But in the United States the numerical weakness of the colored people; the public sentiment of the dominant race against them, stronger than law; and the social repugnancy which the whites manifest towards the blacks, stronger than the attractions of Christian love; place the black man under such odious barriers of caste as he will never be able to surmount. The social ostracism of the colored people in the United States is complete and irremediable. The political death of Slavery already broods over them; and this curse will only cease to prey upon their vitals here, when they shall be entirely removed beyond the borders of America; or utter annihilation shall leave the world to think of the black man in the United States as a being that one was. When the highest conception of political justice, as developed in the American Declaration of Independence; and the freest field for the untrammelled operation of religion, as secured by the American Constitution fail to improve public sentiment, and to correct social prejudices after the operations of nearly three generations, then we have nothing to look for in this nation, but God's terrible judgment which he promises to visit upon those who neglect to obey his commandments, unto the third and fourth generations. And although the colored people have been the passive sufferers under the crimes of these people, yet even they must come out from among them, if they would not partake of their plagues. They must escape as Lot from the guilty and doomed cities of the plain, not even looking back upon this accursed land—lest like the wife of Lot, they should be turned into signal monuments of Divine vengeance; or like that Slavish generation of Israelites, who hankered after the flesh pots of Egypt, be doomed to wander in the wilderness of darkness and error until they are all slain by the avenging hand of God, with but two left to bear witness that such a degenerate race ever existed.

It is, therefore, clear that emigration is not only a necessity for the political enfran-

chisement of the colored people of the United States; but they are the only people in a proper position to contribute to the national regeneration of Hayti. In that country they will find a homogeneous people to blend with; there they can lead the van of industrial progress, by virtue of that training which they have received from contact with a better developed civilization; and there they can find the widest field for useful activity and progressive development in a limitless future.

It would be useless for me to enter into

an examination of the claims of Africa as a field from whence Hayti might be supplied with emigrants. The barbarism of the inhabitants of that savage continent could not do otherwise than retard, instead of promoting, the national development of that people. I will therefore leave this subject for the present, to be resumed in my next article, wherein I shall endeavor to point out the method by which an emigration from the colored people of this country may proceed to Hayti with benefit to themselves and with profit to their adopted country.

Afric-American Picture Gallery.

SIXTH PAPER.

BY ETHIOP.

It may not be forgotten by the reader, that I was last seen standing bolt-upright in the middle of the Afric-American Picture Gallery, surrounded by quite a number of the notables of our times, who had been attracted thither by the notoriety the Gallery has recently assumed.

"What a singular picture," exclaimed the "little lady" in black as she fixed her attention upon a small picture just opposite. This, to my own relief, drew the attention of the entire party. "It is singularly sad, even distressingly so," said the "lady from abroad;" "and yet," she added, "it is susceptible of improvement. Such a condition, though it tax our best energies, should be rendered better." "I much doubt, if such a sorry subject as that could be improved in condition," broke in the "tall [not fat] lady." [Anglo-African Magazine must father that appellation.] This last remark was backed up by the "stout lady," who always seemed but a necessary prop to the tall one—seemed made stout and strong, and short and broad, for that very purpose.

That the reader may better appreciate these remarks, I will here give a simple

outline of the picture to which they had reference.

It is marked "*Picture 26*," hangs on the North wall of the Gallery, and is entitled "*CONDITION*." The subject is a *colored youth*, sitting upon the bank of a rapid river, beneath a huge tree much resembling the *upas*, and surrounded by abject wretchedness. Rags and their concomitants cover his body; poverty and want stare him in the face—a face marked with ignorance and the indifference of stolid content.

All else is vacancy.—Pale and emaciated he sits; and at this vacancy alone he stares. What the amount of intelligence he has, or what he is capable of acquiring, is for the speculative, the philosophic and philanthropic to ascertain. On the opposite bank of this river however, are green pastures, lowing herds and waving corn; while down the swift-gliding stream, are miniature fleets of heavy laden little skiffs and beautiful pleasure-yachts. The artist may be forgiven for over-drawing occasionally, as in the case of the main subject of this picture; for I am sure, it would be difficult to find within the whole range of our know-

ledge anything reduced to a *condition* compared with it.

And yet the question put by the "tall lady" and backed up by the "stout lady," and oft repeated on the tongue of nearly all Anglo-Americans: "can such a subject be improved?" incidentally received a partial discussion, if not solution, in our Gallery.

The Doctor, who is a piece of a philosopher and a larger bit of a wag, was intent on a fine large picture of the "*First Colored Convention*;" and, overhearing the conversation as above noted down, turned round to the company. "What do you think of that, Doctor," asked a dozen voices together; pointing to poor little "*Condition*" on the wall. The Doctor, after a few hurried glances at the picture through his *turtle shells*, said, "you may improve the condition, if you change the nature."

An opinion—though it meant nothing—from so high an authority, and so deliberately given, was not without its weight; and the "Skeptic" shook his head doubtfully; while the "Philosopher" with thumb and finger, and outstretched hand, launched out on hair-splitting subtleties, to prove the amount of labor necessary to make even the "Doctor's" proposition good. He also entered upon a learned dissertation, upon the nature of the world in general, and our *poor little Condition* in particular; and wound up by saying that "whatever is, is right."

All this to me seemed so foreign from the point at issue, that, my impetuosity getting the better of my known modesty, with arm uplifted and fist clenched, I broke out with: "It is the youth's condition, not his nature, that demands a change. He has all the great essentials common to humanity; hence, he neither wants more of this, nor less of that, within his composition, before he can be rendered susceptible of improvement." "Will our Gallery-friend inform us then, how he would effect that change," enquired one of the "white cravats," who had all this time been balancing like a rope-dancer, first on this side, and then on that—of the rail of the conversation—to see which would best bear him. "How would you proceed in so great an undertaking," said he, and concluded his own effort, by drawing himself up in an attempt to look dignified. "Put a lever in his hands, and he will proceed to raise himself from out of his own low Condition," said the "Philosopher."

This was not quite definite enough, and the "skeptick" added, "if the Philosopher will compose his *lever of means and intelligence*, I will agree with him. The youth wants first of all things, *means*, substantial *means*—*wealth*; such as the world values, and then intelligence enough to use it, and a fig for either his dull eye, his curly hair, or his *ebon face*.—The most repulsive of his features may laugh in derision at their sternest foe; for they will appear charming to the surrounding crowd, their possessor's friends. Beauty's eyes are wealth and power."

"I now perceive the point of the argument," chimed in one of the long black coats; and he buttoned it all down before. "It is the youth's disabilities, and not his color, that bind him there;" and as he said this, he significantly pointed to the picture with his ram's-horn cane, strongly reminding one of ancient Jericho and its falling walls. "Precisely so," said I; "you have it at last." Notwithstanding I thought him very slow to perceive a plain point, and came near telling him so.

At this point the "lady from abroad" mildly interposed, and said: "take that youth, forlorn and wretched even, as you there behold him; and let but the light of culture beam in upon him, change not his physical, but his moral, mental and religious state; and then possess him with *means*—*with wealth*; and you place beneath him a power, and put in his hands a force, that will be felt throughout the entire ramifications of human society."

This lady had such a neat way of putting her propositions, that it was not an easy task to disturb them without risk; and so the "Doctor," the "Philosopher" and the "white Cravats and long black Coats" deemed it best to keep quiet; but an old lady, who had hitherto been a quiet spectator to the whole scene, now threw up her *spectacles*, and sharply remarked; "you young folks' talk is altogether too metaphorical for me, as my good brother—a Philosopher,—yes, a Philosopher of the old school—a real Philosopher—used to say, when he overheard folks (he did not wish to offend), who did not know exactly what they were talking about. He always said to them, 'you speak too metaphorically for me, and so say I to you, my young friends.'" "You are not understood" ejaculated the old lady quite out of breath. She then drew her shawl a

little closer, tossed back her hat, adjusted her *specs*, and began an examination of the picture in question, as she thought; but which was in fact one entitled "FARM LIFE IN WESTERN AMERICA."

The whole Party, which for the moment was put to silence, at this unexpected sally, stood a picture of suppressed mirth and hilarity, as they observed the "old lady's" careful scrutiny of what she believed to be the subject of their conversation.

"Bless me," said she at length; "what is this? Colored folks farming!! Ah now, that is it. This puts the question in a clear light; and if you young folks could only throw up your metaphorical veils, you could see it."

No one ventured to interrupt, and she proceeded:

"Now here are colored folks farming for themselves; and don't their grain grow as well as if they were white; and don't it sell as well?"

"Is not this a change only of condition? Talk of changing nature!!!"

"But where is the boy, that I hear you say so much about," inquired the "old lady," evidently puzzled.—"The Village?" said she. "Yes, yes; and here is its colored village blacksmith, shoeing his white neighbor's horse."—"What can't change our condition?"

"Fiddle-sticks and nonsense," exclaimed she again. "Talk of changing appearances!"

"And look here," cried she out again; "here is a colored man tending his own mill; and is not the flour as white as any other? and are not all the town, white and colored, running to procure it?"

"Welladay, welladay," said the "old lady," and shook her head disapprovingly.

Peering over the picture, she spied a splendid carriage, drawn by a span of spanking bays, driven by a boy, and containing the owner, a colored gentleman and his family, just entering the village.

"The Lord be praised," fairly screamed out the "old lady" this time; and she put up both hands, threw up her *specs*, and wheeled square round to the company, exclaiming: "and you would have them change the color of their faces, would you, before you would have them ride thus? This is your methaphysics, is it?" and "welladay, welladay," muttered she again.

A little further on, and she espied a large

mansion, in process of erection by colored, and white mechanics conjointly.

"The Lord be praised," ejaculated she again. "Now if this is not, what I call truly practical. For it is truly a practical operation where color is no bar," said the old lady. — Away with your methaphorical, methaphysical nonsense, and give them plenty of the wherewith to do with, and they may wear their color without let or hindrance." And as if doubly to assure herself and the company of the correctness of her opinion, she re-affirmed it, by saying, "possess them, all round, with money and all its pertinances; and no station is there so high and no power so great, but will, at their pleasure, be handed down to them." The "Doctor," whom the "old lady" eyed with a keenness evidently provoking retort, dared venture no reply, and only bit his lips. One of the "White Cravats" buttoned down his coat, elongated his face, and poised himself on both sides of the argument, manifestly anxious — since the "Doctor" said nothing—to jump down on the "old lady's" side of the argument; while the other "long black Coat" pulled up his cravat, and enjoyed vastly his friend's vacillating but uneasy position. The "little woman in black seemed" quite self-satisfied, that she had called attention to so grave a subject; for gravity and weight were her themes, her elements, her life, her all. In them she lived, moved and had her being.

The "tall lady" failed to see any convincing proofs; and so did the "stout lady," her friend and necessary prop.

The "Philosopher" archly enquired if the ladies saw at all?—

At this the "tall lady" grew taller, and the "stout lady" stouter; so much so, that I began to get anxious for the unfortunate "philosopher," and mildly suggested that the ladies would find some interesting views on the other side of the Gallery. The company, some satisfied, some self-satisfied and some dissatisfied, each in his own mood, passed over to where hung a series of small pictures labeled "CITY-LIFE." One of these, a *beautiful colored girl*, with a hideous monster of a white-faced doll in her arms, caught the "old lady's" eye; and she at once exclaimed, "That is more of your metaphysical nonsense—putting such prejudicial stuff into little children's heads—even before they know they have heads! Set your little boys and girls in the right way of thinking

in the outset: that's what *I* say;" and the "old lady" threw herself back into our good old Gallery arm-chair, muttering to herself, "what stuff and nonsense these new-fangled colored folks are putting into the heads of our people. They are worse than white folks."

The "tall lady" and the "stout lady" and one of the "white cravats" were quite indignant, that such a picture was allowed a place on the walls of the Afric-American Picture Gallery. "It is a life-picture," provokingly chimed in the "Philosopher," forgetting his former risk.

"It is an insult to the children," sarcastically exclaimed the "tall lady." "It is an insult to the children," screamed out the "stout lady." "It is an insult to the children," blandly bawled out one of the "white cravats," and he buttoned down his coat, and tried to look very dignified indeed; and then they all three looked daggers at the gaunt "Philosopher."

Turning round to the "lady from abroad," the "tall lady," with a leer said, "what would *you* have for our children, Madam? Yes, what would *you* have?" smirked out the "stout lady."

"Just so, what would you have," deferentially cold drawled out the "white cravat," and he again buttoned down his coat. The "lady from abroad" with some warmth answered: "Educate first of all things, and above all things, your children to have *true self-respect*: yes, I repeat it," said she with an energy that startled her auditors, "*true self-respect*"; and then, upon this basis, and this alone, place all their future acquisitions. In the matter before us, I leave you to draw your own conclusions."

This fine proposition caused the "skeptic" to rub his hands with glee, while the wiley "Philosopher" made a vain attempt to split it by one of his philosophical hair-splitters.

The "Doctor" and one of the "long black coats" by this time had got quite interested and rather warm over *Picture No. 27, THE FIRST CONVENTION*, the "Doctor" maintaining with much pith, that the leading minds of that time, who did most to advance the cause of Afric-America, were outside of the clergy; and pointed out the leading heads in this fine picture in evidence. It was with a glow of delight, that—with stick in hand,—moving from the commanding form and strong head of Hamilton to the cal-

brow and ponderous intellect of Siphkins; from the keen phiz and business-like air of Forten to the massive head and eagle eye of the fiery Grice, or the eloquent, yea almost now speaking lips of Hinton, the cool and determined Bird, the polished Burr, the vigorous and clear-sighted Bowers, the strong-minded Van Brackle, and the unswerving Vashon—all, all—and disanted upon their excellencies.

The "long black coat," cool, cautious, wily and earnest, with equal pertinacity pointed out the talented clergy, who led on the host of that day.

He pointed to the far-seeing Bishop Allen, the able Watkins, the eloquent Orr, the learned and talented Cornish, the far-seeing Easton and the faithful Rush; all of whom stood to their posts in the dark hour of our trial.

Turning from these, he pointed to the mild and gentle face of Peter Williams, who so long led an intelligent people onward and upward to a higher state. This called up reminiscences of the past to the "Doctor's" mind; and if it did not convince, it certainly touched him, and he was silent. The "wily long black coat" then turned to the portrait of the lamented Theodore S. Wright, and set forth in strong light his vast labors and their results. He also pointed out others, who were prominent in that day, and finally exclaimed: "The good they have done, no man can estimate!!! Its influence will vibrate through time, and will continue up into eternity. There hang their portraits," said he, and he pointed round the gallery. Let no man take them down. Let no ruthless hand disturb them; no polluted finger dare to touch them!!! There they hang, and there may they hang forever!!!"

This little patriotic conclusion elicited from the whole company, the "Doctor" included, a round of hearty applause.

"There is no metaphorical nonsense about that!" exclaimed the "old lady," and she rose, put up her specs, gathered up the folds of her dress, and walked dignifiedly out.

"No metaphorical nonsense about that," echoed the other of the "white cravats," as the "old lady's" last foot-fall sounded down the gallery, and he felt again for his dignity, and buttoned down his coat.

The "Philosopher" pulled out his watch, and began to measure time. The "Doctor,"

suddenly jumping up out of a deep brown study, started for the door; and the "skeptical" took a stroll down the gallery. The "tall lady" turning up what nose she had, and the "stout lady" endeavoring to turn up what nose she had not, at the possibility of "colored folks" ever being improved, at least by their own efforts, they both indignantly strode out of the gallery, shaking the very dust off the soles of their feet.—

The "lady from abroad" proceeded to examine some pieces of statuary at the

upper end of the gallery, and made some just criticisms; } thereon, while the "little lady in black," self-satisfied and prime, sat a model of patience. The "white cravats" and "long black coats" adjusted their neckties, buttoned their coats down before, put on their hats, drew on their gloves (black ones of course), and quietly departed, wiser I trust for their visit; while I, unable to draw any thing but this imperfect sketch, hurriedly sent Tom off with it to the *Anglo-African Magazine*. (To be Continued.)

Anglo-Saxons, and Anglo-Africans.

BY S. S. N.

We are always amused with certain Reform Orators of the country, who are forever curing the wounds they themselves inflict on the "Apostate American People," by fulsome laudations of what they call "THE GREAT ANGLO-SAXON RACE."—There is such refreshing self-exaltation in the thing—such an indirect, "We thank Thee, Lord, that thou hast made us of better stuff, than the poor negro, for whom we plead,"—and withal such poetic license used with the facts of history, that we wonder they don't feel ashamed of the romance they so often repeat.

The Angles and the Saxons—historians tell us, were both barbaric German tribes, who stole the country of the Britons, and appropriated it to their own uses; and herein is the only co-incidence we see, that allies the present conglomeration called the American people, with their claimed illustrious ancestors. It does seem to prove one thing, namely—that it runs in the blood to steal.

And yet even this fact, significant as it is, cannot establish an Anglo-Saxon relationship, any more than would the plea, that because the Saxons were once Slaves, and because millions of American citizens are now Slaves, that therefore these citizens are Saxons.—Indeed the theft-argument, strong at it is, sheds not half the proof of inherited consanguinity that is furnished by the Slavery syllogism, for the pseudo-Saxons of America expose their children

for sale in southern shambles to-day, just as did the Angles theirs at Rome in the time of Gregory, the Pope. * Notwithstanding, almost every American writer or speaker, who would gain applause for himself, or a good hearing from his audience, is sure, Paganini-like, to play upon this one string, a fantasia on some national melody.—Now the Thema is "Anglo-Saxon Energy,"—(invading Mexico, perhaps), now, "Anglo-Saxon Enterprise,"—(re-opening the Slave trade!), then "Anglo-Saxon Piety," (with holding bibles from Slaves, and hating negroes generally!);—and so after variations on the martial, religious, mechanical and general superiority of the great Yankee nation, the audience are called upon to lend themselves, as stops to an organ, to be played upon, while the performer concludes with a grand Fugue movement, on "Anglo-Saxon blood." Ah, yes! what a glory, to be able to revert to their piratical

* "The selling of themselves or children to slavery, was always the practice among the German Nations, and was continued by the Anglo-Saxons." (Hume.)

"The town of Bristol was an established Slave-Market, and this detested traffic was carried on by Saxons of high rank, who sold their own countrymen; and into Saxon hands the price was paid for Saxon peasants, menials, and servile vassals of every description, who were carried away from their native land to dwell in Denmark and Ireland, homeless, because in Slavery."

(Reed's Lectures on English History.)

origin, and so, tracing this pure blood, as it comes in a historic stream, through hundreds of years, see poured into it every now and then, an infusion of fresh liquid, got from the convicts and runaways of the old world ! Some of which blood, no doubt, pulsating through the F. F. V s and other F. F s of our day, constitutes their highest claim to be our masters and rulers.

It is now about 1300 years since the Anglo-Saxons separated their double name, and called themselves English ;—and to-day after the mighty influx of Celts, Teutons, and their multiplied varieties, who have intermarried and produced distinct varieties, which are neither English, Celtic or Teuton, this nonsense is kept up about the Anglo-Saxon race.—Strange indeed is it, that the calling over of Horsa and Hengist into Britain, should have brought together, the only two tribes on the face of the earth, worthy to perpetuate so distinguished a posterity ! How is it, that living near each other before the conquest of the Island, they never at home evolved their so vitalizing qualities ? Was it the after geographical position, or their own innate (though 'till then pent up) greatness ? And if blood corpuscles injected into the veins of the little Angle and Saxon barbarians, can with aristocratic exclusiveness, preserve until now their ante-piratical nobility ; and in spite of degrading brass collars imposed by Norman conquerors, and in spite of the admixture of the inferior blood of to-day, tell in the present almighty Yankee nation, so that one drop diffused in the bodies of a thousand individuals, makes them in defiance of their Spanish, French, Irish or any other blood (except African !) all Anglo-Saxons, what is to prevent *our* taking rank with them, seeing that we have a common history in misfortune ! We know it is customary to quote the curse of Canaan against us, to prove *our blood contaminated*. But Noah's curse could not have amounted to much, as against us especially, seeing that both the Asiatic and European branch of his family, have repeatedly been in servitude.

Ham had four sons, Cush, and Misraim, and Phut and Canaan. And Noah cursed *Canaan alone*, for what Ham had done. This was very doubtful justice, to say the least of it ;—to discriminate thus unfairly between his grand-sons ;—and if the curse took effect, which we don't believe, (for it

is conceded that Noah was no prophet, and had no right, after a drunken carousal, to curse anything, except the wine that had fuddled him,) we ask the Rev. Doctors of the day, to point also to the curse by which the Anglo-Saxons were marked out for Slavery.—Did Shem and Japheth at any time behave naughtily to their father, and did he curse, *not them*, but one of their children,—and if so, which one ? Was it Gomer, or Magog, or Tubal, or Elam, or Ashur ? The event must have happened somehow, and by divine direction or countenance, for how otherwise could so superior a race as our Anglo-Saxon cousins, have sunk down into the mire of bondage, forgetting its high and conquering destiny !

And what though, when in thralldom, they did not, like the Negroes of St. Domingo, rebel and throw off the yoke, yet we must believe, that the lack of this event is a hiatus in History, never intended by Providence to exist.—Who can doubt, that the Anglo-Saxons have ever been too God-like to wear the chain—except under compulsion !

Was it any fault of theirs, that the Normans adopted

“ The good old rule, the simple plan,
That they should take who have the power,
And they should keep who can.”

No more than it is the fault of the American Slave to-day, who cowers before the united religion and guns of our Christian Republic.—Let us be charitable ; and where history shows, in this superior people, anything like a craven, submissive spirit, charge it not to any impurity in their “systemic circulation,” but rather to the obstinacy of events over which they could obtain no control. That crimson current has never failed in its heroic pulsations, but has ever been a sort of pool of Bethesda, in which “peoples” have washed and become regenerated.

Talk not of geographical position, social condition, intellectual opportunities : our Reformers set very little store by these things. What is wanted according to them, is blood. And the further off the source seemingly, whence it is derived, the better,—that is, provided you don't trace it beyond the Fillibuster days of Horsa and Hengist. Noah and Mrs. Noah may be ancestry enough for some folks ; and Adam and Eve for some others,—but Horsa and Hengist are father and mother to the great Anglo-

Saxon race, and all ability on the earth must be made referrible to them. We expect the claim will soon be set up, that the ancient Egyptians themselves were Anglo-Saxons:—and the trifling circumstance that these last did not come into existence for 2500 years after the first had achieved their greatness, is an anachronism that ought not to weigh a moment against the pretension.

Moreover, dilution does not weaken the virtue of this A. S. blood. As in Homœopathy, its efficacy remains, however infinitesimally divided,—and though in a personal pillule, there be but one part Ang. Sax. to a million of mere milk and sugar, yet the individual may none the less claim to be one of the superior race. Let him but first open his eyes on American Scenery, born though he be of Polish, Greek, Austrian or other parents, he scorns to call himself a Polo-American, Græco-American or Austro-American. He is an Anglo-Saxon, and nothing less.

But as equally amusing it is, that we ourselves have become by some mysterious process — “Anglo-Africans.” — We have searched History for the union of the Angles and the Africans, and have failed to find it. — Nevertheless, the fact must be patent, for are we not writing for an Anglo-African Magazine?

The only explanation we have hit upon, is a conjectural one, which we think is as good as most poetic legends, and this is it.

The Angles having learned from their Saxon brethren, how good a thing Slavery is,—how it ennobles, and strengthens, and enlightens a barbaric people, sent over to America (as soon as it was discovered) a vast number of their unadulterated tribe, with the special purpose, of having infused into the veins of their children, the new blood of the undying African. To this end they have persistently refused to intermarry, with any *descendant* even, of the Celtic tribes of Europe, (the Africans doing the same) in order that the Ethnological fact might be established, that all variations from the pure African type in this Country, should be veritably Anglo-African. So that it is a demonstrable truth to-day, that in cases where children have complexions indicating mixed blood, all the white parents are pure Angles, and all the black ones, as pure Africans.

We think this legendary theory ought to be received as undeniable (even if it

does contradict itself in its essential statements) because if,—we say *if*—the present people of the United States are Anglo-Saxons, and any of us claim parentage from these, we might be mistaken for Anglo-Saxon-Africans. And whoever heard of such a class of people?—

Besides this latter prefix would but confuse the whole subject. A writer, in the first number of this magazine, has shown, that the Anglo-Saxon is no race at all. Indeed he is not alone in his views.

French, in his work “*English, Past and Present*,” says: “We are a people made up of Anglo-Saxons, and Anglo-Normans, *with not a few accessions* from other quarters beside.” M. F. Tupper, who edited the “Anglo-Saxon” Magazine, London, thus confesses: “People would smile, were we to call ourselves by such a family name as Celt, or Roman, or Scandinavian or Norman,—although from each and all of these separate elements, the component qualities of our race and of our language have been largely drawn.”

Surely then, we would not take a name from a nameless race!

But how have we become “Anglo-Africans?” The term could only be intended to refer to the mixed class among us; and if it be inappropriate to them, as we contend it is, how shall it apply to those of us, who boast of our unadulterated color? Let us look at the suffix ‘African’, as well as at the prefix ‘Anglo.’ Is it any more truthful in its application? We know that many (branded as unsanctified and unnatural) persons among us, contend, that as our mothers, fathers, grandmothers, grandfathers, and beyond, never knew nor saw Africa at all, and as we ourselves were born in America, we are not Africans.—On the other hand, the up-holders of an unbroken lineal descent, say, that this is shocking to their religious, historic and patriotic belief, because they have been accustomed to bask in the sunshine of Ancient Egypt, and to gild themselves by the reflected intellect of that renowned people. And shall they give it up to-day? Though degenerated from the full stature of ancestral greatness, shall they not have the poor privilege of tracing back their lineage for the short period of 3000 years—suck in the divine afflatus still rising from the mummies—and so keep themselves inflated with Egyptian glory? Yes! certainly! drink it

in by all means, brethren—but how are you thereby made any the more Egyptian to-day?

Because some of our fore-parents, one or two hundred years ago, were brought from Africa, does it prove us to be Africans, and our posterity such, forever? Must we, of all people, be excepted from claiming and adopting that simple christening, which nativity always confers? Is there anything so peculiarly blessed in color, or anything so essentially great in Africa, that we must never clothe ourselves with our proper citizenship, but make haste to give aid to the enemy, by acting as if we never could become naturalized, even by birth, anywhere outside of the tribe-boundaries of the African Continent? The poet Wordsworth, in his "Intimations of Immortality," sings,

"The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar!"

—and verily, according to the views now prevalent among us, *our* souls must have all once set, a long while ago, in Africa,—and we are only living over again—each one of us—the life of some original native.

But the title "African"—it is believed by many—is appropriate to us; because we belong to the "African Race."—To this we reply, that there is no such race. The inhabitants of Africa, like the Anglo-Saxons, are a very mixed people. Even those, who by way of distinction are called negroes, and to whose particular country geographers have given no better name than "Negro Land," are—if we are to believe Ethnologists—nearer in kin to the "Superior Race," than is usually supposed, as we shall very soon show. Let us cull a few facts for the benefit of those who are forever exalting the pure African blood.

In the prophecies of Ezekiel, Chap. 30: 5, we find the following:—Ethiopia and Lybia and Lydia, and the mingled people, and Chus, and the men of the land that is in league, shall fall with them by the sword."

Here we have the Ethiopians called a *mingled* people. Put alongside of this, the words of the Psalmist,—“Ethiopia shall soon stretch out her hands unto God,” which are always quoted as referring to us; and we have it in evidence, that so long ago as the days of the prophet, we were a mingled or mixed people.

Again the word Cush, is synonymous with Ethiopia, as Josephus affirms. "The

Ethiopians are even at this day—both by themselves and by all men in Asia—called Chusites." *Antiq. Lib.* 1. c. 6. And "Champollion found upon the hieroglyphic monuments of Egypt, the name Cush used for Ethiopia." *Smyth on the races*, p. 40.—From Cush came directly the Abyssinians, who were also a mixed people. "This term, (Abyssinia) which is *the same as Ethiopia*, signifies a people formed of a mixture of nations." *Calmet's Dict.* "The natives of Abyssinia are perfectly black, and yet certainly belong by origin to the Semitic family, and consequently to a white race." *Wiseman* p. 135. Thus far, we find the Ethiopians to be a mixed nation, and the Cushites to be the same people. Next, the Abyssinians, descended immediately from Cush, and called sometimes Ethiopians, (see *New Amer. Cyclop.* p. 50) belong to a white race. Our third point is the statement of Blumenbach, who calls the Negro race, the "Ethiopian." Then we have this curious chain of evidence:

First,—the Abyssinians belong to a white race.

Secondly,—the Ethiopians were the same as the Abyssinians.

Lastly,—the Negroes were Ethiopians.

What follows then, whether called Ethiopians, or Negroes, but that *we* belong to a white race.—

We are sorry thus to dispel the enchantment that has always floated around "the pure African race," but the fault is with Ethnologists, and not with us. As we asserted, there is no such race. And as a mixed people, there is nothing left us, but to take rank with our loving brethren of "the superior race." In doing so, as they may feel delicate to admit our right to equal membership in the family privileges, we commend to their serious and prayerful attention, the following two quotations:

"Amid the incalculable intermixture of races, which has taken place among men, since the beginning of time, where is the man who can prove he is a pure Caucasian? THERE IS NOT ONE." *Smyth on Races*, p. 45. "The natives of Congo are evidently a mixed nation, having no national physiognomy, and many of them perfectly South European in their features." *Wiseman on Science*, &c., p. 135.

Fratres patreles, — the Anglo-Saxon, and the Congo negro!

In connection with these views, (which

ought to be inserted in the next edition of Prichard,) we digress a moment to say, that we think they open up the only explanation yet discovered in history, for the enslavement of the Anglo-Saxons.—As Cush and Canaan were both sons of Ham, and therefore brothers, it is reasonable to infer that the posterity of Canaan was of the white class;—so that a great mistake has always been made, in believing that Noah's curse (such as it was) pointed specifically to negroes. It evidently contemplated the Anglo-Saxons, as well as the Jews.

Thus we have, in mood sufficiently solemn, hastily shown, that as the term "Anglo-Saxon" cannot be assumed, as a family designation by the masses of this country, so neither can that of 'Anglo-African' be used as descriptive of us. We know that these views will be looked upon as heterodox,—as sentiments breathing disaffection and disunion; but we insist nevertheless, that when we do marshal out our energies under a national name, we have no higher one, poor as it is to us,

than "American." It has at least one recommendation,—it is true. The title "African" as applied to each one of us in this land, is a misnomer,—a term both vague and untrue,—not conducive in the least to independent self-development, but fraught with evil influences and consequences, as well within as without our immediate class.

If we would individually exalt as far as in us lies, our simple humanity, and feel less concern that an *African* humanity, made up of skins more or less dark, and of hair more or less frizzled, should be perpetuated to the end of time, we might rely confidently on our manhood alone, and trust it to overcome for us difficulties however appalling, and to achieve for us victories as glorious as lasting.

"He whose soul
Ponders this true equality, may walk
The fields of gratitude and hope:

Lamenting ancient virtues overthrown,
And for the injustice grieving, that hath made
So wide a difference between man and man."

Watering Places.

BY BRUNETTI.

"And what are "Watering Places?" the uninitiated might enquire. Little would they suppose them to be places dotted about the country, by sea-side, or mountain and lake-side, to which the *élite* of large cities resort in summer time for health and recreation, preceded or followed always by another class for employment or better pay—an indispensable to the very existence of a Watering Place.

"Why," say these uninitiated, "Watering Places we have always supposed were places, where the herdsman waters his flock, and the teamster stops, as he journeys to water his team." Not so, the term understood in a fashionable sense is now a classic term, and refers to all the numerous places throughout the country, of resort in summer by the fashionable of the cities, and by some who are not so fashionable.

They derive the name of Watering Places, either from the facilities for sea-bathing which some of them afford, or from the mineral springs furnished by others; which are found, or considered to be, beneficial to health. And yet, many places, popular resorts in summer by rusticators from the cities, and as deserted in winter, as thronged in summer, furnish neither; but they are all, nevertheless, Watering Places.

These fashionable places are as numerous, as they are considered indispensable, and are, from the necessities of the case—a more bracing atmosphere—mainly located in the Northern portion of our country, and are about equally divided between inland and sea-shore. Inland, we have among the more popular, Schooley's, Catskill, and the White Mountains, Lake Mahopac, Lake George, Clifton, Lebanon, Bedford, Sharon

and Saratoga Springs, and Niagara Falls. On sea-shore, among others, we have Cape May, Shrewsbury, Long Branch, the Highlands, Cape Ann, Nahant, and Newport. Some of these furnish excellent fishing, and all equally good bathing, and a fine, bracing sea-breeze; Newport being the more popular of them all, and none the less so, since the opening of Downing's beautiful "Sea-Girt House," as eligibly situated as any there, and always well supplied with their best oysters, pickled and in the shell, fresh from their well known stand, No. 5 Broad street.

Then there is another class of summer boarding places, more numerous than the foregoing, but which can hardly be called watering places, yet many of them are sufficiently near to the sea-side to furnish good sea-bathing; the greater number, however, are in the interior. These are to be found among the farmers. A home secured for a month or two in summer, with a good thriving farmer, in some fine rural spot—that would begoing into the country—and, while it might be less fashionable, would, for that very reason, be the more comfortable to many, and would answer to all better the purpose for which a resort to country is needed. And these truly rural homes are better adapted to the circumstances of a large class who need recreation in the country, and are becoming more appreciated, as well by others who have larger means to pay more for a country home, as by those who have less, and are being sought by all. They are *the* Watering Places, bathing or no bathing, pleasant as that might be. To those who live in the crowded city, under the usual excitement of city-life, for ten months in the year, these country resorts are as indispensable and useful when judiciously selected as home is. Those who see little but what is artificial, whose eyes seldom gaze on anything fresh from God's hand, and whose feet tread only on brick and stone, need, for change of scene, for relief of mind, and for health, to tear away from the city and away to the country, to walk at least, one month in the year, on God's naked earth, gaze on his beautiful foliage, & breathe the pure air fresh from mountain and glen. And where better can all this be had and enjoyed, than at the farmer's home? Here you are in the country, not in town or city—here you may rove through fields and climb hills and see

what God has made, almost in its primitive state.

If the working men and women of the city can find no other motive for economy, and the saving of their earnings; to have the privilege of enjoying a week or month in the country, forrest, recreation and health, ought to be a motive quite sufficient; for they would return with mental and physical systems refreshed, the benefits of which would doubtless be felt through the remainder of the year; perhaps to the detriment of the doctor, and in that case to the benefit of the butcher. In selecting a home for one's summer vacation, it is well to study as well, the wants of our physical system as our own gratification. As a general thing, we who live on the sea-board, and inhale all the year a more or less salt air, need to resort to the interior, and breathe in freely the fresh mountain air; and those who live in the interior, and inhale all the year a fresh air, would do well to resort to the sea-side and breathe in freely the bracing salt-air, and plunge occasionally into the salt-water; but to those who live in pent up cities, of filthy streets and stifled air, a change to pure air, whether fresh or salt, is a great and blessed change.

Now, among the various Watering Places, inland and on sea-board, and all of them easy of access by steam-boat or railroad, or both, all may choose for themselves wheresoever they will, according to taste, health and means, a summer home, excepting one class, and we happen to belong to that class. Very few of these lake-side or sea-side homes of fashion and health are available by the class to which we belong—not even the farmer's rural home have we access to. While the white farmer, more wise, yields to the wants and wishes of applicants, and throws open his doors to provide them a home for a brief time, and thereby puts a little extra cash in his pocket, the colored inhabitant of the rural district is less wise, and refuses the applicant, and keeps the little extra cash he might thereby have, out of his pocket—an act of injustice, alike to the applicant and himself.

But if we cannot find a place to rusticate for a month or two in summer, wheresoever we may choose among the farmers; and if we have not our Lake George or Saratoga, we have our Newport, which, however, happens to be at Bridgeport. At the termination of one of the fashionable streets of

that city, on the South, but far enough from the heart of the city to be the more pleasant, and in full view of Long Island Sound and every thing that passes, stands the Douglass House, large and commodious, with fine parlors, ample lodging-rooms and well furnished—and what is better still, an agreeable host and hostess in Mr. Douglass and lady, who are ever careful to supply well their table with the good things of the season, both from sea and land, and served up in the best style. This is the chief thing to those who *live to eat*, rather than *eat to live*. Then there is within two minutes' walk of the house, and yet quite retired, excellent sea-bathing. Or if you so prefer, you may take a long walk, and find bathing equal to Rockaway or Newport. (I presume those bath-houses are all in order.) Then, for a change and to pass away an agreeable hour, there are those beautiful old towns of Stratford, three miles on the East, and Fairfield on the West—a visit to either of which will more than pay for time and expense.

Even we, then, though shut out from Saratoga and Newport, have here our own Watering Place of fashion and for health, just which you shall chose to make it, all ready and in waiting. You, then, residing in our inland cities and towns, whose energies are quite exhausted by attention to your business and professions, treat yourselves to a visit to Bridgeport, and there breathe in freely the bracing air from old Ocean, and bathe in its waters. And we too, who are pent up in our large sea-board cities, all worn out with the pressure of city life—exhausted nature demands alike of us, that we should away to the country, and if we can not find a rural inland home at the base of some mountain, or beside some placid lake, we can find a good home at the Douglass-House, with plenty of pure bracing air and good bathing. The schools are closed, the summer vacation has come, and now away to the country. I am bound to go somewhere.

The Dying Fugitive.

BY FRANCIS ELLEN WATKINS.

Slowly o'er his darkened features,
Stole the warning shades of death ;
And we knew the shadowing angel
Waited for his parting breath.

He had started for his freedom ;
And his heart beat firm and high—
But before he won the guerdon,
Came the message—he must die.

He must die, when just before him,
Lay the long'd for, precious prize—
And the hopes that lit him onward,
Faded out before his eyes.

For a while a fearful madness,
 Rested on his weary brain ;
 And he thought the hateful tyrant,
 Had rebound his galling chain.

Then he raved in bitter anguish—
 "Take me where that good man dwells!"
 'To a name to freedom precious;—
 Lingered mid life's shattered cells.

But as sunshine gently stealing,
 O'er the storm-cloud's gloomy track—
 Through the tempests of his bosom,
 Came the light of reason back.

And without a sigh or murmur
 For the home he'd left behind;
 Calmly yielded he his spirit,
 To the Father of mankind.

Thankful that so near to freedom,
 He with eager steps had trod—
 E'er his ransomed spirit rested,
 On the bosom of his God.

Miscellany.

ZOUAVES AND TURCOS.

Correspondence of the "London Times."

GENOA, July 2.

A very interesting camp of 100 Turcos and 400 or 500 Zouaves have just arrived as re-inforcements, all old soldiers, and apparently picked men. The latter, one is glad to examine from their very name and dress, their Crimean metals, which were pretty common (*médaille de sauvetage*, "Human Society's medal," say the impudent French) and above all, from their easy, unstarched ways, even on parade, grounding arms anyhow, one after the other, and starting all about them in utter defiance of "eyes front." But the Turcos are the most

wonderful specimens of humanity I ever saw, and I could have watched their wild, vehement gestures, and shining eyes, and boneless bodies, through half the day. They are chiefly black, tall, fierce-looking men, occasionally handsome, always with beautiful white teeth; who walk about with a cat-like step, as if the ground were too hot for them—the very impersonation of muscular strength. A painter would find many a subject in their original grouping and picturesque costume:—one sat squatted Malay-fashion on their hams, round the heap of wood and circle of tin-cans—forming their simple kitchen, gesticulating and pouring out a torrent of guttural sounds—evidently advice to the head cook, who sat

gravely in the same position, his face seared and seamed with veins and wrinkles, his head shaved all round—as is often the custom among them, leaving a plot six inches in diameter at the top, where the rough black wool stood right up, clear away from the bare skull;—taking no notice of them or their exclamations, but inserting a dirty finger every now and then into the meat, to see if it were yet sodden; another wound himself into his broad red sash, with the help of a comrade, as a Highlander puts on his plaid; two more were sitting down, with their arms round each other's necks, laughing and chattering and kissing like sisters; while another amused himself by baiting the sentry on duty; who at last, though an officer was present, lost his temper and charged him along the tent with his bayonet! While I was there, the Zouaves were all turned out in a line to hear the amount of pay due to them, the captain in command carefully explaining to each man, in the presence of the sergeant, who would receive the total amount for his mess, the total original due, the sum to be deducted for purchases made in Genoa, and the remainder to be paid to them in discharge of all claims to the end of June, so that no one could imagine that he was cheated. They seemed to understand perfectly, and one calculated aloud, quite correctly, what his daily pay was, and clear of all expenses.

THE FREE COLORED PEOPLE OF LOUISIANA.

—Our free colored population form a distinct class from those elsewhere in the United States. Far from being antipathetic to the whites, they have followed in their footsteps, and progressed with them with a commendable spirit of emulation, in the various branches of industry most adapted to their spheres. Some of our best mechanics and artisans are to be found among our free colored men. They form the great majority of our regular settled masons, brick-layers, builders, carpenters, tailors, shoe-makers, &c., whose sudden emigration from this community would certainly be attended with some degree of annoyance; while we count among them in no small numbers excellent musicians, jewelers, goldsmiths, tradesmen, and merchants. As a general rule, the free colored people of Louisiana, and especially of New Orleans—the “creole colored peo-

ple,” as they style themselves—are a sober, industrious, and moral class, far advanced in education and civilization. From that class came the battalion of colored men who fought for the country under General Jackson, in 1814–15, and whose remnants, veterans whom age has withered, are taken by the hand on the anniversary of the glorious Eighth of January, by their white brethren-in-arms, and proudly march with them under the same flag.—*N. O. Pic.*

THE OHIO BLACK LAW UNCONSTITUTIONAL.—The Court of Common Pleas of Cuyahoga county, through Judge Foote, this morning delivered an important decision. At the last election, Freeman H. Morris, tailor, of this city, and having about one-fourth negro blood in his veins, presented himself at the First Ward voting place, and was barred from voting on account of his negro blood. Action was brought against the Judges of Election, Sanborn, Christian and Garrett, for illegally rejecting the vote. They pleaded in defence the recent action of the Legislature, respecting any person having negro blood in his veins. The case was made up, and submitted to the Court. This morning Judge Foote decided for the plaintiff, declaring the “Black Law” to be unconstitutional. The Court held that under the old Constitution of Ohio all persons having more than half white blood were declared to be legally white. The new Constitution merely mentioned “white persons,” without defining what constituted white persons. Consequently the definition of a white person contained in the old Constitution remained in full force, and any law declaring a person having more than half white blood to be a negro, must of necessity be unconstitutional.—*Cleveland Herald, July 14.*

LEARNED AND WEALTHY AFRICANS. Mr. Bowen, in a lecture at New York, said there were several libraries, and a number of learned men in the heart of Africa. Know a great deal more about us than we do about them. They asked, for instance, if the days of our week were not named so and so; and when answered affirmatively, replied that they had found it so in their books. The names of Abraham, David, Marianna and

Susannah are common in Central Africa. Mr. Bowen saw men with Roman noses, finely formed hands and feet, black skins, and woolly heads. They were called the black-white men, and were esteemed the most learned among the Africans. In Abecokuta there is a market two miles long. Dresses are sold there as high as sixty dollars apiece. The lecturer knew an African intimately, whose wealth was estimated at more than two millions of dollars. The women do not work in the fields in the interior. The language has more abstract nouns than the English, which shows that Africans know how to think.

MANUMISSION OF SLAVES. A very interesting scene occurred yesterday at the Probate Court, says a Cincinnati exchange, and as it is *national* in its character, we desire to call the attention of political philosophers of every section of the Union to it. There is nothing new in the affair, but nevertheless it involves an unanswered problem, and one which politicians generally avoid. Anthony Gustave, recently a slave of Heloise Cory of New-Orleans, and Lucy, a negro woman about 40 years of age, and her child four years old, late the property of Charles de Blanc, also of New Orleans, had their manumission papers recorded in the Probate Court yesterday. Mr. Leonce Boudousquie of that city exercised the power of attorney for them. They are now citizens of Ohio, and will henceforth endeavor to do here what the Republican State of Louisiana prohibits their class from doing.

COLORED SEAMEN IN BRITISH SHIPS IN THE AMERICAN TRADE. The British Board of Trade has lately issued the following instructions to shipping-masters:

"The attention of my Lords has been directed to the stringent laws in force in the Southern States of America, with regard to the admission of free negroes.

It has happened that colored seamen serving in British merchant-ships have suffered in American ports from the operation of these laws, and when the British consul has endeavored to protect them, he has been embarrassed by the difficulty of producing proof of their nationality.

Under these circumstances, and in the absence of any means available in this count-

ry of furnishing colored seamen with official certificates of birth, my Lords think that all shipping-masters before whom colored seamen are engaged for voyages to the Southern ports of the United States, should warn such seamen, and the masters who engaged them, of the inconvenience and risk to which they may be exposed through the operation of the laws above mentioned, and should point out to them, in case the masters determine to carry free colored seamen to such ports, that they should be prepared with full evidence of their place of birth and of their nationality."

TWO NEGROES HUNG BY A MOB. ANOTHER BURNT ALIVE!

Correspondence of the "St. Louis Democrat."

MARSHALL, Mo., July 20, 1859.

Some time ago, you will recollect, a negro murdered a gentleman named Hinton, near Waverly, in this county. He was caught, after a long search, and put in jail. Yesterday he was tried at this place and convicted of the crime, and sentenced to be hung. While the sheriff was conveying him to prison, he was set upon by the crowd and taken from that officer. The mob then proceeded to the jail and took thence two other negroes. One of them had attempted the life of a citizen of this place, and the other had just committed an outrage upon a young white girl. After the mob got the negroes together, they proceeded to the outskirts of the town, and, selecting a proper place, chained the negro who killed Hinton to a stake, got a quantity of dry wood, piled it around him, and set it on fire.

The negro was stripped to his waist, and barefooted. He looked the picture of despair, but there was no sympathy felt for him at the moment. Presently the fire began to surge up in flames around him, and its effects were soon made visible in the futile attempts of the poor wretch to move his feet. As the flames gathered about his limbs and body, he commenced the most frantic shrieks, and appeals for mercy, for death, for water! He seized his chains; they were hot and burned the flesh off his hands. He would drop them, and catch at them again and again. Then he would repeat his cries, but all to no purpose. In a few moments he was a charred mass, bones and flesh alike burned into a powder.

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C h e s s .

In that sad autumn-month of 1857, when the commercial panic had reached its height, and when New York city seemed the central vortex of disaster—not only of the United States, but of the civilized world—there were two occurrences in singular contrast with the frightfully excited state of the public mind. To the few who had the heart to look out of doors, out of doors never looked more lovely. The air was balmy and of delightful temperature, the sky was cloudless, the sunsets beautiful, and never since the world began threw a more gorgeous hue over mountain and forest of the American landscape. We confess to some sympathy with that gloomy state of the public mind—not that we had any golden argosy in stocks or shares which went down—yet there was the coming winter, and possibly, wan cheeks and supperless beds to those dearer than life. But, whatever gloom we felt, was one day suddenly dissipated by the glorious “out of doors,” which had smiled and beckoned us many a day unheeded, and which, now no longer to be kept aloof, told us of the goodness as well as the glory of the Almighty. We thought then, and we think now, that had the men of God, instead of improving that dark hour with pictures of

darker sins and darker vengeance, and a more fearful judgment to come, had they simply pointed to the earth yielding her abundance, and to the air charged with health, and the sky filled with the smile of God, and said to their alarmed people, “Peace! be still!” there would soon have been an end of all panic; cheerfulness would have resumed her sway; and many a grave would have yet remained unfilled, and the sadder gates of our institutions for the insane, would now hold some thousands fewer within their portals.

The other occurrence was in-doors. While men in Wall-street surged to and fro, under impulses they no more understood and could no more govern than the iron waves in the howling storm: while men in Broadway and other streets adjacent—the masters suddenly arrested in their golden dreams of enormous profit, and the workmen sadly folding up their implements of labor; and while the poor, frantic with an unknown dread, rushed to the Savings Banks,* or gathered in bread mobs in the

* It was a marked instance of “*faith*,” that while the colored people of New York had over a million of dollars in savings banks, scarce one of them was seen in the crowd who made this “*run*” on those institutions.

distant parks,—in the midst of this social hurricane, there was one house in Broadway, in which men daily gathered, and matters went on

"Calm as a summer's sea,"

the very centre of the vortex, yet calm as a moonlit pool, so deeply embayed in mountains that no breath of air could reach it—a land-locked haven, in which whoever entered, however storm-riven or care-crush-

became calm and still, and hung up his votive offerings to the *genius loci*, which was neither music, nor dancing, nor dice, nor wine, nor opium, nor lotus, nor hasheesh, but simply chess!—the immortal game painted as played on the inside of the tomb of Nevtop, the Egyptian, 3000 years B. C.;* but who can paint it as played at Donadi's rooms in Broadway, in the year of grace 1857?

We have said that "out of doors" dissipated our gloom at that date; but in-doors—this in-doors was an accessory cloud-dispeller. We "got" there after this wise:—Years ago, in the early months of our still persistent honey-moon, I purchased a pretty, but fragile set of chessmen, and aided by an old copy of "Walker," and the new *frau*, made some little progress in chess, until little fingers grew up round the table, and made a general smash of knights, pawns and rooks; and little cares of another kind interfered with further proficiency. And it is good testimony in favor of the game, that when knight and pawn so went to the bad, no harsh nor unkind word was uttered against their young destroyers, the chubby fingers were not rapped, nor their owners punished. It is not always so, however; we read of a passionate duke in the middle ages, breaking the chess-board on the skull of his conqueror, and I have seen the wild Fylbel aim a sudden blow at a little Frenchman, who recklessly swept the men off the board when Fyl was about

to "mate" an opponent. My description of the game attracted some friends to buy board and book; and in a little while, Fylbel, the Downings, one of the Reasons, and an occasional jew-peddler—who insisted on taking the king, (the atrocious regicide!) with the preliminary exclamation, "*chess de kocnig*"—formed as clumsy a set of chess-players as could be hunted up. The appearance of Staunton's Chess-Players' Hand Book, was an era in our progress, although months were wasted in discussing the laws of the game by that born *causidicus*, who now presides over the Sea-Girt House at Newport. In course of time we became decent players.

So the year '57 found us. It was some relief, looking at the daily papers, to turn from the failure of A, B & Co. for \$150,000, and from the suspension of specie payments by the banks—except the glorious old Chemical—to the unruffled proceedings of the first American Chess Congress, then in session, admission for the week, to lookers on, one dollar. But that dollar? Was it prudent, with bank account at low water, and slim prospect of a flow, and on the edge of a long winter, with others dependent, was it prudent so to bestow—to throw away—a dollar? After hearing counsel before ourself three whole days, we held a family council with "*die frau*," who at once decided that we must go. And "went" we did. And the officers of the Chess Congress, with nobler instincts of gentlemen than the New York Academy of Medicine,* did not hesitate or refuse to

* A month or two after the organization of the New York Academy of Medicine, the writer of this, at the request of the late Dr. Bliss, and Dr. Tones, sent his name, with these gentlemen as vouchers, as an applicant for membership. It was duly referred to the proper committee, who sent their chairman, the venerable Dr. Francis, with a letter, acknowledging the fulness of the credentials, and even passing an encomium on the applicant, yet respectfully requesting him to withhold his application for the present, lest it might interfere with

* Bunsen, Egypt's Place in Universal History. Vol. 2, p. 288.

admit a negro, even with the high-bloods from the South in their midst, and the danger of the dissolution of the Union before their eyes.

Having seen their portraits in Frank Leslie, we instantly singled out Paulsen and his great antagonist; and a little skillful elbowing found us seated beside their board. There was Louis Paulsen with his vast head, sanguine temperament, but coarse fibre, indicating his rough, almost pure-Bersekir blood; and as we gazed at Morphy, with his fine open countenance, brunette hue, marvelous delicacy of fibre, bright, clear eyes and elongated submaxillary bone, a keen suspicion entered our ethnological department, that we were not the only Carthaginian in the room. It might only be one drop, perhaps two—God only knows how they got there—but surely beside the *Triamulattin* who at present writes, there was also a *Hekata-mulattin* in that room!

It was the old combat between *Cœur de Lion* and the Saladin. How strange that the Orient and the Occident should yet war! Paulsen—huge, massive, ponderous; Morphy—slight, elegant, yet swift as lightning.

The game was about half through, so far as the number of moves were concerned. Paulsen hesitated, clasped his hands, leaving out the two long fore-fingers, which he laid firmly on the edge of the board,—counted over the five or six possible moves of his opponent, and then—evidently knew something more would follow,—but what? You could almost see him think: at length, with a peculiar flourish of his arm, he seizes a pawn and moves. With scarcely a moment's hesitation, with his eyes for an instant bent on the board, Morphy raises his arm as if to strike, and throws a piece right in the way of his antagonist. An-

the "harmony" of the young institution. This he did on conditions which the committee and the Academy took the earliest opportunity flagrantly to violate.

other long, long pause, the hands again clasped:—"why, take the piece, man," is on every body's unopened lips; yet Paulsen pauses, again clasps his hands, and for nearly half an hour pores over the board; he does not take the proffered piece, but offers one of equal value: then something akin to electricity flashed through and out of Morphy, the calm white forehead "pleated up," his arm raised, he swiftly moves; and, as if caught with the same impulse, Paulsen moves instantly; then for a few seconds, there is click, click, click—a move each second—percussion-caps, rifles, cannons, grape, cannister, the clash of swords—and then all is still. Flushed with the struggle, Paulsen looks up to see why the other does not move; and the other sits calm and cold as an icicle; Paulsen glances again at the board, and sees mate for himself three or four moves off!

Surely, thought we, chess is a question of magnetism; given, a fair parity in skill between two players, and the more powerfully magnetic will sway and conquer the will of the less magnetic, and *force* him into moves according to his will. We had tried this often, directly, with the susceptible engraver, P. H. R., and once, in a reflex manner, with J. S. of Providence. In this latter instance, he being the less practised player, but of impressible nerves, by fixing our attention on the board at the same moment with him, and marking out the best move against us, he invariably made that move, and won: *per contra*, while, in another game, we made moves, and then looked away; ignored the board until he had moved: unmagnetized, the termination of the game was speedily against him.

How then did Paulsen, with his superior magnetism and not very inferior skill, fail to affect Morphy? The moment that Morphy completed a move, he threw the whole board away from his attention—brushed away magnetism, so to speak—often went

off to the other end of the room, and had to be summoned thence to reply to Paulsen's move.* And it was very evident that the study of the former was not at all in relation to what Paulsen *would* move, but, in regard to the *possible* moves and combinations, embracing from twelve to twenty moves, and their twelve times twelve, and twenty times twenty of possible inter-combinations. This whirl of permutation, with accurate results in each of thousands of combinations, evidently passes through Morphy's mind in like manner as in Zerah Colburn and other arithmetical prodigies, addition, subtraction, multiplication and the square root, are performed with the rapidity and accuracy of Mr. Babbage's machine. So that for any one less gifted in this peculiar power than Morphy, to attempt to play with him, is like one man at the brake of a fire-engine striving to play the same against another worked by steam; or more accurately, for an ordinary adept to endeavor to count interest with Zerah Colburn, or the negro prodigy recently announced in Alabama.

This leads us to enquire, what is chess? Is it a purely intellectual exercise, affording scope and improvement, and test of the mental faculties? or is it a physico-intellectual exercise, engaging muscular as well as brain work? What faculties does it call into exercise? The eye and fingers, the muscles of the arm, and the muscles of the orbit, the peculiar power of seeing the men in their places, and of seeing men that are in their places as if they were not there, but elsewhere, and others, or blanks, where they actually are—a sort of physical reticence and imagination acting at one

* Morphy, on meeting a new antagonist of first class, generally loses the *first game*. He then sits by the board, and is under the magnetism of his opponent. Ten minutes reflection after the game is over, shows him his own false play, and the strength of his adversary: in after games he deserts the board and play as soon as he has moved—and wins.

and the same moment—such is one phase of chess exercise. Napoleon planned his battles on large maps, with pin-heads indicating the whereabouts of each corps, division, and even brigade. He moved the pins about as his thought required, and thus completed his plan. But your chess-player must go through this preliminary fight without touching map or pin: he must—most difficult reticence!—keep hands off until he makes a complete survey of the men and the field, and when he once touches a man it must be moved beyond recall. This requires a stretch of attention very exhausting, nay, almost impossible to some minds: it is the faculty which phrenologists term "*continuity*," which is the result, for the most part, of training, sometimes a gift. We notice, in nearly all the chess-playing friends we have named, that their failure in play depends on the lack of this faculty. G. T. D., for example, makes the most vigorous attacks of any of them, but, after the twelfth or sixteenth move, his attention is exhausted, and some careless move makes him an easy prey to a less vigorous opponent. In his case, this failure in attention, or continuity, is *confined to his chess play*; in business, or in public movements, in which he is deeply interested, he is constant, persistent, and steadfast as a sleuth-hound. This would seem to indicate that his perceptive faculties are deficient, or are easily wearied, over the chess-board. *Per contra*, among these friends, P. H. R., the engraver, is the only one who plays an even, unflagging game throughout; indeed, as many have found to their chagrin, plays the better end-game, the worse his chances appear to be. His perceptive faculties are trained by his employment, and rather improve than weary by continuity of exercise.

Another amateur, W. C. I., is a most interesting study at the chess-board. He has fine perceptive faculties, is a splendid boxer, of quick, strong combative temper-

ament, and of full physical imagination. He makes the most beautiful combinations we ever saw on the chess-board: they seem as brilliant as fireworks; but he loses almost every game, not from breaking down of his continuity or attention, so much as from an incurably mercurial disposition, which leads him to forsake a sound move for one apparently more brilliant, but less safe. This gentleman bought a mare the other day, which in twenty-four hours kicked three wagons to pieces, and threw him out each time: of course, instead of getting rid of her, he is "bound" to break her, it will be "such a splendid feat."

From the nature of the faculties which it calls into play, we regard chess as a physical as well as intellectual exercise, requiring muscular work as well as brain work. Cricket, billiards, chess, rise from the physico-intellectual to the intellectual-physical, and chess, billiards, cricket, reverse the order. Lookers-on at cricket feel the blood rush, the muscles clench, and a "hurra" escaping from the lips. Lookers-on at billiards, tell me that to see Phe-lan play affords the highest possible physical enjoyment.* Lookers on at chess feel their muscles twitching, their fingers clasp-ing and moving imaginary men—and their heads aching when the game is done.

Another reason why we regard chess less as an intellectual than a physical exercise consists in the fact, that the highest eminence in chess is attained before the age of full intellectual development. In our American Chess Congress, the champions of the champions were very young men—Morphy twenty, and Paulsen twenty-three or four. McDonnell, Staunton, Harrwitz, Stanley, all won their laurels in their early days. The best chess players on record, in like manner had attained their

eminence while under thirty years of age; while the human intellect is not at its full development until between the thirty-fifth and forty-fifth year of the individual. And if chess-playing maximum occurs *before* the intellectual maximum, it follows that chess is not a purely intellectual exercise. Furthermore, a man's force in chess, like his physical power or force, diminishes after he is thirty years of age. Yankee Sullivan at forty-three, some eighteen years after he had passed his physical maximum, was no match for his own equal, aged twenty-five: hence the years told in Tom Hyer's favor. In like manner, Mr. Stanley, who at twenty-two had won a match against Mr. St. Amant, in New Orleans, was but a third-rate player at forty years of age: and the real excuse for Mr. Stanton, in declining to play with Morphy, was, that he had passed his maximum chess-playing age some twenty years ago, and could not be expected, an old man, to acquit himself as if he had been a young one. "I will take to my work, let the young gentleman take to his play," was really a truthful and adequate reason for declining to play; but "why not say this before?" say the critics. Because, on practising, as he doubtless did, in private, Mr. Staunton discovered that his chess skill was dulled to his own apprehension, his chess muscles had lost their wonted fire and lubricity in the *gambit*. *Au reste* what a stupid piece of red republican-ism it is, in the midst of the nineteenth century, to expect a king, even of chess, to throw away his crown wittingly before an unknown cavalier, kowever *preux*!

In relation to the higher faculties which it calls into exercise, chess affects less the pure reasoning powers than is usually taken for granted. Classed as a division of mathematical study, it belongs to the arithmetical rather than the transcendental department of mathematics: it is no higher than permutation. All possible moves of a given number of pieces can be summed up

* Probably that sense of pleasure from muscular movement announced by Brown, in his *Lectures on the Philosophy of the Human mind*; pp. 134, 186. *Glasg.* 1830.

in an intelligible line of figures less than a yard long. The objection, therefore, of the great Scotch metaphysician to mathematics, as a means of mental development—that they lead to only positive results, as in a grooved track—applies with double force to chess, which calls into exercise one of the lower branches of mathematics only.

A great deal has been said about invention in relation to chess-playing, and a London newspaper especially lauds the inventive genius of Mr. Morphy. If our view of his peculiar power be the correct one, then there is no invention in his play. All the possible combinations of the moves before him appear to his mind as clearly as K. p. to K. 4 to an ordinary player; and from what *he sees*, he *selects* the best play. It is about as much invention as is exercised by a natural arithmetician, in announcing in a minute, a difficult result in interest for days—no more. Besides, this gentleman—the very best of known living chess-players—seems singularly deficient in even the moderate degree of invention which can be predicated of chess. We have the Evans Gambit, the Scotch Gambit, the Muzio Gambit, &c. &c., but we have not yet the Morphy Gambit, nor is there in print more than one very common-place problem by our modern chess king.

But the problems! Do not they require invention! If they do, it is invention of no higher character, and requiring no greater powers, than to construct certain figures with a Chinese puzzle; and a first-rate problem-composer is seldom, if ever, a first-class player.

These views of the status of chess-playing, receive confirmation from the fact that first class chess-players have seldom, if ever, distinguished themselves in the higher departments of thought, or invention. Mr. Buckle, the author of "Civilization in England," may be adduced as an exception: he was, fifteen years ago, among the mos

ominent chess-players in Europe; he suddenly gave up chess-playing, betook himself to study, and his admirable volume is the first fruits of fifteen years of intense application. Yet, while he betrays an extent of reading wider than that so pompously announced by Gibbon, and while strong common-sense and keen observation are abundantly manifest in his work, there is lacking the bold grasp and deep insight which we find in Hume and Sir James Mackintosh, and even in Dumas. Mr. Buckle lets us into the secret of his shortcomings, moreover, in the following sentence:—"Whoever will take the pains fairly to estimate the present condition of mental philosophy, must admit that, notwithstanding the influence it has always exercised over some of the most powerful minds, and through them over society at large, there is, nevertheless, no other study which has been so zealously prosecuted, so long continued, and yet remains so barren of results." Barren of results! Shades of Locke, Malebranche, Berkeley, Dugald, Stewart, Reid, Brown, Cousin and Sir William Hamilton! Of course, Mr. Buckle is an ardent admirer of *Auguste Comte*, and fifteen years of purely literary labor has not raised him above the intellectual level of the chess-board.

Yet chess-playing is an amusement worthy of cultivation, especially for the young. It is better in-door entertainment than cards, or dice, or lager-bier; it has been well said that it does not lead to gambling. It has the positive merit of improving the tone of manners, and of cultivating the power of attention. In looking at Morphy and Paulsen in 1857, we were struck with the evident purity of both these young men. Neither presented the bleared eyes, shaking hands, nor nervous tremor, which a four hours' sitting would betray in nine-tenths of our young men of the city: they were plainly in perfect physical condition, and all their faculties were clear and in full honest exercise. And so must the devotees of chess keep themselves, or they will inevitably loose rank as chess players.

On the Personality of the First Cause.

BY ROBERT GORDON.

In the world in which we live there are abundant effects indicating design and contrivance. When they become the subjects of our contemplation, our minds intuitively grasp at the idea of an Intelligent First Cause, who, *per se*, is possessed of life, will, power and consciousness, and who, therefore, cannot but be a person,—cannot be a mere efficiency. It is inconsistent with reason to hold that intelligence *in the abstract* could have been that First Cause, who designed the world, and adjusted the things in it to effect their predetermined end; and from the fact of His being alive, from His having a will and spontaneous action, intelligence must exist in Him as one of His attributes. If otherwise, He could not have done what He did. Laws can as effectually be their own originators as effects can be independent of a cause or causes, as the mechanical laws of ship-building can construct a ship without the mind, will and power of a ship-builder. Therefore common-sense alone seeks to arrive at no other conclusion, than that laws necessarily possess some agent who designed the end which they should subserve, and by whom their operations were directed so as to realize it. They and their agent are entirely distinct, the former being unable to effect anything, or even to have existence without the latter. Many have, with their own eyes, beheld the Pyramids and the Parthenon, who yet never could have seen the living designers of these mighty constructions. How deranged must then be their judgment if they should disbelieve that life, will, design and personality, were possessed by them. We have experienced the effects of electricity, magnetism, galvanism, and many other natural operations; but who has ever yet been successful in investing them with tangibility? You may call them powers and fluids; but do they come within the compass of any of our five senses? Are they not as re-

condite as the human soul itself—as imperceptible as mind, which, although invisible, yet fully proves its existence by those effects which it *alone* could originate?

“Causa latet, vis notissima.”

Science is, in every respect, totally inadequate to cross that vast immeasurable gulf which separates the world of sense from the world of thought—which divides the system of organic structure from the system of life. In these lower regions, man is clothed with the finite garments of limited knowledge; and, therefore, he must prove himself reasonable by his being content “to see in part, and know in part.” It is his duty to exemplify the influence which true wisdom possesses over him; by his reverently bowing before the Infinite Mind, and being satisfied to remain ignorant of many things which investigation and scrutiny can never render plain—which, so far from enlightening him, would tend to involve him in inextricable labyrinths.

Doubtless, there are physical and metaphysical difficulties connected with the subject; but let the doctrine of the Personality of the First Cause be rejected, and the rejector—whose ability is as adequate as was that of Sisyphus to prevent the rolling down of the vengeance-girt stone—involves himself in difficulties that are far more powerful to be overcome than those which he encounters.

“Vult Vitare Charybdim in Scyllam incidit.”

But we often see many effects dependent on many causes of second causes, “wheels within wheels.” Now, in consequence of the contrivance and skill which the several second causes cannot exhibit, because they are mindless, we must have recourse to some Intelligent First Cause capable of reason and will, by whom the whole was designed and planned, and who had a definite object in view. Although the person

of the Designer is not seen, yet the mind perceives no impediment in its instinctive journey to this unavoidable conclusion; for it sanely reasons, that He either was, or is: certainly, antecedent to the second causes.

You enter a printer's composing room, and you see neither printer nor printer's devil, but observe around you types set up, and ready to receive an impression. Would it be a *clear proof* of your being the possessor of a sane mind in a sound body, if, because neither of these two individuals were seen by you during the time you were there, that you should deny that any intelligent agent, having a will to perform what he had determined on, was the cause of the types being in the arranged position in which you found them? Could it be said that the types set themselves up? If so, they must have had an intrinsic power wholly dependent upon some extrinsic agent by whom that power was given, or by whom certain laws which they obeyed were impressed by them, since they could not have invested themselves with it, or have been themselves the originators of laws which they were to obey. If they were, each type (doubtless the capital letters would occupy a position superior to the smaller ones,) would be a separate and independent divinity; each, perhaps, as old Homer represents that gigantic being, Briareus, kudei gaion. All would be so many divinities, of course forming a sort of printing community, having its hierarchy, its distribution of franks and duties, its contentions for power and occasional revolutions, its jubilee meetings in the agora of Olympus, and its multitudinous banquets or festivals. *Quid vetat?* But they could not have cast themselves, and thus have been their own founder; otherwise they would have had an existence prior to their beginning to be, which is absurd. They would be more wonderful and mysterious than the Omnipotent Creator of all things, who never created Himself, but is uncreated and unoriginated. He has existed forever; and, therefore, has had no beginning. From every such instance where design and contrivance is exhibited, it will always be safe, although you may not have seen any living designer, to infer the existence of an agent who was possessed of intelligence and spontaneous action.

"Ex uno, discite omnes."

But one word about chance, the fortui-

tous concourse of atoms,—the *magnum verbum* in the atheist's vocabulary. Perhaps it was by its power that the type were so orderly set up. If it were, then it should be accounted for, why its operation has never yet been seen,—why this mysterious power is not depended on by men in any of the important affairs of life—in fine, why is it that the notion of chance, or any other name or term to which it is equivalent, is so entirely inconsistent with the experience of the rational creation, civilized or barbarous, past or present? This chance, then, because it can neither think nor will, because it has neither a body nor a soul, is neither capable of good nor evil, can do nothing wise nor foolish, right nor wrong, is, indeed, a *supreme nothing*, an *infinite nonentity*. The atheist may subscribe to the Pantheistic creed—but what then? The difficulties which he finds in the Bible will not cease to be there; ten mysteries which confront him will not be rendered intelligible to his faculties; his believing that God is everything, and that everything is God; that He is material and immaterial, will not afford him the least information with regard to what he is anxious to know. He might just as rationally refuse to study physiology, chemistry, botany, astronomy, geology, or any other branch of human knowledge, because it is undeniable, that however vast have been the attainments of many in each branch of those studies, yet *not a few* are the secrets of nature which mock their investigation, and deride research. As an astronomer, Sir Isaac Newton was peerless among his contemporaries; yet there were many things which *even his gigantic faculties* were as adequate to explain, as the little dog, Diamond, which was the innocent cause of some of his master's papers being burnt, was capable of criticising on the philosopher's mathematical productions. It is not surprising, then, that as in the natural world wonders and difficulties beset our path, so also that there should be the same in the moral world. Reason can clearly discern the boundary line which the Infinite Hand has placed, and along which it can read the legible statement,—“Thus far shalt thou go, and no further.” Efforts to remove that line are vain and fruitless, and become sin. They indicate a weak mind, strong though it be on other points. The depth of the riches, both of the wisdom

and knowledge of God will never be fathom-
ed by finite faculties. His judgments wilt
ever be unsearchable, and His ways pas-
s finding out; for we are but of yesterday,
and know nothing. We may go forward,
but He is not there; and backward, but
we cannot perceive Him; on the left hand
where He doth work; but we cannot be-
hold him. He hideth Himself on the right
hand, that we cannot see Him; but He
knoweth the way that we take.

Now, most true it is that everything that
has a personal mind has a sensorium; that
is, a limited portion of space within which
perception and volition are exercised. It
does not therefore follow, that because God
has a personal mind, He must have that
sensorium which we necessarily need.—
The finite, and, consequently, circumscribed
nature of *our* faculties precludes the re-
motest possibility of our being independent
of it. If *we* can prove that *His* are not
infinite, or that He is a partaker with us of
our present constitution, then may we rea-
sonably entertain the opinion that He is
bound to that sensorium; and still it will
remain to be proved that he has not higher
grades of the finite.

There are animals which are not in pos-
session of all the five senses, some having
but two or three. Those which have not
the usual number, may not conclude that,
because their Creator did not confer more
upon them, no others are in use, or can be
likely to realize any advantageous end.
In fact, they would be unable to form any
conception as to whether other animals
possessed more, seeing that, having been
made objects of a compensatory law, those
which they have fully contribute to all the
happiness they need in the circumstances
under which they are placed. Those
which have them all may not also estimate
their faculties so high, as to believe them-
selves able to perceive every object in crea-
tion. Therefore, as it is possible that
there may be other senses than the five
which have been granted to man, and
which the Creator, not regarding as neces-
sary to his present happiness, wisely with-
held from him, he too may not regard the
number which he possesses as the utmost
that can be obtained. We believe that
when this mortality shall have put on im-
mortality, our present faculties shall be so
enlarged as to enable us with as much fa-
cility as we now see objects within the

scope of our visual organ, to perceive the
powers, properties and substance of spirits.
Then we shall see God as He is; not be-
fore. The image of the invisible God, the
sacred Proxy of His Father, has been seen;
but no man hath seen God at any time.

But can the soul think without a brain?
Can it be independent of a corporeal or-
ganization? There are those who hold
that it cannot. We think, however, that,
because the notion of the existence of spir-
its being as universal as that of some Di-
vine Being who made man, the world, and
all things in it, evidence of the fact is af-
forded, that the human mind instinctively
regards the soul as possessing the ability
to think independent of a sensorium. If
otherwise, how is it to be accounted for,
that mythology has invented so many
genii, spirits and divinities? Therefore,
if a personal mind can think without a
brain, we are necessarily led to the conclu-
sion that the personality of the First Cause,
who is not Nature—for Nature can neither
think nor act—is not dependent on a sen-
sorium. He is a Spiritual Being; and we,
as His offspring, likewise possess spirits.
They are His image and likeness. Our
souls are the finite, miniature rays of Di-
vinity, in all the essential qualities of such
rays. We are like Him, not bodily, but
spiritually and intellectually; but as it
does not follow, that because we are of the
same flesh and blood as our parents, we
should inherit the same mental and corpo-
real power which they have, so it does not
follow that we should be equal to Him, as
the consequence of our being His offspring.
It could not have been intended. A de-
fective organization, or an imperfect devel-
opment, can never constitute a difference
with respect to the essential qualities. All
souls are alike. That of the philosopher
and the barbarian are the same; as much
the same as the internal organization of a
matured man and that of a perfect infant.
It makes no difference whether the soul be
encased in a jet-burnished receptacle, or in
a snow-white casket, each, doubtless, in its
original integrity, being of equal beauty,
and neither possessing not one jot nor tittle
of intrinsic superiority.

Now, although God is a Personal Being
—a Being having a mind in contradistinc-
tion to irrational animals, which are not
said to be persons from the fact of their
not having minds, or souls—yet it is He

without body, parts or passions. Our Lord Jesus Christ, in the declaration which He made, "That a spirit hath not flesh and bones,"—that is, a human corporeal organization—and that "God is to be worshipped in spirit and in truth," has left it on record that the First Cause is not a material Being. It is altogether diametrically opposed to our innate ideas on the subject, that He should have them; for we cannot but know that our possession of them, if not a proof of imperfection, yet necessarily renders us imperfect. But imperfection cannot possibly have the slightest connection with Him, who is infinite perfection. If otherwise, the idea of a God, which is antecedent to all reasoning, is at once annihilated. Our souls are often hindered in their spiritual efforts by the frail tenement in which they are temporarily lodged; but since God has no body, He cannot be hindered, nor can He have parts, since these appertain to it. He is also without passions,—which are a perturbed condition of mind, producing excited, vehement action. The Holy Spirit, condescending to our finite capacities, so that we may be enabled to form some conceptions of the Divine Attributes, sanctioned the free use of the figure, *anthropathos*, which represents God as being operated on by all those passions to which flesh is heir; and, by figures taken from the parts of the human body, the modes by which He conducts His moral government is expressed. But both reason and scripture forbid the absurd conclusion, that because he is possessed of life, intelligence, power and will, He must also be a Being with body, parts, or passions.

Now let us, from those infallible records, the Law and the Testimony, prove that He has self-existence, intelligence, power and will. It is in the first place, indispensably necessary, that we should believe that He exists; secondly, that the Bible is His Word, emanating as truly from Him as the writing of it was by holy men who wrote under His Spirit's suggestion, guidance and direction.

1st. Self-existence.—Isaiah 44: 6. "Thus saith the Lord, the King of Israel, and His Redeemer, the Lord of Hosts: I am the first, and I am the last, and besides me, there is no God." Rev. 1: 8. "I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the ending, saith the Lord, which is, and which was, and which is to come, the Almighty." Isaiah 43: 10. "Ye are my witnesses, saith the Lord, and my servant whom I have chosen; that ye may know and believe me, and understand that I am He: before me there was no God formed, neither shall there be after me."

2nd. Intelligence.—Psalm 147: 5. "His understanding is infinite." Ephesians 1: 8. "He hath abounded towards us in all wisdom and prudence." Psalm 104: 24. "O, Lord, how manifold are Thy works! In wisdom hast Thou made them all." Job 37: 16. "Dost thou know the balancings of the cloud, the wondrous works of Him which is perfect in knowledge?"

3rd. Power.—Genesis; Psalm 19; Col. 1: 16. "By Him (the Son) were all things created that are in Heaven, visible and invisible, whether they be thrones, or dominions, or principalities, or powers, all things were created by Him and for Him." See the 104th Psalm, justly admired "for regularity of composition, richness of imagery, sublimity of sentiment, and elegance of diction."

4th. Will.—Numbers 23: 19. "God is not a man that He should lie, neither the son of man that He should repent. Hath He said, and shall He not do it? or hath He spoken, and shall he not make it good?" James 1: 17. "Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of Lights with whom is no variableness nor shadow of turning." Acts 2: 23. "Him (Christ) being delivered by the determinate counsel and foreknowledge of God." Isaiah 53: 10. "It pleased the Lord to bruise Him." Matt. 26: 39. "O, my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me: nevertheless, not as I will, but as Thou wilt."

The Anglo-African and the African Slave Trade.

BY ETHIOP.

The sinfulness of slavery and the slave trade in any and every form, no disinterested, no honest man will deny; nevertheless, it is utterly useless, worse than folly, to call it up to the attention of the Anglo-American, for his serious consideration. With him, whatever is free from personal danger, and free from apparent encroachment on a strong power, and will pay, is not *sinful*, but lawful and right. Whatever is fraught with danger, and whatever encroaches individually, and will not pay, why that may be regarded as sinful. *Right and wrong, heart and conscience*, with the Anglo-American, are only relative terms, ponderous ambiguities, glittering generalities, words of doubtful meaning, or of no meaning. The danger of a preponderance of an Anglo-African population, and the fear of the example of St. Domingo before his eyes, in days past, when European emigration was a small affair, made the African slave trade a sin, a heinous offense, a piracy; while, on the contrary, the *domestic* slave trade, involving, as it necessarily does, the sundering of husband and wife, the tearing of children from the arms of the mother and the natural protection of the father, the breaking up forever of all the ties of husband, wife, parent, child, and amidst their cries of deep anguish and untold sadness and sorrow, the work of chaining them together in groups to suit the purchaser, within the National Capital even, and in sight and hearing of the assembled wisdom of a Christian nation, and the shipping of these poor outraged beings to remote parts and plantations—all this is not any sin, none whatever. It is safe—it pays.

Time was when slave importation was no sin. In the early days of the *Republic*, the demand for this species of labor was so much greater than the supply, that the slaves' introduction, so far from sin, was a Christian measure.

Hence it will be seen that the Anglo-American is a progressive animal. To him there is no stand-still, no fixity of sentiment. He knows nothing, and cares less, for what is vulgarly called principle. Greed—gain; these are his goal, and he shifts his sail and stretches his canvas to reach this point. In the case before us, these especially loom up before him, and he grows bolder. The example of St. Domingo has faded out from before the eyes of this generation, and foreign influx (European we mean) and native growth, together, have so strengthened his ranks, and the demand for slave labor has become again so pressing, that the African slave trade is no longer sinful; rather a good—good for the master, and a greater good for the slave; a positive good, a great Christian work. Hence that plank of the Slave Policy Platform on which is marked "*African Slave Trade is Piracy*," is about being drawn out and thrown overboard as no longer useful. It has had its day—it has become effete.

This reopening of the African slave trade has, therefore, become a fixed fact; and now that it is so, and great accessions of the native stock, and great numerical and physical strength are to accrue to Anglo-Africans from this source, we may, with some show of propriety, begin to speculate upon the character of the material, and also upon some of the future results of its introduction among us.

A writer, in a recent article in the "*Weekly Anglo-African*," took occasion to call attention to the *Turcos* in the following language:

"In the French army two classes of soldiers have attracted much attention; one only, however, on this side of the water, viz: the Zouave. The other, the *Turcos*, who are genuine blacks from Africa, besides being the most soldierly-looking men in Europe to-day, for fiery force and dar-

ing, have no superiors in the world or out of it. They are men who rush right up to the work of the soldier as though it were, and to them it doubtless is, an every-day *business*, avoiding no danger and shrinking no trial. Tall even to towering, athletic, looking every man himself a commander, dark, grim, marching with glowing eye and unshaking hand even to the cannon's mouth, cutting away everything between them and the jaws of death, what wonder that the Austrian army wilted away like grass before the mower!

A gentleman in high standing in one of the crack regiments of this city and the country, was asked if he candidly believed that an equal number of his regiment could, in any event, stand before an equal number of the Turcos? His prompt answer was, "No!"

This is our belief, and, we doubt not, the belief of every candid mind that has paid any attention to the subject.

Let prowess no longer be denied the black man; rather let it, from this day forth, be remembered that loyalty and courage are among the component parts of his nature, and that the one under a just sense of *right*, and the other under circumstances of *danger*, can and will be manifested whenever and wherever occasion demands. This is our lesson.

We wonder whether the wild Africans now being imported to our southern border are of materials such as could, in a certain event, be manufactured into a regiment of Turcos?"

Notwithstanding all this, the chief advocates of the new measure insist that these Africans are only fit for slaves. We think they have been shown fit for good soldiers in any hour of need. The extremely pious of these advocates pick up a few crumbs of Christian comfort in the consoling conclusion that the best, indeed the only feasible way to civilize and Christianize these benighted heathen is to reduce them to slavery. Were we as anxious to promote so important a measure, we might feel bound to admit this conclusion of these advocates, without examination, word, or comment, but, as it is, we must at this point beg mildly to interpose the incontrovertible testimony of President Benson, of Liberia, in regard to the general character and intellectuality of these African people, even should it produce a contrary conclu-

sion. In his last Annual Message, of them he says:

"They are intellectually in advance of any of the immigrants from the United States."

He solemnly "warns the Legislature not to make a different system of education for Liberia and natives, tending to degrade the latter;" and says: "I am happy to be able to say that, since the introduction of the subject" (the diffusion of education) "to the Legislature, two years ago, I have received written and verbal messages from several native chiefs, who have by some means learned the purport and object of the recommendation, expressive of their cordial approval of the measure, as being in perfect accordance with benevolence and justice, and assuring me that they stood ready to cheerfully comply, at any moment, with such a reasonable arrangement and requisition. The fact is, I have not had for the last six or eight years any serious fears of the existence of insurmountable difficulties in the way of assimilating, in due time, the manners and customs of our aboriginal population to those of civilized life, and of bringing them, within a reasonable time, into a state of intelligent, loyal subjects of this Republic. * * The fact is, it is most certainly and encouragingly approximating consummation each successive year; of this, no one who has given proper attention to the matter will for a moment doubt.

"I am yet to be convinced, however, of the existence of anything so peculiar in the *condition and dispositions* of our aborigines, and in their relations to us, as to justify the adoption, by this Government, of a system of education and training for them differing from that necessary to be employed with the Americo-Liberians and their descendants, for the accomplishment of the same results."

Again, under the head of "*Natives and Emancipated Immigrants Compared*," Governor Benson says: "I must confess, as an individual, that my fears and anxieties for the last five or six years have been, that the *moral, intellectual, and industrial* training of a majority of the immigrants who may arrive here from the United States, as well as that of our posterity bred and born in this country, *will not keep pace* with the advancement of the aborigines in those elements of individual and na-

tional greatness. In order to show that these fears and anxieties are not unfounded, I have only to state what is generally known in Liberia, that there are *thousands of natives*, living within the jurisdiction of this Republic, who are *intellectually in advance* of at least one-half of the immigrants that arrive here annually from the United States."

The Governor then declares that *the natives produce most*. He also expresses serious apprehensions that, unless good and vigorous laws are made for training up in the industrial arts "the Americo-Liberians and their descendants," they may "live in idleness, luxury, and affluence," and endeavor to make the aborigines "hewers of wood and drawers of water." This he denominates "a dangerous line of demarcation, which should have no existence in Liberia."

This testimony would hardly seem to justify the conclusion of our pious Anglo-American slave-traders and their abettors; that the only way to civilize and christianize this people is to bring them over here, and consign them to interminable bondage. The emigrants from the United States, to whom the Governor alludes as unequal to the native African, are invariably the best improved of the cast-off bondmen who have gone through the christian slave-propagandists' civilizing and christianizing process, and sent thence to Liberia. Even the *New York Courier and Enquirer*, with regard to the testimony we have quoted, says: "With Gov. Benson's array of facts in full view, with what face can any man advocate the reopening of the African slave trade on the plea of civilizing and elevating the Africans?"

But so it is. It will pay; and at present, at least, it is safe; and men do advocate it. We ourselves are half inclined, Anglo-African though we are, to throw up our cap, and join heartily with our Anglo-American promoters of the *blessed institution* in crying, bring them over! bring them over! And we must be permitted to add, too, that though we hate equally, with a ten-fold hatred—yea, with all our soul—the existence of slavery, and these new measures to promote the foreign trade, we fail to perceive the difference in the sin—the heinousness of it, and the domestic traffic which is regarded not only as no sin, but receives all the countenance and encouragement An-

glo-American christianity can bestow. Seriously, we hope we shall cease to hear any more clamor about this foreign traffic, by sneaking politicians, canting hypocrites, mean sycophants, knaves, scoundrels and doughfaces, (the fag-end of all villains) whose very breath is an offence, even in their own nostrils, when they breathe upon the subject. If we are to have slavery and the internal slave-trade, and deem them just and consistent with our Anglo-American religion, may we not have also the foreign slave trade, and not deem it piracy—a heinous offence against God and man—viewing it from the same religious standpoint? We earnestly beg the timid christian slave-propagandist, to banish his fears, if he have any; and the more subtle, to no longer carry two faces; and let the trade be free, untrameled, general: for at present it will not only pay, but is safe, and moreover, truly democratic. Why should a few be permitted to monopolize this grand scheme of rapid promotion of American slavery, to the detriment of the many? Why should we foster any privileged class in this wonderfully democratic country of ours. Let us be consistent, even in the working of our accursed system of oppression. Let us be free. Free to buy slaves, free to sell slaves. Free to import, free to export. Free to bind, free to loose, free to flog, free to kill. We love freedom.

We would have not only the master free, but the slave also; so much so, that whatever their hands find to do, each in his own humor to do it with all his might. We are opposed to shackles of any kind.

Let therefore the slave propagandist be permitted to go on in his work, and not only deepen the iniquity of slavery, (for such, after all, we must be compelled to term it) but spread it—spread it broadcast over the land. For, since the nation insists on holding a slave, rather than have that slave pent up in one corner of its domain to suit mere temporary conveniences, let him have freedom in his chains; freedom to clank them whithersoever he will. Let his foot trample on every inch of sod the nation holds. We would have him educated democratically, even in his bonds.

And whatever be our hatred—our double-distilled hatred—of the accursed system that reduces God's image to a condition below the brute that perishes, let us find cheer in the fact that it must terminate. Nor let

the Anglo-Africans longer wear sad faces at the prospect of this re-opening of the slave-trade; but as load after load, and gang after gang, fresh turned loose, go clanking their chains through the land, let us listen, and as we hear, be not ourselves idle; for with "heart within and God o'er-head," onward is the road to triumph; and the time draweth near when we can work, work effectually. We even now live in a day of calculation, and the day of exact reckoning is approaching: a day when, whether men will or no, the just measure shall be meted out to all, not only in heaven, but here on earth; and this our portion of it will not surely be forgotten. For our own part, we desire emancipation—emancipation unconditional and immediate. This, it may be, is the result of our own individual selfishness and over-impatience. Still we know it must come. It draweth nigh. The exact *when*, and the precise *now*, are alone in the bosom of God. We are content to let them rest there. Meanwhile, it behooves every one to be on the

alert; to be on the watch-tower or in the drill, or measuring strength; and with book in hand, comparing and noting the result.

When the final day does come, as come it must, and should it be a hand-to-hand struggle, it may then be with the Anglo-African a question of numbers on this continent; and when the terms of the last settlement are fixed, as fixed they must be, it may then be with him also not merely the question of his liberty, but entire indemnity for the past, full security for the future, and the most perfect and fullest equality for all time to come. This we fully believe to be the ultimate design of God. On this continent, which for so many centuries lay buried from sight of civilization, God intends, in his providence, ultimately to bring men of every clime, and hue, and tongue, in one great harmony, to perfect the greater system of man's highest earthly government. Then shall be the reign of perfect peace.

Patrick Brookes First Love.

"Hail, love, young love, cream of all earthly bliss—
The silken down of happiness complete."

"The fire that's blawn on Beltane e'en,
May weel be black gin Yule;
But blacker fa' befa' the heart
Where first fond love grows cule."

So sing the bards of love in freedom; but what is love in slavery? Can chattels love? Has the black code of slavery blotted out the kingly passion—the passion of passions—from the heart of the bondman? Pity but it had: for of the written woes of slavery, none will compare with the unwritten, the unspeakable, the indescribable agonies with which slavery has torn the being of the negro lover—of a deeper, wilder, more passionate nature than the white man.

"These children of the sun"
love as the white man cannot; and, in

blasted love, anguish as the white man cannot. Most of the deeds of violence perpetrated by the slaves, which reach the newspapers, have this passion as their source; and thousands of fierce, brave revenges, which never reach the public ear, are prompted in like manner. Many a white man, owner, or overseer, relying on the apparently soft and subdued character of their slaves, have invaded the slaves' married bed, (which Judge Culver, to his infinite and everlasting infamy has pronounced *illegal*) and met the bloody end they deserved. In looking back at a recent tragedy enacted at Washington—the act, the trial, the acquittal—we could not help regarding it as a stone thrown upon the dark waters of slavery, whose circling rip-

ple would some day be lashed up into a frightful tempest. Nature and passion are stern logicians; and what slave who heard and saw that tragedy and its end, could help reasoning thus: "If it be right and lawful to shoot the adulterer when the woman is willing, why is it not right, and lawful, and religious, for me also to slay the man who forces his beastly lust upon the shrieking resistance of the wife of my bosom? This is the LESSON OF THE SICKLES TRAGEDY. It has touched as with living coals the fiery hearts of many a black Marylander and Virginian; and in some hour that we dream not of it, when smiling peace and content, and even joy, shall apparently beam out of the countenances of well-fed, and sleek, and *happy* slaves, there will be a blaze in the sky, and blood on the soil. Some one, half a century ago, looking to that successful insurrection, which has now almost dwindled into a myth, wrote that some negro preacher, wild with religious fanaticism, would stir up his fellows to resist the yoke of slavery. This idea was true as to insurrection, but wrong as to its source: the Bible, and its religion, teaches peace, not war, to the negro; submission, not resistance; to bear his cross, not to wield the sword: in a word, it inspires his deep, trusting, earnest, loving nature, his wild imagination, with such glowing pictures of the New Jerusalem, and of the saints, and of the once suffering, but now triumphant Jesus, that he is lifted out of this world by the prospective rewards and promised glories of the world to come. Had the Haytian slaves of 1793 been as pious, as christian as the half million of slaves of Virginia in 1859, there would have been no insurrection—no liberation. The Haytian insurrection was the product and the triumph of fetishism: it was the old African Vadoux—not the free principles of the Bible.

No! religious fanaticism will never goad the slaves to rebel. But some black-bosomed Virginian, crazed at the sight of his deflowered daughter, or some flame-colored hero, maddened at the sight of the wife of his bosom outraged in his very presence, will raise his bloody arm, and kindle the wild revenge of the ten thousands, in like manner maddened; and there will be a short and bloody end to slavery.

What human power could resist them? What Northern bayonet could charge

against them? What father, son, or brother could shoot them down—these men thrice armed in the eternal justice of their quarrel?

Patrick Brown was born to the doom of slavery. I saw him the other evening leap lightly from a moving avenue car, although the years of his life are three-score and ten. There may be a white hair here and there in his well-covered head; his face scarce betrays a wrinkle—it is smooth, pleasant, full and black. He has a square, iron chin, and a short, strongly-built nose, with full, not large, nostrils. His eyes I cannot describe; they are marked by the *arcus senilis*, and have a look out of them that makes you think they have looked at strange sights. He is short and stout, but has that quick, silent movement of limb, which you see in skilled boxers; and he impresses you with the idea, that even now, if need be, he "could strike a blow."

Patrick Brown was never emancipated; he never ran away; was not brought into a free State by his owner; yet he grew free in the far South. Slavery got tired of him—would have nothing to do with him—while he was yet young and in his prime of health and strength. He had been sold many times—was quick, willing, active and reliable—his word was his bond—yet slavery grew tired of him. He was, moreover, frank and plain-spoken—not so desirable a thing in a slave. He was mostly sold at auction, and *would* have his say after the auctioneer had enlarged upon his very apparent merits as a chattel serviceable. He would add: "Gentlemen, I will serve any one faithfully who treats me well, but I will not serve any man who strikes me without cause." This was a chuckling delight to a hard-featured, iron-framed negro-breaker, in Alabama, who bought him out of the gang brought down from Old Virginia, where Patrick Brown was born. He took his purchase out to his plantation, and took the earliest opportunity to knock his new slave almost senseless, with a whip-handle. Brown very humbly begged his pardon—was so submissive and intelligent, that he was promoted, within the year, to be the favored attendant on his owner, especially in hunting, to which the former was passionately addicted. Within the year, the twain went out to hunt together, when his horse threw the master, and killed him. In settling up the estate, Patrick Brown was sold at auc-

tion, and again made his little speech. The second owner, who was a kind-hearted man, but given to gusts of passion, after two or three years, one day struck Patrick. Within that year he and Patrick went out into the woods together on some errand, and Patrick returned alone. His master never afterwards was heard from. In like manner, owner after owner departed, and, while no one thought of suspecting the smooth, mild-looking Patrick Brown, and no one *saw him struck*, no one coupled his *speech* with the fate of his many owners. It began to be regarded as an *unlucky* thing to own him; and, finally, no one would buy him; and thus he became free.

And this man, in his early youth, had loved, with a mild, passionate, and boundless love. On the next plantation, in Virginia, there had grown up with him, from childhood, the girl who became his fate. Why waste words in describing her who was more than world, and stars, and life to him? She was the life of his life—the only entity he ever worshipped, and, perhaps, worships still. He does not remember ever to have spoken to her of love, yet the twain were one in all time and forever, and they were purified in the very depth and truthfulness of their love.

By some strange coincidence, they were both sold to the same trader, and manacled in the same gang, to make the overland journey to the far South. Keziah's mild beauty, which had been unnoticed on the plantation, attracted the eye of the trader. He soon showed favors to her on the march, and sought favors in return. She spurned him in her innocence. He tried threats, and ill-treatment, to no purpose. At length, one dark night, when they were camped in the depth of a forest, the trader ordered his wagon a little way off from the camp, and had Keziah conveyed into it, bound, and gagged.

No sound was heard of struggle nor shriek. Late next morning, when one of the assistant drivers ventured near the wagon, and called, no answer came. On tearing aside the curtains, there lay the slave-driver, disemboweled; and there, unstained by his guilty touch, with death—beautiful; oh! how beautiful!—on her virgin brow, lay Patrick Brown's first love.

"It was a strange feeling," said Patrick Brown to me, as he finished this story of his love, "it was a strange feeling of horrid pity that reached back through my fingers, as I drove my sheath-knife through and through that man's bowels."

The Two Offers.

BY FRANCES ELLEN WATKINS.

"What is the matter with you, Laura, this morning? I have been watching you this hour, and in that time you have commenced a half dozen letters and torn them all up. What matter of such grave moment is puzzling your dear little head, that you do not know how to decide?"

"Well, it is an important matter: I have two offers for marriage, and I do not know which to choose."

"I should accept neither, or to say the least, not at present."

"Why not?"

"Because I think a woman who is undecided between two offers, has not love enough for either to make a choice; and in that very hesitation, indecision, she has a reason to pause and seriously reflect, lest her marriage, instead of being an affinity of souls or a union of hearts, should only be a mere matter of bargain and sale, or an affair of convenience and selfish interest."

"But I consider them both very good offers, just such as many a girl would

gladly receive. But to tell you the truth, I do not think that I regard either as a woman should the man she chooses for her husband. But then if I refuse, there is the risk of being an old maid, and that is not to be thought of."

"Well, suppose there is, is that the most dreadful fate that can befall a woman? Is there not more intense wretchedness in an ill-assorted marriage—more utter loneliness in a loveless home, than in the lot of the old maid who accepts her earthly mission as a gift from God, and strives to walk the path of life with earnest and unflinching steps?"

"Oh! what a little preacher you are. I really believe that you were cut out for an old maid; that when nature formed you, she put in a double portion of intellect to make up for a deficiency of love; and yet you are kind and affectionate. But I do not think that you know anything of the grand, over-mastering passion, or the deep necessity of woman's heart for loving."

"Do you think so?" resumed the first speaker; and bending over her work she quietly applied herself to the knitting that had lain neglected by her side, during this brief conversation; but as she did so, a shadow flitted over her pale and intellectual brow, a mist gathered in her eyes, and a slight quivering of the lips, revealed a depth of feeling to which her companion was a stranger.

But before I proceed with my story, let me give you a slight history of the speakers. They were cousins, who had met life under different auspices. Laura Langrange, was the only daughter of rich and indulgent parents, who had spared no pains to make her an accomplished lady. Her cousin, Janette Alston, was the child of parents, rich only in goodness and affection. Her father had been unfortunate in business, and dying before he could retrieve his fortunes, left his business in an embarrassed state. His widow was unacquainted with his business affairs, and when the estate was settled, hungry creditors had brought their claims and the lawyers had received their fees, she found herself homeless and almost penniless, and she who had been sheltered in the warm clasp of loving arms, found them too powerless to shield her from the pitiless pelting storms of adversity. Year after year she struggled with poverty and wrestled with want,

till her toil-worn hands became too feeble to hold the shattered chords of existence, and her tear-dimmed eyes grew heavy with the slumber of death. Her daughter had watched over her with untiring devotion, had closed her eyes in death, and gone out into the busy, restless world, missing a precious tone from the voices of earth, a beloved step from the paths of life. Too self-reliant to depend on the charity of relations, she endeavored to support herself by her own exertions, and she had succeeded. Her path for a while was marked with struggle and trial, but instead of uselessly repining, she met them bravely, and her life became not a thing of ease and indulgence, but of conquest, victory, and accomplishments. At the time when this conversation took place, the deep trials of her life had passed away. The achievements of her genius had won her a position in the literary world, where she shone as one of its bright particular stars. And with her fame came a competence of worldly means, which gave her leisure for improvement, and the riper development of her rare talents. And she, that pale intellectual woman, whose genius gave life and vivacity to the social circle, and whose presence threw a halo of beauty and grace around the charmed atmosphere in which she moved, had at one period of her life, known the mystic and solemn strength of an all-absorbing love. Years faded into the misty past, had seen the kindling of her eye, the quick flushing of her cheek, and the wild throbbing of her heart, at tones of a voice long since hushed to the stillness of death. Deeply, wildly, passionately, she had loved. Her whole life seemed like the pouring out of rich, warm and gushing affections. This love quickened her talents, inspired her genius, and threw over her life a tender and spiritual earnestness. And then came a fearful shock, a mournful waking from that "dream of beauty and delight." A shadow fell around her path; it came between her and the object of her heart's worship; first a few cold words, estrangement, and then a painful separation; the old story of woman's pride—digging the sepulchre of her happiness, and then a new-made grave, and her path over it to the spirit world; and thus faded out from that young heart her bright, brief and saddened dream of life. Faint and spirit-

broken, she turned from the scenes associated with the memory of the loved and lost. She tried to break the chain of sad associations that bound her to the mournful past; and so, pressing back the bitter sobs from her almost breaking heart, like the dying dolphin, whose beauty is born of its death anguish, her genius gathered strength from suffering and wondrous power and brilliancy from the agony she hid within the desolate chambers of her soul. Men hailed her as one of earth's strangely gifted children, and wreathed the garlands of fame for her brow, when it was throbbing with a wild and fearful unrest. They breathed her name with applause, when through the lonely halls of her stricken spirit, was an earnest cry for peace, a deep yearning for sympathy and heart-support.

But life, with its stern realities, met her; its solemn responsibilities confronted her, and turning, with an earnest and shattered spirit, to life's duties and trials, she found a calmness and strength that she had only imagined in her dreams of poetry and song. We will now pass over a period of ten years, and the cousins have met again. In that calm and lovely woman, in whose eyes is a depth of tenderness, tempering the flashes of her genius, whose looks and tones are full of sympathy and love, we recognize the once smitten and stricken Janette Alston. The bloom of her girlhood had given way to a higher type of spiritual beauty, as if some unseen hand had been polishing and refining the temple in which her lovely spirit found its habitation; and this had been the fact. Her inner life had grown beautiful, and it was this that was constantly developing the outer. Never, in the early flush of womanhood, when an absorbing love had lit up her eyes and glowed in her life, had she appeared so interesting as when, with a countenance which seemed overshadowed with a spiritual light, she bent over the death-bed of a young woman, just lingering at the shadowy gates of the unseen land.

"Has he come?" faintly but eagerly exclaimed the dying woman. "Oh! how I have longed for his coming, and even in death he forgets me."

"Oh, do not say so, dear Laura, some accident may have detained him," said Janette to her cousin; for on that bed, from

whence she will never rise, lies the once-beautiful and light-hearted Laura Lagrange, the brightness of whose eyes has long since been dimmed with tears, and whose voice had become like a harp whose every chord is tuned to sadness—whose faintest thrill and loudest vibrations are but the variations of agony. A heavy hand was laid upon her once warm and bounding heart, and a voice came whispering through her soul, that she must die. But, to her, the tidings was a message of deliverance—a voice, hushing her wild sorrows to the calmness of resignation and hope. Life had grown so weary upon her head—the future looked so hopeless—she had no wish to tread again the track where thorns had pierced her feet, and clouds overcast her sky; and she hailed the coming of death's angel as the footsteps of a welcome friend. And yet, earth had one object so very dear to her weary heart. It was her absent and recreant husband; for, since that conversation, she had accepted one of her offers, and become a wife. But, before she married, she learned that great lesson of human experience and woman's life, to love the man who bowed at her shrine, a willing worshipper. He had a pleasing address, raven hair, flashing eyes, a voice of thrilling sweetness, and lips of persuasive eloquence; and being well versed in the ways of the world, he won his way to her heart, and she became his bride, and he was proud of his prize. Vain and superficial in his character, he looked upon marriage not as a divine sacrament for the soul's development and human progression, but as the title-deed that gave him possession of the woman he thought he loved. But alas for her, the laxity of his principles had rendered him unworthy of the deep and undying devotion of a pure-hearted woman; but, for awhile, he hid from her his true character, and she blindly loved him, and for a short period was happy in the consciousness of being beloved; though sometimes a vague unrest would fill her soul, when, overflowing with a sense of the good, the beautiful, and the true, she would turn to him, but find no response to the deep yearnings of her soul—no appreciation of life's highest realities—its solemn grandeur and significant importance. Their souls never met, and soon she found a void in her bosom, that his earth-born love could not fill. He did

not satisfy the wants of her mental and moral nature--between him and her there was no affinity of minds, no intercommunion of souls.

Talk as you will of woman's deep capacity for loving, of the strength of her affectional nature. I do not deny it; but will the mere possession of any human love, fully satisfy all the demands of her whole being? You may paint her in poetry or fiction, as a frail vine, clinging to her brother man for support, and dying when deprived of it; and all this may sound well enough to please the imaginations of school-girls, or love-lorn maidens. But woman--the true woman--if you would render her happy, it needs more than the mere development of her affectional nature. Her conscience should be enlightened, her faith in the true and right established, and scope given to her Heaven-endowed and God-given faculties. The true aim of female education should be, not a development of one or two, but all the faculties of the human soul, because no perfect womanhood is developed by imperfect culture. Intense love is often akin to intense suffering, and to trust the whole wealth of a woman's nature on the frail bark of human love, may often belike trusting a cargo of gold and precious gems, to a bark that has never battled with the storm, or buffeted the waves. Is it any wonder, then, that so many life-barks go

down, paving the ocean of time with precious hearts and wasted hopes? that so many float around us, shattered and dismantled wrecks? that so many are stranded on the shoals of existence, mournful beacons and solemn warnings for the thoughtless, to whom marriage is a careless and hasty rushing together of the affections? Alas that an institution so fraught with good for humanity should be so perverted, and that state of life, which should be filled with happiness, become so replete with misery. And this was the fate of Laura Lagrange. For a brief period after her marriage her life seemed like a bright and beautiful dream, full of hope and radiant with joy. And then there came a change--he found other attractions that lay beyond the pale of home influences. The gambling saloon had power to win him from her side, he had lived in an element of unhealthy and unhallowed excitements, and the society of a loving wife, the pleasures of a well-regulated home, were enjoyments too tame for one who had vitiated his tastes by the pleasures of sin. There were charmed houses of vice, built upon dead men's loves, where, amid a flow of song, laughter, wine, and careless mirth, he would spend hour after hour, forgetting the cheek that was paling through his neglect, heedless of the tear-dimmed eyes, peering anxiously into the darkness, waiting, or watching his return.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Our Duty in the Conflict.

BY J. HOLLAND TOWNSEND.

It was asserted by one of the most sagacious politicians of the United States, that there is an irrepressible conflict now taking place in this country, between slavery and freedom; that one or the other of these opposing elements must eventually triumph. The truthfulness of this propo-

sition needs no argument in its defence.

We are among those who believe that freedom is destined, ultimately, to triumph, and shed its benignant rays over the entire species of the human family: yet we are fully satisfied that this great object will not be attained, without great labor, toil,

and sacrifice. Tyranny never releases its victim without a struggle; it is an old saying, "let a man but once taste the sweetness of power, and he thirsts after it; it is a fire shut up in his bones, and cannot easily be quenched." At this period of the world's history, and especially in this country, it is almost impossible for us as a people, who are so closely identified with the destiny of the nation, to seclude ourselves, so as to avoid the inhaling of its fatal miasmas, and at the same time maintain that interest in public affairs, which becomes the patriot and philanthropist. It is certainly very hard for us to do this, amid the conflicts of opinions and interests with which a certain species of democracy is filling the land. The general habit of this country is, to take sides on all questions before discussing them—to form an opinion irrespective of their true merits, and render a decision biased by prejudice, rather than the testimony of witnesses. We, as a people, lack not so much an enquiring, as a believing spirit. We very often find ourselves committed—to have given up our right to receive the truth or reject the falsehood, before either reason or conscience have spoken. If we venture to withstand the rushing tide of popular opinion, we are threatened on all sides by loss of influence and reputation, or degradation from caste, and always to be regarded with jealousy and suspicion.

Now, such a state of things cannot but be dangerous to a class of persons, whose dispositions and temperaments will allow them to remain in idleness, or yield to ignoble proscription; but under such heavy pressure, they are strongly tempted to forego their own convictions of what is right, and seek for a reputation among their fellow men as the greatest good—seek it at any price, instead of waiting to acquire it by diligence, patience and industry, which always awards merit, with honor, respectability and esteem.

Such men, before they are fully aware of their situation, are often found chasing after the bubbles and phantoms that appear so beautifully before them: but when they come within their grasp, turn out to be just what might be expected—nothing at all. Or, on the other hand, if they do not become entirely disheartened, they take refuge on board of some wandering craft, sailing under strange colors, spread the

canvass, and bear away for some Utopian shore, which they have too much good sense ever to expect to reach.

We are apt to be satisfied, if we can only secure the tribute of popular applause; forgetting that they only who stand firm amid the tumults of the people, and the swelling waves of passion, are those whose feet are planted upon the rock of Eternal Truth.

Indeed, so strong should be our natural tendency, to seek as an ultimate end the political equality of the races in this country, that, seated upon our high watch-tower, we should be unmoved by any other of the scenes of real life, that are continually floating around us. Every eye should be lighted up with a flash of fire, every muscle should be brought into requisition; and as the contest becomes protracted and embittered, we must remain resolute and determined, amid the exulting shouts of victory, mingled with the murmurs of defeat, and threats of revenge; ride forth in our chariots, clothed in the panoply of truth, conquering and to conquer, until all men shall stand up disenthralled, and redeemed from the cruelties of oppression.

We should bear in mind that we are living, too, in an age when vast responsibilities are imposed upon us. We are called upon to vindicate the character and experience of the race with which we are identified, in the ages that are past and gone. In order to do this effectually, we require a power of breathing thoughts, and burning words, which shall touch the heart of the American nation, and stand out as so many monuments, to warn them of their follies and the fate of the great empires of antiquity, who are now only remarkable for the gloomy grandeur which hangs over the ruins of their former greatness.

We have been placed here for the purpose of contending with the great elements of power, in order that our names may be inscribed high upon the roll of fame's proud temple, in characters so deep that they shall be the wonder of coming ages, long after the tongue of the hypocritical priest is mute, and the glowing fires on the political altars have gone out.

Ignorance, envy, jealousy, hatred, prejudice, and all the baser passions of men, that are now arrayed against us in this country, must eventually cease and pass away, like the morning mist which rolls up

the mountain side before the rising sun. Men might just as well attempt to turn back the waters of the ocean, as to impede our onward progress and future development, in this land of colleges and common schools. Intellectual culture harnesses the elements of steam and lightning to the car of her conquests, crosses the lines, doubles the capes, throws the harpoon in the snows of the North, gathers the corals in the Isles of the South, guides us over the hoarse surges of the ocean-billows, and mingles them with flakes of fire. We cannot adequately describe the wonders of her achievements.

A free spirit, so long as it remains true to itself, can never be subjugated, penal edicts cannot drive it into exile, for the wide world is its home. Then, with such weapons, let us take refuge behind the bulwarks of truth, and our castle's strength will laugh a siege of our most bitter enemies to scorn. Then shall we be enabled to maintain an independence that will be untrammelled by passion, party, or creed; we shall be enabled to secure the harmonious development of all of our powers,

both moral and intellectual. We shall return from our labors and researches with learning increased and tastes refined, with improved moral sentiments, judgments clear and unperverted. We shall be in the possession of a power that will discern the truth, however closely it may be blended with falsehood. Then, when our young men shall go forth from the halls of science, where their youth was nourished with healthy instruction to improve and bless the world. Their lot, it is true, may be cast among different institutions from those in which they were reared, where they shall need fixed principles and well-grounded hopes to sustain them. Their journey of life may be among strangers, and they may find a grave in a foreign land; or they may be so happy as to abide among the hills and valleys of our native country, where their labors and services will be justly appreciated, and some friendly hand will compose their weary limbs to rest, when their earthly career is ended, and lay them down beside their fathers. Let it only be said of them, they were faithful to God and remained true to humanity.

A Word to our People.

The other day, in the Senate of the United States, a senator pronounced Americans of African descent, inferior to Americans of Caucasian origin.

It is bad enough to be belittled by one's foes; but when a man, whose whole political life has been friendly, and, on an occasion when he was defending our liberties and our rights, in common with those of our countrymen—when such a man, on such an occasion, repeats the charge that we are inferior, it becomes our duty to inquire whether the charge be true, and by what means it may be answered.

Whenever this inferiority is alleged against us, we, naturally enough, point to the immense disadvantages under which we labor, as a cause for a difference in condition. Another and a deeper view has

been taken. An able thinker of our own has at once questioned the standard of comparison. He denies that success in war and in making money are the great ends of human existence; and consequently denies that, because on these matters we do not equal the whites, we are, therefore, their absolute inferiors.

Now, then, let us look this matter fully in the face. Let us weigh ourselves in the balance, and see if we are wanting, and in what respect.

One fact lies on the surface. In vitality, or endurance, or the power to subside, and increase, under difficulties, we are not inferior to the whites. Suppose a million of people, from Mount Caucasus itself, carried to the coast of Guinea, whipped, scourged, crushed beneath the iron hands

and the superior civilization of the African River Kings, would they increase and multiply? Would they advance to an equality with their task-masters? Would they interfere with the Legislative authority of King Ace, King of Dahomey, stop the wheels of his government, and be the everlasting source of everlasting palavers? Would they not, rather, Caucasians though they be, would they not wither away and die? Yet we live and thrive under precisely analogous circumstances.

In vitality, therefore, we are, if different, superior to the whites. But this vitality, if a necessary, is not a very noble quality. We hold it in common with the feline race. It is a sort of *vis inertia*, a species of standstillism—tough, wiry, malleable—very different from that *vis insita*, which is, as it were, a steam engine within a man, or a race.

Let us look at these two kinds of *vis*, or force, or power—the power to endure, *vis inertia*, and the power to effect, *vis insita*. They comprise all the acts and all the occurrences in the human drama. The power to endure does not include the power to effect; but the *vis insita*, the power to do, includes *vis inertia*, the power to endure.

All remember the story of the Hoosier, who looked in upon a menagerie and offered to fight the lion, and tiger, and bears, all at once, and “to take a kick from the zebra occasionally.” Now, the *vis insita*, the force of character, would fight the lion and tiger, and the *vis inertia* would receive the kicks.

Certainly we come in for the latter characteristic, for we are, beyond all odds, the best kicked portion of the American race; and we seem to thrive, and laugh, and sing psalms, and grow fat, under the kicks. The very praise we win comes in the form of kicks and cuffs.

It being granted that we equal the whites in the power to endure, in vital force, how do we compare with them in the power to do? in force of character? The fact that we do not equal the whites in making money, and building ships and palaces, not only does not prove that we are inferior to them, in the general, neither does it prove that we do not equal them in force of character. We may have equal force of character, but may expend it in another direction.

Let us take up the view I have alluded

to: that there are other standards of excellence besides that which revolves around the almighty dollar. The thinker, who gave this view—the Rev. Alexander Crummell—affirms it to be the bent of the African race—and it is interesting that we are called par excellence the African race, even as the people of Yankeedom are called the Americans—Mr. Crummell holds the bent of the African race to be, in the manifestation of love—love broad as human kind.

There is among our people a large manifestation of love, partly in domestic relations, and more largely finding vent in religious exercises. The other day, a mother in Georgia, when her children were sold away into the far South, went out and laid her head on the iron track, and let the train of cars pass over it. Many similar instances doubtless occur. The slave-mother loves her young the more, because there is naught else left her to love.

But is there, among our people, as a general thing, a development of this sentiment, or of any sentiment, in a proportion which compares with the force of character of the whites, in the direction of physical and intellectual advancement.

That stupendous energy which removes mountains, or bores them through—which girds the earth with iron bands, the pathway of the tireless horse—which annihilates the distances in time and space—which ploughs the river, and even the bottom of the ocean, with swift and obedient leviathans—which overran Mexico—which peoples California, and already sighs for other worlds to conquer—have we in any way directed, or, at any time, manifested a power, a force, at all commensurate with this?

If love be our predominant characteristic, have we manifested it in a degree analogous to that power which cuts through rocks a pathway for the locomotive—which beats, with foot-falls, a pathway across the Isthmus, at Chagres—which peoples Oregon and Wisconsin? We think not. We do not love one another, we do not coalesce, agglutinate, organize on this principle, nor on any other.

Our Benevolent Associations, as we term them, but health insurance companies in fact—our Mutual Relief, Wilberforce, Daughters of Zion, of Noah, of Melchisedic, and a hundred others of equal-

ly pious nomenclature, are not lovely in their foundation ideas, nor are they love in their manifestations.

Even the Order of Odd Fellows, which numbers some thirty lodges, and which bears upon its banner the motto, "FRIENDSHIP, LOVE, AND TRUTH," are its members noted for the love they bear one another, in sickness and in health?

Are not the duties growing out of the institution, all of them, done with reluctance, so far as they are manifestations of love? When members, especially the poor ones, are stricken with illness, do the brethren visit them? Do they gladly go and sit up with them, to cool their fever-parched lips and minister to their wants? Do the lodges gladly, to the last farthing, and cheerfully, pay their dues? Was not this organization fashioned with the view, adopted with the intent of coalescing and uniting colored men in the same, and in distant and different portions of the States, acted as a divider, with a disintegrating power, where it has acted at all?

We do not charge this state of things to Odd Fellowship, but simply adduce the facts to prove that we do not manifest any remarkable force of character in the love we bear each other.

But if we do not manifest great force of character in the sentiment of love, do we manifest it in any other sentiment, or bent, or disposition? Benevolent societies, of which we have spoken, and of which we have more than our proportion, can be classed no higher than instinct of preservation against the force of circumstances which tend to crush us. They belong to the *vis inertia*, rather than *vis insita*. For even in these we show no great force of character—they relate only to the present, and to those who are active, PAYING members of them. Our young and our aged are provided for by the organizations growing out of, and supported by, the whites, almost entirely. Our homes for colored aged, and our shelters and asylums for colored orphans, depend for their origin and maintenance upon the benevolence, the skill and energy of the whites; to our shame be it said.

Do we seek education for ourselves, or for our children, with persevering energy? We are told, by intelligent gentlemen from various parts of the Northern States, that there are no where in these States, mani-

festations in behalf of education at all equal to them made by the colored people of the city and county of New York.

In this city, we find that the attendance of children at the public schools, is in greater proportion than the attendance of white children at public schools. We find, also, that in the last Semi-Annual Report of the City Superintendent, while the average standing of the children attending the white public schools in this city, is about four, (the maximum grade being eight,) the colored school No. 1 ranks 4.35; No. 2 ranks 5.62; and No. 6 ranks 6.02; thus showing that colored schools, taught by colored teachers, are really better taught than white schools taught by white teachers. Yet, strange to say, the parents of these children so universally take them from school, and set them at work, at a very early age, that not one pupil has been prepared for admission to the Free Academy. It is the common complaint of colored teachers, that their pupils are taken from school at the very time when their studies become most useful and attractive. There are, of course, a few noble exceptions in these matters in the free States; but this habit of *exploiting* on their children is so common, that it shows distinctly that our people do not manifest great force or bent in the matter of education, beyond rudimentary branches.

But if not in love, nor in benevolence, nor in education, is there any other direction in which we manifest force of character. I believe that we are strong in the gastronomic line. We are remarkably good eaters. A society for the demolition of broiled turkeys would be wonderfully popular among us, its meetings would be well and energetically attended—there would always be a quorum present. We would, in such labor, even excel that very distinguished and enlightened body, the Mayor and Common Council of New York, in *tea-room* assembled.

I think it will be granted that in no direction can we be said to manifest force of character equal to the whites. And this lack on our part, is, in reality, the source of our degradation. Possessing all political and social power, if they had less force of character than we, there would be little difficulty in our equaling and outstripping them. But we cannot equal them with a force less than they possess.

But why have we less force of character than the whites? Our social and political doctors will point us to the disadvantages, legal and social, under which we labor. They will say that two hundred years in bondage, had trodden out our manhood, our vigor and our force of character.

We deny that this is a sufficient cause. Irishmen, who have been embrutalized during a longer period, come here, and, in the second generation—nay, the same men—are found in the first rank of American progressives.

But the Irishmen are white, and the prejudice of color does not bar their way!

Granted. But is there no prejudice against the Irish, and, we may add, the Dutch? Are they not as much the butts of American ridicule as we are?

Why, then, do they advance and we stand still? It is the prejudice against *condition*; it is the *pro-slavery feeling*, say the Doctors.

We deny both assertions. We affirm it to be a prejudice we have never yet dreamed of; something deeper and harder to overcome than any yet named. It is the prejudice against *imbecility of character*. It is the necessary result of our relative feebleness of character.

But why have we less force of character than the whites?

"*Slavery*," again say the doctors.

But we, in the free States, are not slaves: we have a right to our own limbs, to go where we list; we have a right to our wives and our little ones.

Why have we in the free States less force of character than the whites?

It is because we have a lower *IDEAL* than the whites. We aim less high, and, therefore, require and use less force, in attaining our aim.

The ideal of this Universal Yankee Nation is, "to whip all creation." They have marked out for themselves no model in ancient nor modern times, by which their character or conduct is to be moulded. They have determined to excel all mankind—to do more than man ever did. This is their ideal—this is the secret of their force of character; and no others, with less force of character, need think of equalling them.

In the next place, what is the colored man's ideal? What is our aim? I speak of the masses. Nay, what is the ideal of

the most intelligent and thrifty among us? What is the loftiest ideal a colored American has ever aspired to? At our conventions, among our churches, by our orators, our learned and devoted theologians, what is the ideal professed? advocated?

The highest ideal we have heard, has been "to gain equality with the white man." We have not heard of a higher, and there are very few that aim so high.

With the majority of us, the ideal is, comfortable subsistence; with many, a comfortable room and bed-room, on the same floor, in a front building; with many, in addition, a handsome carpet, a few mahogany chairs, a sofa, and a piano.

Our young men—they who should be scaling the Rocky Mountains, or felling the timber of the Utah region—what is their ideal? A Morphy cap, one well-fitting suit of clothes, patent-leather boots of the latest fashion, an ingot or two of gold in the form of a chain hanging over their breast, a long nine and a sherry cobbler at the St. Charles.

And our young women—ladies I presume I must call them to avoid offence—they who are to be the mothers of the Gracchi—what is their ideal? Our fear is that it reaches no higher than the polka and redowa, and agreeable flirting at a picnic.

Let us seriously ask where this, our ideal, will lead us? Assume, for the whole people, the highest ideal aimed at by the few and more intelligent, where will it lead us?

Will the attempt, the hope, the aim, to be the white-man's equal, make us their equals? Is it not a peculiarity of human character, ever to fall short of its ideal? The whole history of human endeavor, the very structure of the most sublime of human beliefs, the Divine dispensation, all agree in telling that we fall short of our endeavor. We must, therefore, from our very human nature, fail to be equal to the whites, if we only strive to be their equals. Let us understand this doctrine, and lay it to heart. We cannot equal the whites, so long as we only strive to equal them. The ideal is too low. It is not an original, inherent, self-propelling power. It is, therefore, and we are, therefore, *deficient in force of character*.

This attempt to equal, is, in its very nature, imitative and artificial. It is limited,

"cabined, cribbed, confined." There is nothing expansive, ennobling, soul-like, about it.

What, then, are we to do? How are we to remedy this evil of feebleness of character? Why, we must seek a higher ideal. We must, with all our oppression and degradation pressing upon us, look up, above, and beyond the whites, and determine to whip, to beat, to excel them. Call conventions for the adoption of a loftier ideal. Talk over it, pray over it, get our ministers to preach in favor of it. Let us at once cease all other work, and stamp this impress on our souls. We must excel our oppressors. Let us look onward, and press onward.

In this way, and this only, shall we attain the force of character requisite to drag us up from our present degraded condition.

Adopt this ideal, and a new and hitherto unknown impulse will guide our every action, and every effort. Once bent upon beating this Yankee Nation, who are beating all creation, and there will come upon us an inspiration, a power, hitherto unknown—hitherto unfelt by any other men, or race of men.

It is well known that in times of imminent danger, the dumb have been known to speak, and the palsied have been known to walk. And why? Because there is latent energies, in the human organization, which even the human will and human sagacity have failed to arouse or detect.

We are suffering, and dumb—we are palsied in mind, and feeble in character. Cannot the dangers which surround us—little less than utter annihilation—cannot these excite us to speak and to walk?

But how are we to excel the whites? Must we select, as our ideal, the objects which seem to provoke their energies? Must we bow down and worship the golden image along with them? Must we blindly seek wealth alone? Must we add acre to acre, and town lot to town lot, at the expense of our every energy, and to the exclusion of all that is manly within us?

We had almost said yes. So anxious are we to see energy, foresight, and perseverance manifested among us, that we would even hail as welcome, picking and stealing energy, robbing and cheating energy, anything energy—but let us have force. It could not long go wrong. The

checks and balances of public opinion, based upon an improving public school system, is such that, thank God, no kind of energy, however evil in its direction, can continue to go wrong in this glorious republic of ours. Profound thinkers have complained that the intellect in our country is educated at the expense of the moral sentiments—the God of Trade is throttling the God of Probity.

We entertain no such fear, while the several States make public provision for free education. Astronomers, in their laborious investigations into the forces which control the movements of our solar system, draw mathematical arguments to prove its stability, from the shape of the curves in which they move. Even so with these, our States, so long as the movements of the coming generations are regulated by a harmonious education, they must continue to move harmoniously to the masses, and to the individuals.

No matter in what direction our energies move, then, they will find ample room and verge enough for a wholesome, healthy exercise. And we here maintain that no one thing is beyond the aim of the colored man in this country. We cannot aim to become rich, and use the means, without becoming so. We cannot aim to become eloquent in speaking and writing, and use the means, without becoming so.

But we would not urge this matter of money for our ideal. *First*, because it is grovelling in means and in the end. *Secondly*, because we see the day, not distant, when this wealth will cease to be God of the American heart. Two ideas recently organized into facts—two ideals reduced to practice, will, within the lifetimes of some now born, change the whole face of American society, and break down, forever, the power of gold. We mean land-reform, and the association of social economies and of labor. And it is because this wealth-worship must give way to some nobler idolatry, that we do not say yes to our making gold our ideal.

In selecting our ideal, therefore, let us look, with a wise foresight, to the state of society in advance of the present, or wealth-worshipping society. Not that we are to disregard thrift, or industry; these are things, means, which will become part and parcel of every honest effort to advance.

We know no better ideal for our choice, than to be true men, and useful citizens. We know no ambition worthier of us than to be the best citizens the State contains. The State has need of such, and will reward them—will advance them—will give them their place among the select few worthy of admiration.

A great thinker on the other side of the water, asks, with truth, what great, noble thing the American people have done, worthy the admiration of all mankind? Let us do that great and noble thing.

As the Irish come here with the inheritance of diggers of ditches and pavers of streets—as the Jews come here with the inheritance of money-getting—as the Dutch come here with the Caucasian bent to trade—and as all these, with full energy, in this new, wide field, work in their respective spheres, and transmit their bent to their children, so let us, adopting the ideal of good citizenship, of true, upright, thrifty manhood—clear, self-dependent, self-reliant manhood—transmit these ideas to our children.

We are all of us badly taught. Let us

teach our young better things. Let us do something for our boys and our girls. If they aim no higher than we have, they will advance no farther; nay, the presence of society farther advanced, will reduce them below our level. Let us teach them that they must aim to excel the whites—and nothing less. Must aim to excel them in all that is noble, and prudent, and upright. And when we have given this higher ideal, they will, and must, have commensurate force of character.

But we must give them more than ideas. We must give them a practical life. We must put them in the way of doing well, so that they may do well.

We have a home for colored aged, an orphan asylum for the young, and we have benevolent societies in abundance, for the sick of adult age. But for our youth, who are to succeed us in active life, the children around our hearth-stones, the centre of our hopes—we have no provision for these, no organization to support their inexperienced footsteps and guide them in the right path.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Thoughts on Hayti.

NUMBER IV.

BY J. THEODORE HOLLY.

The Objects and Method necessary to a Successful Emigration of the Colored People of the United States to Hayti.

I have promised, in this article, "to point out a method by which an emigration from the colored people of this country, may proceed to Hayti, with benefit to themselves, and with profit to their adopted country." I shall now endeavor to fulfil this promise, in as brief and concise a manner as possible.

When a body of men proposes to emigrate from one country to another, they should not simply seek to better their own condition; but they ought, also, to be desirous of being serviceable to the country whither they may go. Accordingly, an emigration of colored persons from this country, seeking the political boon of Hay-

tian liberty, independence, and national citizenship, should diligently consider what return they can make to their adopted country, for the inestimable privileges that they seek under her flag. This inquiry will develop the *objects* necessary to set on foot a successful emigration to Hayti.

From what has been already set forth, in an incidental manner, in the preceding articles of this series, we may gather the idea that political sovereignty, or national independence, high-toned morality and religion, erudite scholarship, and untiring industry, are necessary to the greatness and prestige of any people. And we have seen that the Haytian people can only be said to possess one of these concomitants of national greatness, viz: political sovereignty. To this, however, I may add, that the half-century's independence of that people has seen them make considerable progress in intellectual erudition.—Some of the sons of Hayti have graduated with the highest honors, in the universities of Europe, particularly France, and have thereby shed an imperishable lustre on the intellectual capacity of the Negro race. Thus, then, two of the elements of national greatness, as enumerated above, may be said to be within the present grasp of the Haytian people.

But, on the other hand, we have seen that Haytian society is sadly deficient in the elements of morality and industrial progress. These, therefore, constitute her most pressing wants; and an emigration of colored persons, that shall proceed with a view to supply these national necessities, can be successfully prosecuted "with benefit to themselves, and with profit to their adopted country." And, as I have indicated that education among the Haytians is only in a successful course of development, and thereby implied that something more is still necessary to bring it to completion; therefore, this emigration should also include the idea of perfecting the means of intellectual culture in that island. Education has only born its choicest fruits among the upper classes of Hayti, whose sons were able to go to Europe, to enjoy the advantages of her institutions of learning. But, aside from these, there are the sisters of these young men, who cannot, prudently, go so far abroad for their education, and who ought to be cared for by academies and seminaries of learning at

home. Above all these are the great masses of the people, who must be born, live, and die, almost in the same spot; and who need to be cared for by a general common school system, that shall bring the advantages of elementary education home to the doors of the meanest and most secluded peasant of Hayti, in order that every citizen may be animated with a spirit necessary to constitute an independent, self-respecting freeman. Beyond all this, it is also essential to a proper culture of national patriotism, that the education of even the sons of the wealthy should be transferred from the universities of Europe, to classic halls of learning erected on her own soil. Such are an indication of what is still necessary to complete the intellectual greatness of the Haytians; and how to meet this demand, is a point that may well be considered, by an emigration movement from this country, in common with the two needs already set forth. Hence, then, religion, industry and education, should be the threefold motto and primal objects that should actuate an emigration movement of the colored people setting towards the shores of the Queen of the Antilles.

Having arrived at this conclusion in regard to the objects of emigration, it is only necessary for me to set forth the *method* on which it should be conducted, in order to fill out the outline sketched for this article. On this point, I have only to say that since the Hon. Eli Thayer has mathematically and practically demonstrated the superiority of organized emigration over all preceding methods, in the settlement of Kansas, it would be worse than folly to repeat the unsystematic emigration of 1824 that went to the shores of Hayti, and of 1838-9 which proceeded to the British West Indies. And still more inexcusable would be that heartlessness of purpose and obtuseness of intellect, that would conduct an emigration on the heathenish and graveyard system of Liberian colonization. I say *heathenish* system of Liberian colonization, because slaves just emancipated on the plantations of Alabama, Mississippi and Louisiana, are sent off by ship loads, steeped in all the ignorance and degradation of slavery, to add to the darkness and superstition of Africa, making her ancient confusion worse confounded, as even President Benson himself has intimated in a recent document emanating from his pen.

And I call Liberian colonization a *grave-yard* system, because emigrants have been, and even now are being sent without proper sanitary regulations and accommodations being provided for emigrants who are left to fall victims to the African pestilence.

But to return from this colonization digression, let me come to speak more particularly of what should be the characteristics of Haytian emigration. The leading motive and the actuating spirit of this emigration movement should be that of *religion*, as in the case of the pilgrim settlers of New England. The Christian Religion is the salt of the earth; it is necessary to the national preservation of any people; and if this element is not soon strongly infused into the Haytian Commonwealth, beyond anything now at work, looking to that end, it will be impossible to ward off the internal corruption of revolutionary parties in that country, or to delay the ultimate decay and annihilation of its political sovereignty. Hence, then, the emigration movement thither should assume the shape of well-organized religious communities, headed by an educated ministry, and backed and sustained by learned laymen, in sufficient numbers to open up the way for, and lead on, the progressive wants of civilized settlements. Agriculture should be made the chief industrial basis of these communities, and each emigrant should prepare himself to that end. Nevertheless there should be interspersed in all such communities such mechanics and handicraftsmen as may be necessary to supply the immediate wants of such primitive settlements in the line of domestic artizanship. Congeniality of association should be the principle of attraction by which these emigration parties should be organized; and the persons thus attracted and organized should settle in locations of not less than twenty-five, nor over two hundred families.

Such being the select principle upon which a successful emigration may be conducted, let me say, in conclusion, that it must be apparent to all who are conscious of the present condition of the colored people of this country, that this emigration should necessarily be very limited at present and for some time yet to come. Because educated clergymen and learned laymen are a rarity among us. We are deficient in those who are qualified to be the only successful leaders in such an enterprise. Therefore a great preparatory work is necessary to be done in this country before this movement can be carried on to the full tide of success. Young men must be educated for the Christian ministry, and others must be qualified in the various departments of literature and science. And as fast as they are thus qualified, let them head such emigration parties as I have indicated, composed of the choicest persons, all imbued with the spirit of religion and industry; and let them remove to Hayti and settle down in communities, looking forward to further growth, expansion and development. By this means Haytian society will become slowly but surely leavened with the elements of moral, scientific and industrial progress. And when that country shall thus be carefully leavened and permeated with these principles, and her political greatness fixed upon a firm basis, by national institutions that cannot be shaken, then a general and *en masse* emigration of the colored people might set to those shores from all parts of the world, like that from Europe to America, without endangering the existence and prospects of Hayti with that retrograde decline, which would certainly ensue, if the general ignorance and barbarism now prevailing among the colored people of the world, were incoherently blended and superadded to that already existing in that country.

The Re-Opening of the Slave-Trade.

The right to vote for our rulers can be exercised by only a few of us; but to remonstrate against their wrong doing is possible for us all. It becomes our imperative duty to do so, when the action of government is not only detrimental to our well-being, but destructive of our very existence.

For two hundred years our race has been struggling slowly, wearily up from the abyss of bondage and despair, into the light of freedom and hope; but, just as it is emerging therefrom, and essaying to use its latent powers for further advancement, the flood-gates of oppression are raised to sweep it back, down to a deeper gulf of degradation.

"Hark! Hark! the alarm has sped,
Dire pestilence stalks in the breeze,
Its pathway is strewn with millions of dead."

The re-opening of the African slave-trade is *un fait accompli*; it only remains for Congress to legalize it by rescinding all prohibitory laws, and abrogating the treaties entered into for its suppression. Will it do so? If the compact made in 1820 could be broken and the faith therein pledged violated, at the behest of slavery, there are no constitutional barriers strong

enough to withstand its God-defying career: *crimine ab uno disce omnes*.

The suffering millions of our brethren who drag out weary lives of unrequited toil in this, our land, are dumb. The myriads of our fellow-men in Africa, marked as future victims of a hellish trade, are voiceless. Who, then, standing up before this nation and the whole civilized world, shall protest, in the name of God, and in behalf of our common humanity, against the consummation of this astounding crime? Who, but we, the free colored inhabitants of these United States?

It is our duty, and should be promptly met and faithfully discharged. If we cannot strike a blow to secure our rights, we can at least endeavor to ward off the attacks made to deprive us of them totally. I know not, Sir, whether any such movement is contemplated, but I think it highly important that immediate steps should be taken to lay before Congress, at its coming session, a remonstrance from us, as a people, against the re-opening of the foreign trade in human flesh, and a petition for a more effectual fulfillment of the treaties entered into with Great Britain for its suppression.

Will not our leading men see to it?

Miscellany.

THE PRICE OF LIBERTY.—On Thursday afternoon, some stevedores, while at work unloading a cargo of turpentine and rosin from the schooner Neptune's Bride, Capt. Thomas E. Smith, lying in the Atlantic Basin, Brooklyn, suddenly came upon the dead body of a negro, about twenty-three years of age, which was lying on some barrels of rosin near the after bulkhead. The crew of Harbor Police boat No. 4, Coxa-

wain Hodge, was notified, and proceeded to examine it, when the body was found in a recumbent posture, the arms drawn up and clenched, and the body much decomposed. The coroner was immediately notified, and had the body removed to the Dead-house. It was dressed in blue shirt and overalls, and on one side was a kettle of soup. Under his head was a small bundle of clothing, and on the other side was

a bag of Indian meal. The schooner left St. Mary's, Georgia, on the 23d of August. Previous to leaving port the hatches were battened down, and were not removed until Thursday, when the stevedores proceeded to unload her. The poor negro had undoubtedly stowed himself away in the hold of the schooner for the purpose of escaping from bondage, hoping, no doubt, that he might remain undisturbed until the vessel got to sea, and then he would make his situation known to the crew, who might humanely relieve him. Instead of this, the hatches being closely battened down, a coffin was at once made for him, and he must have shortly died in extreme agony. Such is the volatile nature of the spirits of turpentine, that it densely impregnates the air of the hold, and even when the hatches are opened to unload the vessel, it is impossible for the stevedores to remain below for a longer period than five minutes at a time until the air in the hold shall have become purified. The crew of the vessel state that they had not the slightest suspicion that there was any one in the hold, and knew nothing of it until the body of the negro was found on Thursday afternoon.—*N. Y. Tribune, Sept. 3d.*

A REMARKABLE CASE OF LONGEVITY.—A correspondent of the "Weekly Anglo-African," writing from Middletown, Ct., gives the following instance of longevity:

"I then proceeded alone to Hebron, where we had an interesting meeting. While there I stopped with a colored family (farmers in easy circumstances) by the name of Peters, with whom I found an old lady by the name of Elizabeth Adams, who was born on Long Island, September, 1757. She detailed readily many striking incidents relative to the Revolutionary war, and sung two war songs for me. Her faculties are all good with the exception of a slight failure in hearing. She is of Indian and African extraction. She is shrewd and witty, and is as active as some of her great-grandchildren, with whom I am acquainted. Not long ago a gentleman informed her that Dan Rice's big show was within six miles of her, when she quickly answered, "take down old hundred," (meaning herself,) "and she will be show enough." I asked her how it was that she was so much more witty than any of her posterity. She replied, "That is easily account-

ed for; I have been in the world a great while longer than they have." I am informed that for the last twenty years she has walked once a week a distance of seven miles, done a day's work, and returned in the evening, making fourteen miles a day, or seven hundred and twenty-eight miles a year. For her day's labor she received fifty cents, or twenty-six dollars a year, which she saved until she had sufficient to purchase a lot with a neat little cottage thereon, that she rents out for thirty dollars a year. The present year she has been keeping house for her grandson, Mr. Norris Peters, a single man, and who owns a good farm of forty acres. She attends to all the housework, and has breakfast ready every morning at four o'clock. It will be remembered that this old lady and her children were in bondage many years, and while those who enslaved her, and denied her the most common education, (for she cannot read one word,) have been summoned long since to an unknown world, she still lives in the enjoyment of excellent health and in the possession of a happy home. I would call the attention of the N. Y. "Herald," and other enemies of the colored man, to this case, and defy them to point to a single instance among the whites that will compare in the slightest respect with this."

THE UNDERGROUND RAILROAD.—At Salem (Mass.) Baptist Church, on the 5th inst., Mr. Still, of Philadelphia, addressed an audience on the present condition and prospects of the underground railroad. He said that the road was liable to sad and frequent calamities, and that it had recently met with some obstructions, which might account for the few arrivals chronicled of late. Various instances were mentioned in which the road sustained serious damage. Among them was the account of the unfortunate Mr. Lee, who had aided five slaves in their escape over the underground railroad, for which he was tried, convicted, and sentenced to twenty-five years in the Penitentiary. The speaker did not wish to impress on the minds of his hearers that the road was not doing a fair business, or that the vigilance committee had hung their harp on a willow. On the 4th of July last, six fugitives from the southern shore of Maryland, with bitter hatred for slavery and bright hopes for

Canada, passed along the road with through tickets. One had recently arrived at Philadelphia, in a box so short that he could not lie his length; and, worst of all, arrived on Sunday morning, and it was with great difficulty that the box could be obtained, as no freight was usually delivered on Sunday. When that box was opened, freedom was given to one of the most grateful persons that ever escaped from bondage on the earth. Two females had also escaped in a similar manner—one in a trunk and the other in a dry-goods box. On another occasion, twenty-eight persons, at one time, had left the land of slavery, and, under the smiles of freedom, had found refuge at the North. One of ex-President Tyler's slaves, named James, had gone on his way North, from Philadelphia, rejoicing.

TWENTY-ONE SLAVES MANUMITTED.—The canal packet, "John B. Bortle," lying in the river above Broad Street Bridge, has on board twenty-one slaves, men and women, manumitted by the will of their late owner, Pleasant Burnet, of Mecklenburg County, Virginia. They are likely looking men and women, and, with one exception, look forward with delight to the freedom and self-government in store for them. They are under the charge of Robert M. Hutchinson and Charles S. Hutchinson, who have selected lands in Hardin County, near Kenton, for their location, and for which they will take the train on the C. P. & Ind. R. R. this morning.

The testator, Mr. Burnet, did not free all his slaves; only selecting those who had been faithful, and were deemed competent to care for themselves. Good lands have been selected for the negroes to settle upon, in accordance with the provisions of the will, and they will be furnished with all the necessary tools and implements to commence operations. God grant them success in their free homes.—*Ohio State Journal*, Aug. 22.

SLAVE WHIPPED TO DEATH.—The following is an extract from a private letter from a friend in Natchez, which shows how they sometimes treat black men. It may be worth a place in your paper; it runs as follows:

"I have a little incident to relate—one of the many in the history of slavery. A

master, but a short distance from my room, a day or two since, took offense at some slight misdemeanor of one of his slaves, and to inflict summary vengeance, adopted the following mode: Nine cowhide lashes were bound together, and these were laid upon the poor man's bare back, until it was completely lacerated, then pepper was sprinkled upon him, and the lash again applied. Lastly, two gallons of water were forced down him. This last act closed the scene, as he died soon after. I shudder to relate it, and hope I may never hear of the like again. It is, however, literally true, and I only speak of it that you may know that such things do occur, even where slavery exists in a mild form. Such cruelties are uncommon, I think, but they *do exist*. The people here are very indignant, but, after all, it will be passed over and forgotten. The master is very wealthy, and the victim is only a black man and a slave. M. L. H.

Mantua, Aug. 15th."

—*Ravenna (O.) Democrat*.

THE TORTURE IN MISSOURI.

In the experience of Dr. Doy, recently rescued from the St. Joseph jail, is the following incident, related to a correspondent of the New York Tribune:

A negro had been caught somewhere and was brought to jail. Negroes are confined in the lower part, and communication could be had through a hole for a stove-pipe. Through this Dr. Doy learned from the captive that he was a free man, and had been born in the State of Illinois. He had—*has*—80 acres of land, with some improvement, near Aurora, Illinois. He had come to Kansas to look at it, expecting to locate there, and on his return was seized by the Missouri thieves and hurried to the county jail. The day after his arrival he was taken out, stripped, and tied to a post. The iron whip, with its sharp knife-edges and dagger-points, was produced. The sheriff or his deputy, and other legal parties were present. The unfortunate negro was asked where his master lived, and what that master's name was, and when he ran away. In vain did the poor fellow tell his story. It was received with much abuse, and he was told "that kind of style would not do," while the instrument of torture was applied ferociously to his naked

back. Blood started from the wounds, and the victim writhed and shrieked in his agony. At last there was a cessation, and the question:

"Well, tell us who's your master and when you ran away."

"I told you I never had a master I was born in Illinois. I am free."

"Oh, d—n you; we have heard such stories as that before. Give it to him, Tom, till he confesses."

Again the horrid scene was renewed. It was the jail-court—in the precincts of justice, and the prisoners through the grates could witness it. In agony the writhing victim cried for them to tell him what they wanted.

The questions were repeated, but the immediate horrors being respited a little, the trembling, bleeding victim hesitated to repeat words that would consign him to a fate even more horrible than death. Again a torrent of profanity was poured upon him. He had fallen down, as the chords had been somewhat loosened.

"Put him up! put him up! we'll bring him to, yet;" and the poor, crushed victim again was made to writhe under the horrid torture. At last, almost too faint to shriek, bleeding and weak, the execution was once more stopped and questions asked.

"Who's your master?"

"Oh, anybody you like."

"Well, was it Mr. Brown?"

"Yes, yes."

"Of Culpeper County, Virginia?"

"Well, just as you like. I don't know any counties in Virginia. I never was there."

"What!"

"Yes, yes," cried the trembling victim, that was the county—Virginia."

"And it is rather more than six months since you ran away from him?"

"Yes, yes—oh, yes;" and the shrinking man, without a hope in all the despotism around him, let his head fall forward on his breast, and his agony broke in tears and sobs.

"You have got all that noted down?" said one of the officiating villains to the sheriff.

"Yes, all right."

The victim was unfastened and led away. It was nearly two weeks before his wounds were well enough for him to travel, and then he was taken away. WHERE?

—
ANOTHER STEP OF SLAVERY.—The following notice to all whom it may concern appears in the editorial columns of the New Orleans *Picayune*, of Sunday, August 21st.:

"The law enacted last winter by the Legislature of Louisiana, placing all free negroes under the most rigid surveillance, who may arrive in this State on shipboard or steamboats, goes into effect the first of September next.

"All free persons of color, arriving in port from abroad, *must immediately be lodged in jail, and remain there until the departure of the boat or vessel on which they came*; masters of steamboats and ships must report to the Chief of Police all such persons belonging to their crews, or passengers, or incur severe penalties.

"It will be well for all masters of vessels and steamboats, trading with this State, to bear in mind the provisions of this law, as it will save them from much trouble, and, perhaps, pecuniary loss. The evils attending the increase of a free negro population, and more particularly the intercourse of free persons of color from abroad with our slaves, caused the passage of this stringent law."

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NO. 10.

The First Colored Convention.

On the fifteenth day of September, 1830, there was held at Bethel Church, in the city of Philadelphia, the first Convention of the colored people of these United States. It was an event of historical importance; and, whether we regard the times or the men of whom this assemblage was composed, we find matter for interesting and profitable consideration.

Emancipation had just taken place in New York, and had just been arrested in Virginia by the Nat Turner rebellion and Walker's pamphlet. Secret sessions of the legislatures of the several Southern States had been held to deliberate upon the production of a colored man who had coolly recommended to his fellow blacks the only solution to the slave question, which, after twenty-five years of arduous labor of the most hopeful and noble-hearted of the abolitionists,* seems the forlorn hope of freedom to-day—insurrection and bloodshed. Great Britain was in the midst of that bloodless revolution which, two years afterwards, culminated in the passage of the Reform Bill, and thus prepared the joyous and generous state of the British

heart which dictated the West India Emancipation Act. France was rejoicing in the not bloodless *trois jours de Juillet*. Indeed, the whole world seemed stirred up with a universal excitement, which, when contrasted with the universal panics of 1837 and 1857, leads one to regard as more than a philosophical speculation the doctrine of those who hold the life of mankind from the creation as but one life, beating with one heart, animated with one soul, tending to one destiny, although made up of millions upon millions of molecular lives, gifted with their infinite variety of attractions and repulsions, which regulate, or crystallize them into evanescent substructures or organizations, which we call nationalities and empires and peoples and tribes, whose minute actions and reactions on each other are the histories which absorb our attention, whilst the grand universal life moves on beyond our ken, or only guessed at, as the astronomers shadow out movements of our solar system around or towards some distant unknown centre of attraction.

If the times of 1830 were eventful, there were among our people, as well as among other peoples, men equal to the occasion. We had giants in those days! There were Bishop Allen, the founder of the great

* See letter of Hon. Gerrit Smith to Convention of Jerry Rescuers, dated Sept. 3, 1859.

Bethel connection of Methodists, combining in his person the fiery zeal of St. Francis Xavier with the skill and power of organizing of a Richelieu; the meek but equally efficient Rush (who yet remains with us in fulfilment of the scripture), the father of the Zion Methodists; Paul, whose splendid presence and stately eloquence in the pulpit, and whose grand baptisms in the waters of Boston Harbor, are a living tradition in all New England; the saintly and sainted Peter Williams, whose views of the best means of our elevation are in triumphant activity to-day; William Hamilton, the thinker and actor, whose sparse specimens of eloquence we will one day place in gilded frames as rare and beautiful specimens of Etruscan art—William Hamilton, who, four years afterwards, during the New York riots, when met in the street, loaded down with iron missiles, and asked where he was going, replied, "to die on my threshold!" Watkins, of Baltimore, Frederick Hinton, with his polished eloquence, James Forten, the merchant prince,* William Whipper, just essaying his youthful powers, Lewis Woodson and John Peck, of Pittsburgh, Austin Steward, then of Rochester, Samuel E. Cornish, who had the distinguished honor of reasoning Gerrit Smith out of colonizationism, and of telling Henry Clay that he would never be president of anything higher than the American Colonization Society, Philip A. Bell, the born *sabreur*, who never feared the face of clay, and a hundred others, were the worthily leading spirits among the colored people.

And yet the idea of the first colored Convention did not originate with any of these distinguished men: it came from a young man of Baltimore, then, and still,

* It is a profitable comparison of 1830 with 1859, to remember that up to 1834-5, Mr. James Forten, of Philadelphia, was held up as an extraordinary instance of a colored man's ability, and because he had amassed \$30,000 at his business.

unknown to fame. Born in that city in 1801, he was in 1817 apprenticed to a man some two hundred miles off in the Southeast. Arriving at his field of labor, he worked hard nearly a week and received poor fare in return. One day while at work near the house, the mistress came out and gave him a furious scolding, so furious, indeed, that her husband mildly interfered; she drove the latter away, and threatened to take the Baltimore out of the lad with cow-hide, &c., &c.; at this moment, to use his own expression, the lad became *converted*, that is, he determined to be his own master as long as he lived. Early night-fall found him on his way to Baltimore, which he reached after a severe journey which tested his energy and ingenuity to the utmost. At the age of twenty-three he was engaged in the summer time in supplying Baltimore with ice from his cart, and in winter in cutting up pork for Ellicott's establishment. He must have been strong and swift with knife and cleaver, for in one day he cut up and dressed some four hundred and fifteen porkers.*

In 1824, our young friend fell in with Benjamin Lundy,† and in 1828-9, with

* In the year of grace 1855, professional duties threw the writer of this into an acquaintance with Rutherford, a lineal descendant of the Rutherford of the Scotch Reformation: he was engaged at a thousand dollars a year in "cutting up" for a pork establishment in New York city: he was a splendid fellow (physically) of five-and-twenty, and a magnificent Greek scholar; it was a strange enchantment, to sit in the airy loft over-looking the Hudson, and hear him, cleaver in hand, recite and criticize the glowing lines of Homer Pindar and Anacreon!

† Mr. Goodell, in his "Slavery and Anti-Slavery in the United States," page 395, states that Benjamin Lundy started his first anti-slavery paper in Baltimore. This is not correct. Shortly after the discussion on the Missouri Compromise, a Mr. Lambert, residing in Tennessee, published the "EMANCIPATOR," in that State, a thorough-going anti-slavery journal, which gave the best account extant of the insurrection in Charleston in 1822.

Wm. Lloyd Garrison, editors and publishers of the "Genius of Universal Emancipation;" a radical anti-slavery paper—whose boldness would put the "National Era" to shame—printed and published in the slave State of Maryland. In 1829-30, the colored people of the free States were much excited on the subject of emigration: there had been an emigration to Hayti, and also to Canada, and some had been driven to Liberia by the severe laws and brutal conduct of the fermenters of colonization in Virginia and Maryland. In some districts of these States, the disguised whites would enter the houses of free colored men at night, and take them out and give them from thirty to fifty lashes, to get them to consent to go to Liberia.

It was in the spring of 1830, that the young man we have sketched, HEZEKIAH GRICE, conceived the plan of calling together a meeting or convention of colored men, in some place north of the Potomac, for the purpose of comparing views and of adopting a harmonious movement either of emigration, or of determination to remain in the United States; convinced of the hopelessness of contending against the oppressions in the United States, living in the very depth of that oppression and wrong, his own views looked to Canada; but he held them subject to the decision of the majority of the convention which might assemble.

On the 2nd of April, 1830, he addressed a written circular to prominent colored men in the free States, requesting their opinions on the necessity and propriety of

Mr. Lundy was, at that time, a saddler, working at his bench, in the same place where this paper was published; he became deeply interested in the cause and soon associated himself with Mr. Lambert. The latter died before his journal had completed its first year, and his mantle fell upon the shoulders of Benjamin Lundy, and there "found nothing less pure, less noble, or less energetic than itself."

holding such convention, and stated that if the opinions of a sufficient number warranted it, he would give notice of the time and place at which duly elected delegates might assemble. Four months passed away, and his spirit almost died within him, for he had received not a line from any one in reply. When he visited Mr. Garrison in his office, and stated his project, Mr. Garrison took up a copy of Walker's Appeal, and said, although it might be right, yet it was too early to have published such a book.

On the 11th of August, however, he received a sudden and peremptory order from Bishop Allen, to come instantly to Philadelphia, about the emigration matter. He went, and found a meeting assembled to consider the conflicting reports on Canada of Messrs. Lewis and Dutton; at a subsequent meeting held the next night, and near the adjournment, the Bishop called Mr. Grice aside, and gave him to read a printed circular, issued from New York city, strongly approving of Mr. Grice's plan of a convention, and signed by Peter Williams, Peter Vogelsang and Thomas L. Jennings. The Bishop added, "my dear child, we must take some action immediately, or else these *New Yorkers will get ahead of us.*" The Bishop left the meeting to attend a lecture on chemistry by Dr. Wells,* of Baltimore. Mr. Grice introduced the subject of the convention; and a committee consisting of Bishop Allen, Benjamin Pascal, Cyrus Black, James Cornish, and Junius C. Morel, were appointed to lay the matter before the colored people of Philadelphia. This committee, led, doubtless, by Bishop Allen, at once issued a call for a convention of the colored men of the United States, to be held in the city of Philadelphia on the 15th September, 1830.

* A black man of talent, who was instructed in medicine at a medical college in Baltimore, on condition that he would go to Africa.

Mr. Grice returned to Baltimore rejoicing at the success of his project; but, in the same boat which bore him down the Chesapeake, he was accosted by Mr. Zollickoffer, a member of the Society of Friends, a Philadelphian, and a warm and tried friend of the blacks. Mr. Zollickoffer used arguments and even entreaties, to dissuade Mr. Grice from holding the Convention, pointing out the dangers and difficulties of the same should it succeed, and the deep injury it would do the cause in case of failure. Of course it was reason and entreaty thrown away.

On the fifteenth of September, Mr. Grice again landed in Philadelphia, and in the fulness of his expectation asked every colored man he met about the Convention; no one knew anything about it; the first man did not know the meaning of the word, and another man said, "who ever heard of colored people holding a convention—convention, indeed!" Finally, reaching the place of meeting, he found, in solemn conclave, the five gentlemen who had called the Convention, and who had constituted themselves delegates: with a warm welcome from Bishop Allen, Mr. Grice, who came with credentials from the people of Baltimore, was admitted as delegate. A little while after, Dr. Burton, of Philadelphia, dropped in, and demanded by what right the six gentlemen held their seats as members of the Convention. On a hint from Bishop Allen, Mr. Pascal moved that Dr. Burton be elected an honorary member of the Convention, which softened the Doctor. In half an hour, five or six tall, grave, stern-looking men, members of the Zion Methodist body in Philadelphia, entered, and demanded by what right the members present held their seats and undertook to represent the colored people. Another hint from the Bishop and it was moved that these gentlemen be elected honorary members. But the gentlemen would submit to no such thing, and would accept

nothing short of full membership, which was granted them.

Among the delegates were Abraham Shadd, of Delaware, J. W. C. Pennington, of Brooklyn, Austin Steward, of Rochester, Horace Easton, of Boston, and — Adams, of Utica.

The main subject of discussion was emigration to Canada; Junius C. Morel, Chairman of a committee on that subject, presented a report, on which there was a two days' discussion; the point discussed was, that the report stated that "the lands in Canada were *synonymous* with those of the Northern States." The word *synonymous* was objected to, and the word *similar* proposed in its stead. Mr. Morel, with great vigor and ingenuity, defended the report, but was finally voted down, and the word *similar* adopted. The Convention recommended emigration to Canada, passed strong resolutions against the American Colonization Society, and at its adjournment appointed the next annual Convention of the people of color to be held in Philadelphia, on the first Monday in June, 1831.

At the present day, when colored conventions are almost as frequent as church-meetings, it is difficult to estimate the bold and daring spirit which inaugurated the Colored Convention of 1830. It was the right move, originating in the right quarter and at the right time. Glorious old Maryland, or, as one speaking in the view that climate grows the men, would say, Maryland—Virginia region, which has produced Benjamin Banneker, Nat. Turner, Frederick Douglass, the parents of Ira Aldridge, Henry Highland Garnett, and Sam. Ringold Ward,* also produced the founder of colored conventions, Hezekiah Grice!

* All the black men yet mentioned in Appleton's new Encyclopedia—Aldridge, Banneker and Frederick Douglass—were either natives or immediate descendants of this *regio in terra*.

At that time, in the prime of his young manhood, he must have presented the front of one equal to any fortune, able to achieve any undertaking. Standing six feet high, well-proportioned, of a dark bronze complexion, broad brow, and that stamp of features out of which the Greek sculptor would have delighted to mould the face of Vulcan—he was, to the fullest extent, a working man of such sort and magnetism as would lead his fellows where he listed.

In looking to the important results that grew out of this Convention, the independence of thought and self-assertion of the black man are the most remarkable. Then the union of purpose and union of strength which grew out of the acquaintanceship and mutual pledges of colored men from the different States. Then the subsequent conventions, where the great men we have already named, and others, appeared and took part in the discussions with manifestations of zeal, talent and ability, which attracted Garrison, the Tappans, Jocelyn, and others of that noble host, who, drawing no small portion of their inspiration from their black brethren in bonds, did manfully fight in the days of anti-slavery which tried men's souls, and when, to be an abolitionist, was, to a large extent, to be a martyr.

We cannot help adding the thought, that had these conventions of the colored people of the United States continued their annual sittings from 1830 until the present time, the result would doubtless have been greater general progress among our people themselves, a more united front to meet past and coming exigencies, and a profounder hold upon the public attention, and a deeper respect on the part of our enemies than we now can boast of. Looking at public opinion as it is, the living law of the land, and yet a malleable, ductile entity, which can be moulded, or, at least, affected, by the thoughts of any masses vigorously expressed, we should have become

a power on earth, of greater strength and influence than in our present scattered and dwindled state we dare even dream of. 'The very announcement' "Thirtieth Annual Convention of the Colored People of the United States," would bear a majestic front. Our great gathering at Rochester in 1853, commanded not only public attention but respect and admiration. Should we have such a gathering even now, once a year, not encumbered with elaborate plans of action, with too many wheels within wheels, we can yet regain much of the ground lost. The partial gathering at Boston, the other day, has already assumed its place in the public mind, and won its way into the calculations of the politicians.

Our readers will doubtless be glad to learn the subsequent history of Mr. Grice. He did not attend the second Convention, but, in the interval between the second and third, he formed, in the city of Baltimore, a "LEGAL RIGHTS ASSOCIATION," for the purpose of ascertaining the legal status of the colored man in the United States. It was entirely composed of colored men, among whom were Mr. Watkins (the colored Baltimorean), Mr. Deaver, and others. Mr. Grice called on William Wirt, and asked him "what he charged for his opinion on a given subject?" "Fifty dollars." "Then, sir, I will give you fifty dollars if you will give me your opinion on the legal condition of a free colored man in these United States."

Mr. Wirt required the questions to be written out in proper form before he could answer them. Mr. Grice employed Tyson, who drew up a series of questions, based upon the Constitution of the United States, and relating to the rights and citizenship of the free black. He carried the questions to Mr. Wirt, who, glancing over them, said, "really, sir, my position as an officer under the government renders it a delicate matter for me to answer these questions as they should be answered, but I'll tell you

what to do: they should be answered, and by the best legal talent of the land; do you go to Philadelphia, and present my name to Horace Binney, and he will give you an answer satisfactory to you, and which will command the greatest respect throughout the land." Mr. Grice went to Philadelphia, and presented the questions and request to Horace Binney. This gentleman pleaded age and poor eye-sight, but told Mr. Grice that if he would call on John Sargent, he would get answers of requisite character and weight. He called on John Sargent, who promptly agreed to answer the questions if Mr. Binney would allow his name to be associated as an authority in the replies. Mr. Binney again declined, and so the matter fell through. This is what Mr. Grice terms his "*Dred Scott case*"—and so it was.

He attended the Convention of 1832, but by some informality, or a want of credentials, was not permitted to sit as a full member!—Saul ejected from among the prophets!—Yet he was heard on the subject of rights, and the doctrine of "our rights," as well as the first colored convention, are due to the same man.

In 1832, chagrined at the colored people of the United States, he migrated to Hayti, where, until 1843, he pursued the business of carver and gilder. In the latter year he was appointed Director of Public Works in Port-au-Prince, which office he held until two years ago. He is also engaged in, and has wide knowledge of, machinery and engineering. Every two or three years he visits New York, and is welcomed to the arcana of such men as James J. Mapes, the Bensons, Dunhams, and at the various works, where steam and iron obey human ingenuity in our city. He is at present in this city, lodg-

ing at the house of the widow of his old friend and coadjuter Thomas L. Jinnings, 133 Reade street. We have availed ourselves of his presence among us to glean from him the statements which we have imperfectly put together in this article.

We cannot dismiss this subject without the remark, of peculiar pertinence at this moment, that it would have been better for our people had Mr. Grice never left these United States. The twenty-seven years he has passed in Hayti, although not without their mark on the fortunes of that island, are yet without such mark as he would have made in the land and upon the institutions among which he was born. So early as his thirty-second year, before he had reached his intellectual prime, he had inaugurated two of the leading ideas on which our people have since acted, conventions to consider and alleviate their grievances, and the struggle for legal rights. If he did such things in early youth, what might he not have done with the full force and bent of his matured intellect? And where, in the wide world, in what region, or under what sun, could he so effectually have labored to elevate the black man, as on this soil and under American institutions?

So profoundly are we opposed to the favorite doctrine of the Puritans and their co-workers, the colonizationists—*Ubi Libertas, ibi Patria*—that we could almost beseech Divine Providence to reverse some past events, and to fling back into the heart of Virginia and Maryland their Sam. Wards, Highland Garnets, J. W. Penningtons, Frederick Douglasses, and the twenty thousand who now shout hosannas in Canada—and we would soon see some stirring in the direction of *Ubi Patria, ibi Libertas!*

The Two Offers.

BY FRANCIS ELLEN WATKINS.

CONCLUDED.

The influence of old associations was upon him. In early life, home had been to him a place of ceilings and walls, not a true home, built upon goodness, love and truth. It was a place where velvet carpets hushed his tread, where images of loveliness and beauty invoked into being by painter's art and sculptor's skill, pleased the eye and gratified the taste, where magnificence surrounded his way and costly clothing adorned his person; but it was not the place for the true culture and right development of his soul. His father had been too much engrossed in making money, and his mother in spending it, in striving to maintain a fashionable position in society, and shining in the eyes of the world, to give the proper direction to the character of their wayward and impulsive son. His mother put beautiful robes upon his body, but left ugly scars upon his soul; she pampered his appetite, but starved his spirit. Every mother should be a true artist, who knows how to weave into her child's life images of grace and beauty, the true poet capable of writing on the soul of childhood the harmony of love and truth, and teaching it how to produce the grandest of all poems—the poetry of a true and noble life. But in his home, a love for the good, the true and right, had been sacrificed at the shrine of frivolity and fashion. That parental authority which should have been preserved as a string of precious pearls, unbroken and unscattered, was simply the administration of chance. At one time obedience was enforced by authority, at another time by flattery and promises, and just as often it was not enforced all. His early associations were formed as chance directed, and from his want of home-training, his character re-

ceived a bias, his life a shade, which ran through every avenue of his existence, and darkened all his future hours. Oh, if we would trace the history of all the crimes that have o'ershadowed this sin-shrouded and sorrow-darkened world of ours, how many might be seen arising from the wrong home influences, or the weakening of the home ties. Home should always be the best school for the affections, the birth-place of high resolves, and the altar upon which lofty aspirations are kindled, from whence the soul may go forth strengthened, to act its part aright in the great drama of life, with conscience enlightened, affections cultivated, and reason and judgment dominant. But alas for the young wife. Her husband had not been blessed with such a home. When he entered the arena of life, the voices from home did not linger around his path as angels of guidance about his steps; they were not like so many messages to invite him to deeds of high and holy worth. The memory of no sainted mother arose between him and deeds of darkness; the earnest prayers of no father arrested him in his downward course; and before a year of his married life had waned, his young wife had learned to wait and mourn his frequent and uncalled-for absence. More than once had she seen him come home from his midnight haunts, the bright intelligence of his eye displaced by the drunkard's stare, and his manly gait changed to the inebriate's stagger; and she was beginning to know the bitter agony that is compressed in the mournful words, a drunkard's wife. And then there came a bright but brief episode in her experience; the angel of life gave to her existence a deeper meaning and loftier significance: she sheltered in the warm clasp

of her loving arms, a dear babe, a precious child, whose love filled every chamber of her heart, and felt the fount of maternal love gushing so new within her soul. That child washers. How overshadowing was the love with which she bent over its helplessness, how much it helped to fill the void and chasms in her soul. How many lonely hours were beguiled by its winsome ways, its answering smiles and fond caresses. How exquisite and solemn was the feeling that thrilled her heart when she clasped the tiny hands together and taught her dear child to call God "Our Father."

What a blessing was that child. The father paused in his headlong career, awed by the strange beauty and precocious intellect of his child; and the mother's life had a better expression through her ministrations of love. And then there came hours of bitter anguish, shading the sunlight of her home and hushing the music of her heart. The angel of death bent over the couch of her child and beacons it away. Closer and closer the mother strained her child to her wildly heaving breast, and struggled with the heavy hand that lay upon its heart. Love and agony contended with death, and the language of the mother's heart was,

'Oh, Death, away! that innocent is mine;

I cannot spare him from my arms
To lay him, Death, in thine.

I am a mother, Death; I gave that darling birth
I could not bear his lifeless limbs
Should moulder in the earth."

But death was stronger than love and mightier than agony and won the child for the land of crystal founts and deathless flowers, and the poor, stricken mother sat down beneath the shadow of her mighty grief, feeling as if a great light had gone out from her soul, and that the sunshine had suddenly faded around her path. She turned in her deep anguish to the father of her child, the loved and cherished dead. For awhile his words were kind and tender, his heart seemed subdued, and his tenderness fell upon her worn and weary heart like rain on perishing flowers, or cooling waters to lips all parched with thirst and scorched with fever; but the change was evanescent, the influence of unhallowed associations and evil habits had vitiated and poisoned the springs of his existence. They had bound him in their meshes, and he lacked the moral

strength to break his fetters, and stand erect in all the strength and dignity of a true manhood, making life's highest excellence his ideal, and striving to gain it.

And yet moments of deep contrition would sweep over him, when he would resolve to abandon the wine-cup forever, when he was ready to forswear the handling of another card, and he would try to break away from the associations that he felt were working his ruin; but when the hour of temptation came his strength was weakness, his earnest purposes were cobwebs, his well-meant resolutions ropes of sand, and thus passed year after year of the married life of Laura Lagrange. She tried to hide her agony from the public gaze, to smile when her heart was almost breaking. But year after year her voice grew fainter and sadder, her once light and bounding step grew slower and faltering. Year after year she wrestled with agony, and strove with despair, till the quick eyes of her brother read, in the paling of her cheek and the dimming eye, the secret anguish of her worn and weary spirit. On that wan, sad face, he saw the death-tokens, and he knew the dark wing of the mystic angel swept coldly around her path. "Laura," said her brother to her one day, "you are not well, and I think you need our mother's tender care and nursing. You are daily losing strength, and if you will go I will accompany you." At first, she hesitated, she shrank almost instinctively from presenting that pale sad face to the loved ones at home. That face was such a tell-tale; it told of heart-sickness, of hope deferred, and the mournful story of unrequited love. But then a deep yearning for home sympathy woke within her a passionate longing for love's kind words, for tenderness and heart-support, and she resolved to seek the home of her childhood, and lay her weary head upon her mother's bosom, to be folded again in her loving arms, to lay that poor, bruised and aching heart where it might beat and throb closely to the loved ones at home. A kind welcome awaited her. All that love and tenderness could devise was done to bring the bloom to her cheek and the light to her eye; but it was all in vain; her's was a disease that no medicine could cure, no earthly balm would heal. It was a slow wasting of the vital forces, the sickness of the soul. The unkindness and neglect of

her husband, lay like a leaden weight upon her heart, and slowly oozed away its life-drops. And where was he that had won her love, and then cast it aside as a useless thing, who rifled her heart of its wealth and spread bitter ashes upon its broken altars? He was lingering away from her when the death-damps were gathering on her brow, when his name was trembling on her lips! lingering away! when she was watching his coming, though the death films were gathering before her eyes, and earthly things were fading from her vision. "I think I hear him now," said the dying woman, "surely that is his step;" but the sound died away in the distance. Again she started from an uneasy slumber, "that is his voice! I am so glad he has come." Tears gathered in the eyes of the sad watchers by that dying bed, for they knew that she was deceived. He had not returned. For her sake they wished his coming. Slowly the hours waned away, and then came the sad, soul-sickening thought that she was forgotten, forgotten in the last hour of human need, forgotten when the spirit, about to be dissolved, paused for the last time on the threshold of existence, a weary watcher at the gates of death. "He has forgotten me," again she faintly murmured, and the last tears she would ever shed on earth sprung to her mournful eyes, and clasping her hands together in silent anguish, a few broken sentences issued from her pale and quivering lips. They were prayers for strength and earnest pleading for him who had desolated her young life, by turning its sunshine to shadows, its smiles to tears. "He has forgotten me," she murmured again, "but I can bear it, the bitterness of death is passed, and soon I hope to exchange the shadows of death for the brightness of eternity, the rugged paths of life for the golden streets of glory, and the care and turmoils of earth for the peace and rest of heaven." Her voice grew fainter and fainter, they saw the shadows that never deceive flit over her pale and faded face, and knew that the death angel waited to soothe their weary one to rest, to calm the throbbing of her bosom and cool the fever of her brain. And amid the silent hush of their grief the freed spirit, refined through suffering, and brought into divine harmony through the spirit of the living Christ, passed over the dark waters of death as on a bridge of

light, over whose radiant arches hovering angels bent. They parted the dark locks from her marble brow, closed the waxen lids over the once bright and laughing eye, and left her to the dreamless slumber of the grave. Her cousin turned from that death-bed a sadder and wiser woman. She resolved more earnestly than ever to make the world better by her example, gladder by her presence, and to kindle the fires of her genius on the altars of universal love and truth. She had a higher and better object in all her writings than the mere acquisition of gold, or acquirement of fame. She felt that she had a high and holy mission on the battle-field of existence, that life was not given her to be frittered away in nonsense, or wasted away in trifling pursuits. She would willingly espouse an unpopular cause but not an unrighteous one. In her the down-trodden slave found an earnest advocate; the flying fugitive remembered her kindness as he stopped cautiously through our Republic, to gain his freedom in a monarchical land, having broken the chains on which the rust of centuries had gathered. Little children learned to name her with affection, the poor called her blessed, as she broke her bread to the pale lips of hunger. Her life was like a beautiful story, only it was clothed with the dignity of reality and invested with the sublimity of truth. True, she was an old maid, no husband brightened her life with his love, or shaded it with his neglect. No children nestling lovingly in her arms called her mother. No one appended Mrs. to her name; she was indeed an old maid, not vainly striving to keep up an appearance of girlishness, when departed was written on her youth. Not vainly pining at her loneliness and isolation: the world was full of warm, loving hearts, and her own beat in unison with them. Neither was she always sentimentally sighing for something to love, objects of affection were all around her, and the world was not so wealthy in love that it had no use for her's; in blessing others she made a life and benediction, and as old age descended peacefully and gently upon her, she had learned one of life's most precious lessons, that true happiness consists not so much in the fruition of our wishes as in the regulation of desires and the full development and right culture of our whole natures.

The Self-Redeeming Power of the Colored Races of the World.

BY J. W. C. PENNINGTON.

This question has often been discussed in one form and another; and yet it remains one of deep interest, to the church and to the state.

Human progress, next to human redemption, must, indeed, enter into the economy of every enlightened state and Christian church. In the economy of God's moral government, no provision is made for waste human materials; and it is not easy to see how the state or church can afford to waste those precious materials which God has committed to their care.

It has always appeared to me, that taking for granted that certain portions of the human family are incapable of, or not worth the effort of attempting to civilize, is a dangerous state or church policy. Take any section of the human family, in any condition, however low they may be in the mass; every per cent. of civilized element that can be brought up by the effort of the philanthropist, will be rewarded by the accession of so many new agencies to their number, which, in their turn, will act as assistants in the common work.

The civilization of the colored race is a subject which just now commends itself more strongly than ever to the attention of the thinking and enlightened observer; and indeed it cannot be otherwise. A race so numerous in almost every populous part of the globe—a race so ancient, so well connected, and so intimately associated with all the leading events in universal history, cannot fail to elicit the attention of those unselfish minds of the various en-

lightened nations who are engaged in the great work of universal civilization. It is a cheering indication, that the cause of the colored race is continually conquering friends. For this happy result many thanks are due to the faithfulness and consistency of our early friends; and also, in no small degree, to the endurance of the colored people themselves.

The race has been preserved mainly by the desperate hope for a better time coming. Their night has been long, and their darkness dense. But their day has been slowly dawning, till, even now, while we speak, the sunbeams appear. Upon this matter it may be remarked, there is a deep conviction resting upon the minds of enlightened colored men throughout the world, that the time has fully come for us to develop our attributes of manhood equally with the other races in the common work of *Christian civilization*.

For many years, here and there, individual minds have been struggling up from among the masses and have slowly progressed against great odds: while some have been dragged down, others have weathered the storm of adversity, and now, like veterans, gaze, with warm gratitude to God, upon the scenes of their old battleground, and think of the victories won, and the battles contested. But now, of this much we may speak certain, the minds of the colored people of the world are coming earnestly to a thinking point. Adversity, to the race, has been a training school. And not only has the race come to exer-

cise a higher range of thought and a deeper reflection in regard to its own relative position, among other races of the world; but a more extended view is taken of all the localities of the race. The free colored men of the North look further than the South. Central America, Brazil, the West Indies, Canada, Africa and her adjacencies, are now looked at with manly frankness by our most earnest workers in the great field of civilization, while, in their turn, colored men of other localities in the world are exchanging views with us. This fact is to be hailed as one of great moment in this connection.

A man who cannot at the glance of thought traverse the map of the world, is mentally incapable of appreciating civilization in its extended sense. And he whose heart is too small or too selfish to love the world as God loves it, cannot, in any sense, be a civilizer. We come to think deeper, as we take in the range of our thoughts the world. We are more purely patriotic as we embrace in our affections the interests of our colored race.

Nor is this all. The efforts now being made to bring out our quota of civilizing agencies and means for the common work never were more marked and vigorous. Among us, as among white men, there are differences in reference to matters upon which men may agree to differ. It is said that the history of a people does not repeat itself. This is true in a measure. But it does not contradict the fact, that it often recalls its people from seeming oblivion.

The past history of the descendants of Africa is now appealing to her sons and daughters in the four quarters of the globe, to be up and doing for God, for Christ, for the race, for pure religion, for humanity, for civilization, and for righteousness and truth. The response is certainly very creditable to the hoping and hopeful man: for such is the colored man the world over;

for if their is a human being on the face of the earth who can hope alone, and even hope against hope, it is the colored man. And this is the secret of his amazing powers of endurance.

In answer to the voice of our history calling upon us to reproduce the works of our past, it will be seen that our own literature, and productions of science and art, attest that our's are a recovering people, and that there is a very general impression now prevailing upon the minds of the people, that we are to act, in the providence of God, a conspicuous part in the great struggle of the latter day of the world's history. There are two important facts now noticeable:

1. That, notwithstanding so much wickedness has been perpetrated upon the colored people, under the garb of religion, yet the masses have never repudiated evangelical religion, and for the reason that they have common sense enough to know that it is not the possession of true religion by their oppressors that makes them such; but the want of it.

To avoid being invidious, I shall not mention nations by name; but I might adduce such now in existence, and among us, who, on account of oppressions endured at the hands of tyrants in the old world, have renounced even the form of evangelical Christianity, and have gone into rank infidelity.

2. Another fact now obvious is, that such youth of both sex as are under regular training, acquit themselves handsomely when brought fairly in contact with the whites; and looking forward to make their own marks when the time shall come to play their part in public. Over thirty years' experience as a guardian and an educationist enables me to speak with confidence upon this subject. We have a few choice young minds now in course of training, who are destined to be an ornament to the race. Oberlin, Central College, Yale,

Xenia, and other such like institutions of learning are training youth for us.

In New England generally, the high-schools are now open to colored youth of both sex, where they enter and stand well.

To any one who looks at the course of events in the history of the colored people in this country for the last twenty or thirty years, it will be obvious that every attempt of our oppressors to swallow us up, has ended in their defeat. Whether we look at court-decisions or malicious legislations, or the preaching of false theology, all have ended in their confusion.

The latest and the most brilliant victory gained has been by the free colored people of the State of Maryland, over what was called the Slaveholders' Convention, which lately met at the city of Baltimore in that State. The call for, and the assembling of that body naturally excited much attention, both in and out of the State. The idea of a slaveholders' convention at once indicated its object to follow up what they undertook years ago, namely, to adopt ways and means to procure the ejection of all the free people of color from the State. When we take into account the geographical position of Maryland, the wealth and character of her slaveholders, the number of her free people of color, both compared with the slaves and their owners, and the fact the slaveholders have been for years preparing for this action on the one hand, and the free people of color preparing on the other hand to meet it, the result may be taken as the most important of any action ever had in that State touching the subject of slavery and the progress of the colored race. I look upon it as virtually a *declaration in favor of free negro labor*.

Let it now and ever be remembered, that the free colored people have, in a fair face to face contest, carried on for years without foreign aid, gained this victory over a convention of slaveholders assembled in their midst, with the avowed object of

dislodging them from the soil.

I feel proud of the free colored people of the State in which I was born a slave, and from which I had to exile myself to be free. Maryland numbered with the Middle States and joining the Keystone State, is herself, as it were, the key stone, &c.

The late Convention at the city of Baltimore represented *sixteen thousand* slaveholders, that being a fraction below the round number of slaveholders in the State. If we omit South Carolina, and, perhaps, Virginia, the slaveholders of Maryland are the most marked characters in the Union. Generally well educated and generous, but proud, honorable but tyrannical, extravagant but not, generally, spendthrifts, fond of pleasure, but not libertines, with great pride of character and position. A true Marylander is always a man of marked features of character. Maryland has a sentiment peculiarly her own; and whatever may be said of the master in this respect may be said of his slave; what may be said of the employer of the free man of color may be said of him.

Seventy years ago, the free colored population of Maryland amounted to about *eight thousand*. By the census of 1850, it was shown to be 74,723. The Convention estimate it at *eighty thousand*.

Within the periods above named the slaves have been decreasing, so that in reality this conflict between free and slave labor in Maryland has been going on for seventy years or more. It must also be borne in mind that Maryland, more than any other State, has been drained by the exit of fugitive slaves.

While these self-emancipated fugitives have been doing battle for the cause of freedom and civilization in the States of their adoption their emancipated brethren at home have been doing even better; so much so that it makes one almost wish he had remained on the battle-ground.

THE GREAT MARYLAND SCHEME FOR THE EXTINCTION OF THE FREE BLACKS AND FOR CHECKING EMANCIPATION IN 1831.

A brief view of this gigantic plan of oppression will show what our brethren of Maryland have conquered in their conflict with the slave power of their State. In the month of March of the above year, Mr. Brawner submitted a string of resolutions to the Legislature of Maryland, the first of which is in these words:

"Resolved, That the increased proportion of the free people of color in this State, to the white population; the evils growing out of their connection and unrestrained association with the slaves, their habits and manner of obtaining a subsistence, and their withdrawing a LARGE PORTION of employment from the laboring class of the white population, are subjects of momentous and grave consideration to the good people of this State."

At the end of these resolves was an order for a committee of five to bring in a bill. The chairman appointed said committee, and by parliamentary usage placed the mover at the head of the same. That committee reported a bill which, in due course of legislature, became a law of the State. The Ninth Section is as follows:

"Sec. 9. And be it enacted, That it shall not be lawful for any person to purchase of any free negro or mulatto, or from any slave or slaves, any bacon, pork, beef, mutton, corn, wheat, tobacco, rye, or oats, unless such free negro or mulatto shall at the time of such sale, produce a certificate from a justice of the peace, or three respectable persons residing in the neighborhood of said negro, of the county in which such negro resides, that he or they have reason to believe and do believe, that such free negro or mulatto came honestly and bona-fide into possession of any such articles so offered for sale, or unless such slave shall produce a written authority from his or her owner, employer or overseer, to sell any such article; and any person thus offending against the provisions of this act shall be subject to a penalty of five dollars for every such offence, or a penalty equal

in amount to the value of the article purchased, should the value thereof exceed the sum of five dollars."

Thus, by this Act, it became the presumption of law, that the free colored people of the State were, as a body, dishonest.

Following this legislation we have another specimen:

"A bill, entitled, An Act relating to the Manumission of Slaves in Maryland."

Sec. 1. Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland, that from and after the passage of this act, it shall not be lawful for any person owning or holding any slave or slaves in this State to liberate, manumit, or set free such slave or slaves by deed of manumission, will, or otherwise, unless such slave or slaves be sent by the owner or holder of his or her representative, beyond the limits of this State."

Such was the case of the free people of color of Maryland in 1831, and surely nothing could be more gloomy, so far as these documents depict it.

But, in reality, here began the struggle in earnest for political, civil, and religious existence. The timid and fearful gave way and sunk, or departed from the State; but the most stood like men of nerve, with hope and public faith in great principles.

To show how successfully the free colored people of Maryland have maintained the struggle, I have only now to present to my readers the report adopted by the late Slaveholders' Convention at Baltimore. Senator Pearce, chairman of the committee on resolutions, to whom I applied for the copy, says, in his note dated at Chestertown, July 8th, 1859, says *"The papers of the North which misrepresented me would have done more full justice, if they had published the report which was accepted by the convention," &c."*

As one of the representatives of the Northern press, I am sure the "Anglo African Magazine" will hasten to do justice to the learned Senator, reserving such

further remarks as the magnitude of the subject matter of it may suggest.

THE ACCEPTED REPORT AND RESOLUTIONS.

The following are copies of the Report and Resolutions reported by Mr. Senator Pearce and adopted by the Convention:

The Committee on Resolutions beg leave to submit to the Convention the following report:

A number of resolutions were submitted to them by members of the Convention, all of which they read, considered, and discussed, as carefully as the time allowed to them permitted. This, however, was too short for the committee to entertain fully the consideration of several papers proposing details of legislation upon minor points, which were thought by those that suggested them, and by others, to be of consequence. Two subjects of primary importance occupied most of the committee's time. These were the proposed expulsion from Maryland of the free negroes now residing in the State, and the policy adopted by the Legislature in 1831 of restraints upon manumission, and the necessity of procuring additional legislation to give vitality and vigor to the law of that year, which probably, from the imperfection of its details, has fallen into desuetude.

In regard to the first of these questions, the committee came to the conclusion that it was highly inexpedient to undertake any measure for the general removal of our free black population from the State, and that the best interests of the State, and of that class of people, too, required only due enforcement of the statutes on this subject already existing, and of such additional laws as seem to be necessary to carry out the purposes of former Legislatures, to make these people orderly, industrious and productive. By the last census this class of our population numbered about 74,000. Within the last nine years they are estimated, by natural causes and manumissions, to have reached over 80,000.

The existence of so large a number of free blacks in the midst of a slaveholding State, is believed to be, of itself, an evil, and this evil is readily perceived to be greater when it is considered that a portion of them are idle, vicious and unproductive. This, however, is not the case with a ma-

jority of them, and their removal would, as the committee believe, be far greater than all the evils the people of Maryland ever suffered from them. In the city of Baltimore it is estimated that there are more than twenty-five thousand of them, employed chiefly as domestic servants or as laborers in various departments of industry. In many of the rural districts of the State, where labor is by no means abundant, they furnish a large supply of agricultural labor, and it is unquestionable that quite a large portion of our soil could not be tilled without their aid. In some districts they supply almost all the labor demanded by the farmers.

Their removal from the State would deduct nearly fifty per cent. from the household and agricultural labor furnished by people of this color, and indispensable to the people of the State; would produce great discomfort and inconvenience to the great body of households; would break up the business and destroy the property of large numbers of land-owners and land-renters—a class whose interests are entitled to as much consideration as those of any other portion of our citizens; would be harsh and oppressive to those people themselves; would violate public sentiment, which is generally not only just, but kindly, and would probably lead to other evils which the committee forbear to mention.

We are satisfied that such a measure could not receive the legislative sanction, and would not be tolerated by the great body of the people of Maryland, even with that sanction. The committee, therefore, cannot recommend their expulsion from the State. Still more unwilling should they be to favor any measure which looked to their being deprived of the right to freedom which they have acquired by the indulgence of our laws and the tenderness of their masters, whether wise or unwise, or which they have inherited as a birthright.

On the other proposition—the restraints upon manumission—the committee think that the policy in this regard, adopted by the act of 1831, chapter 281, was wise and proper. That act provided for the compulsory removal of all blacks manumitted after the passage of the law. Its provisions were numerous and cumbrous. It provided for the appointment of a board of three managers, who should be members of the Colonization Society, whose duty it should

be to remove such people of color as should become free in this State thereafter; required clerks of courts and registers of wills to inform this board of managers of every manumission by deed or will, within five days after the recording of the one or the probate of the other; required the board of managers to notify the Colonization Society and arrange with them the removal of each manumitted slave to Liberia. If the Society declined to do so, the board was to remove them to some other place without the State with their consent, and if they refused to leave the State, then the sheriff of the county was to be notified by the board, and thereupon it was the duty of the sheriff to arrest and remove them beyond the State. It directed the sheriffs of the several counties to make an enumeration and list of the names of all the free blacks in the respective counties, but it expressly recognized the right of all free blacks then in the State to remain therein if they so pleased.

Thus it is evident that the policy of the State in 1831 was the compulsory removal from the State of slaves manumitted after the date of the act, with a view to prevent the too great and rapid increase of this part of our population. The committee see no reason for discarding this policy now, but believe that the same reasons which influenced the Legislature of 1831 exist in greater force. The act of that Legislature failed to prove operative. Few or none were willing to go to Liberia, or to any other place out of the State. No compensation to the sheriffs for their compulsory removal was provided, or to the clerks and registers for the performance of the duties enjoined upon them, and the law soon fell into neglect and was almost forgotten, except by the gentlemen of the bar; and yet the evils attending the increase of this population, neither citizens nor slaves, have been generally felt and almost universally admitted. No one doubts that it is through their agency in the main that the slaves are induced to run away; that the example which many of them set of thriftless laziness, sustained only by dishonest practices, is corrupting to the slaves and to many of their own class: that they encourage slaves to insubordination. The avoidance of the moderate labor required of them, to habits of theft and to dissatisfaction with their condition—all this, which was apparent in

1831, is only more palpable now.

The committee forbear to speculate upon all the consequences which may hereafter flow from the increase among the people of Maryland of a free black population, an inferior race, whose proper condition, when mixed with the superior white race, few will deny to be that of servitude, or at least of well-regulated subordination.

The committee, without hesitation, recommend that the Legislature be invoked to pass such laws as may be necessary to give efficiency to the policy of 1831, and to enforce the prompt removal from the State of all persons manumitted hereafter. A majority of the committee would prefer, however, the passage of a law prohibiting all emancipation whatever in future.

It has been suggested also that the State should revert to its former policy in regard to manumission by last will, and entirely prohibit all such, unless when the will shall have been made by the testator so long previous to his death as to afford a probability that the manumission was the deliberate act of a person whose faculties were unimpaired by disease, and not overcome by the near approach of death. It has also been suggested that prospective manumission should be entirely prohibited; that in future the acquisition of real estate by free negroes should be prohibited, and that no free negro residing in Maryland, who goes out of the State, should be allowed to return to it.

In regard to those negroes who have been manumitted since 1831, it would seem to be contrary to the policy of that act that they should acquire real estate, since the enjoyment of it is incompatible with the policy which forbids such a person remaining in the State in a condition of freedom. Such was the opinion of Chas. Johnson, expressed in the first volume of his reports, page 357; but it is supposed that the possession of real estate by these people is not only inconsistent with the policy which looks to their removal from the State, but is also productive of evil in other respects. It not unfrequently happens that these people obtain small parcels of land, where they form a close settlement, cultivating much less than is necessary to yield them a support, and laboring very little for such persons as would be glad to hire them on liberal terms. The conclu-

sion is that they eke out their support by unlawful means, and that evil would be prevented by depriving them of the power to hold real estate.

On the subject of free negroes going out of the State and returning to it, the Legislature has heretofore acted by the general laws of 1831, which, however, allows an absence of thirty days by other general acts and by the special local law applicable to the three counties of Cecil, Kent, and Queen Ann's. The first is believed to be inoperative and wholly inefficient; the latter is stringent and has recently been enforced. The committee have not time to digest thoroughly these and other subjects brought to their notice; but they think that the attention of the Legislature may well be invited to them, and such legislation in regard to them be asked for as upon careful consideration the wisdom of the General Assembly may think will enhance the public interests.

The laws in relation to our colored population are scattered through many volumes, running through a hundred and fifty years. It has been proposed to ask the Legislature to re-enact them in one body. The object is a good one, and is likely to be accomplished without further legislative action. The codifiers now preparing their work have already completed a chapter which groups all these statutes. Should that work be accepted by the Legislature all that is necessary will have been done.

The committee do not think it advisable to prepare at this time detailed bills or propositions to be submitted to the Legislature. The most that can be done, they think, is, to indicate the subjects on which legislation is desired, and the general pur-

pose of such legislation; to appoint a committee to present the views of the Convention to the Legislature and to assist in preparing such bills as may be necessary, leaving, however, to the wisdom and discretion of the Legislature to determine the measure and mode of relief on the various subjects to which the action of this Convention has referred. They recommend to the Convention the adoption of the following resolutions:

Resolved, That this Convention consider any measure for a general removal of the free blacks from the State of Maryland as impolitic, inexpedient, and uncalled-for by any public exigency which could justify it.

Resolved, That the free negro population should be well and thoroughly controlled by efficient laws, to the end that it may be orderly, industrious and productive.

Resolved, That, for the purpose of diminishing as far as possible the evils which proceed from an excessive increase of the free negro class, the policy of this State declared in 1831 should be re-affirmed, and such amendments be made to the act of that year as will give to it active force and certain operation, and as will either prohibit emancipation altogether or compel a prompt removal from the State of those emancipated; and that the Legislature should be asked to review and amend the laws relating to free negroes and to emancipation, so as to remedy all the defects of a system which time and experience have disclosed.

Resolved, That a committee of — be appointed to submit the views of this Convention and to ask appropriate legislation by the General Assembly.

Afric-American Picture Gallery.

SEVENTH PAPER.

BY ETHIOP.

The Early Days of the Underground Railroad.

Bill came in one day in a towering rage. It was in the earlier days of the Afric-American Picture Gallery, when its quiet was seldom disturbed by visitors of any kind.

I started from my old arm-chair in much alarm, and somewhat hastily inquired what the matter was.

Bill's eyes (and I watched him closely) had all the seeming of a fiery demon. His large athletic frame seemed to expand with his increased emotion. His broad breast heaved to-and-fro like the surges of the ocean lashed with the fury of a storm; while his clenched fist continued its hold on a double-barrelled pistol (Colt's revolvers where not then in fashion) which lay hid in his left breast-pocket.

His countenance, hitherto of dark hue, was now pale, even to ashiness; and his teeth gnashed like one of the furies just let loose from the bottomless pit.

"What is the matter," said I, with increased alarm, "for heaven's sake, say what is the matter?"

"I have seen him!" said he, with an emphasis that made me shudder all over. "I have seen him!" exclaimed he again, still more emphatically, "and should he cross my path again, by the" — The balance of this terrible utterance, happily, was lost on my ear; and without abating anything either in appearance or manner, and without another word, he rapidly strode the floor, leaving me to supply with my imagination what I could not ascertain by inquiry.

Bill was a product of that famous plateau bounded by Pennsylvania, Delaware, the Atlantic, North Carolina, and the Alleghany Mountains; and which gives out to the country and the world men.

He was a large, strapping young fellow, just twenty-five, with the proportions of an ox, his chest alone having the breadth of two ordinary men. His head was large, his face round, his mouth wide, as were his nostrils, and his forehead broad. A real bull of Bashan; and yet the general aspect of his countenance was mild, and even pleasant, when not under excitement.

He had formerly been one of a large plantation of ill-used, badly-fed, overworked, and ignorant slaves. I say ignorant, because they knew nothing of the world beyond their plantation home, and Bill, at the time we now speak of, had never seen beyond his native hills. But he had a pair of quick eyes, two open ears, two strong legs, and a will of his own.

These, young as he was at that time, he determined to use for his own benefit; and if denied him where he was, to seek out some other spot where he could exercise this most natural intention.

How small a circumstance sometimes will turn the point, the vital point in a man's destiny, and so it was with our hero.

White young Northern adventurers, in those days, were in the habit of finding their way, summers, down South, seeking employments which paid better than in their own sterile New England, or among

the cold blue hills of Northern New York.

One of these fellows, a carpenter, who found his way to the plantation on which Bill belonged, now and then, to the slave boys who chanced to be about him, would make occasional remarks about the North and New England, and especially his own native state, Maine. Bill, dull and indifferent, seemed always in the way. His seeming indifference to anything said in his hearing by the white help about the plantation gave him excellent advantages, and well did he improve them; for he kept up a most wonderful thinking and a strict reckoning, and in due time was fully prepared to step out and ascertain for himself if all the long yarns and handsome stories he had heard and overheard about the North were really true. Why should he not, like other boys, gratify a natural curiosity, even if he was only Bill and lived on a plantation; and though, too, it was said that he belonged to it? This latter saying, just here, we may remark, he never could, some how or other, fully make up his mind to believe; he never could lead his mind fully to believe that he belonged to the plantation or the master thereof. Reasoning thus, one Sunday morning, having made previously all due preparation, he obtained permission to go a distance in a southward direction, but like a naughty boy turned his face northward, not, however, till he had turned himself into a bale of tobacco, and took passage in the underground railroad. The road, then, not as now, had but one track, and it would have been a novel sight, methinks, to have seen this tobacco, alias our Bill, traveling, wheelbarrow fashion, upon the primitive underground railroad.

But such sights are, as a general thing, denied to mortal eyes, and our hero proceeded under the strict privacy of a gentleman incog; and arrived in due time North, and like a self-unwrapping mummy laid his tobacco, one night, quietly down upon the steps of a New England factory, and stepped forth to see the country.

Thus he got North; and staid North, till early one bright November morning he was suddenly roused from his slumbers by a heavy hand; and on rubbing out his eyes and looking up who should stand before him but his young master and a posse of officers.

The place where he was so unceremoni-

ously woke up was in a humble but respectable lodging in Calais, Maine; the very place he had so often heard of in scraps of story and snatches of song, by the young white employee on the old plantation, and had pictured to himself in his dreams of liberty.

Alas, poor fellow! little did he think that a betrayer almost invariably lurks under a white skin; and that the same who seemed more civil than the ferocious Southerner, would be the one to send him back to his chains and to the prison-house of bondage for a little more than a mess of pottage.

Jakes, the carpenter, in his wanderings returned to Calais, his native town, and one day discovering Bill, conceived the idea of replenishing his nearly empty purse by the betrayal of a poor fugitive youth, in which he out-Judased Judas Iscariot; for he (Judas) covenanted for thirty pieces of silver, while Jakes got only twenty-five.

Poor modern Judas! Just as the last of his twenty-five pieces was expended, he blew out his own brains with a horse-pistol, and his body falling into a stream it swiftly drifted out to sea and was made food for the fishes.

"Come, Bill! don't you know me? What are you doing here? Get up you rascal, instantly, and come along! Get up, I tell you, or by" —

"Massa," said Bill, "I is so glad you come! for I is so sick and tired of this ere place."

"I is been most starved since I run'd away, and is been most naked, too. 'Tain't no use to try to get along without Marsar."

So saying he made ready and proceeded with all possible haste with his young master to a place of safety.

However unsound our hero's admissions and reasonings may have seemed to his real friends, they were perfectly philosophic to him, and so insured the confidence of his master that he dismissed his Northern menials, save one, who acted as a sort of lacquey, and forthwith repaired to the South with his man.

"Such complete disgust of this negro of the North will have a most salutary effect upon the rest of the negroes," said he. "He will be most valuable to the plantations round generally." Thus reasoned the master, as he sat the first morning after

his arrival home, in his dining room, after perusing the morning paper.

Whoever will take the trouble to examine so far back as our story dates, will find this paragraph going the rounds of the *Calais*, *Portland*, and other New England and many other Northern journals of that day:

"The beauties of Negro freedom."

"A negro, the property of J. D., Esq., of Maryland, who had, either through the machination of some of the enemies to humanity, or his own thick-pated folly, strayed away to the North—where the rigors of the climate and the pinchings of hunger had well nigh used him up.

His master, happily, however, arrived just in time to take his too-willing slave where, ere this, doubtless, he has been restored to his wonted comfort and happiness; and can brood at his leisure over the beauties of *Northern freedom*, we mean negro freedom.

When will the negro learn his simple mission, and his pretended or misguided friends learn wisdom."

Bill's arrival was hailed as a great triumph by the surrounding slave-owners, especially so when they were made acquainted with his sentiments of Northern negro freedom, and its horrors generally.

Never did poor plantations ring out so many doleful changes on the horrors of the North, with Bill, poor Bill, for a standing example; and very soon he was exalted to a kind of exhorter or lay preacher among his colored brethren.

But while the masters were thus teaching over Bill's back the horrors of Northern freedom and the North generally, Bill, wide awake, and adroit in manner, was instructing far more effectively in quite the opposite direction.

Such an unusual number of slaves decamped that summer, that a convention of the neighboring masters was held to enquire into the cause, and, if possible, provide an immediate remedy.

No one, of course, suspected Bill. His notions of Northern negro freedom, and earnestness in the interest of the master, continually and publicly expressed, placed him too high in general estimation for that.

Still decade after decade of the "Boys" foolishly forsook their kind masters for the

unknown regions of the hated North.

In course of time Bill was also again missing. Yes, Bill, the faithful, penitent Bill, the negro exhorter.

Nothing could exceed the consternation, chagrin and rage among the plantation owners generally, and Bill's especially, when it became fully established that Bill, the least suspected, had, for the second time, betook to his heels for parts to them unknown.

Pursuit, hot pursuit, was the cry that ran along the line of the plantations, and two of the most celebrated, wreckless and daring of the negro catchers quickly volunteered to overtake and return, dead or alive, this daring and dangerous negro.

Without a moment's loss of time these fellows set out and pushed forward.

For a correct account of what followed from this point of our story we must extract from Bill's own narrative of the affair. He says, "Time and experience had taught me many things, and I was this time fully prepared for any and every emergency. I started under cover of a stormy winter's night and proceeded many miles ere the sun of another day broke the darkness. I then refreshed and rested myself in a well-retired place, resuming my journey soon after the next night-fall. After some three hours' travel, came to a cross-bridge overhung by large beechen trees, with thick underbrush lining the sides of the deep chasm beneath.

"Just as I had got about midway of this bridge, I descried through the thick darkness two men stealthily approaching; from an opposite direction, and so close upon me that retreat was useless.

"Stand!" demanded the well-known voice of a most dreaded negro catcher, and quickly made for me, while I, with the rapidity of lightning almost, leveled my pistol at the other and remoter man, who in an instant rolled heavily over on the bridge without a groan.

"The first was now so near that there was nothing left for either of us but to close in the deadly hand-to-hand struggle. He, though a powerful man and used to conflict, finding his inability to overpower me, endeavored to draw his pistol on me, which I, either by tact or superiority of strength, averted, and it harmlessly exploded in the air.

"It was now my turn. Liberty or death

with me, and life or death with him. The struggle was a fearful one. It was up, it was down; it was down, it was up.

"Not a word was spoken; not a murmur, not a whisper escaped either of us. He got me round the waist, I him by the throat. It was dark; but yet through that darkness so livid and changed became his countenance, and so glaring his eyes (I can see him even now), that, though knowing him well, it seemed it was the very devil with which I was dealing.

"But I held my grasp, increasing it only in tightness. I neither could, nor cared, to do otherwise.

"There seemed to be a charm upon me as I gazed into his livid face; a spell that worked upon my fingers as I held him.

"His limbs, which, for a moment, assumed the rigidity of iron, suddenly relaxed; his eyes, like an exploded lamp, suddenly flared out; his vice-like arms which bound me fell down. A strange emotion came over me. I knew nothing but one convulsive effort.

"I then listened: I heard a loud splash some thirty or forty feet below, which told me all I wished to know.

"Seized with the same spirit, I ran to the other lifeless carcase and gave it one heave, and with another splash it followed its mate to where no tales are told, and

where earthly quiet reigns supreme."

"I had decided the question of my own liberty," says he, "this time, before I left the plantation; and because God had implanted the principles of liberty in my bosom, both in seeking and maintaining that liberty, I had determined to remove every obstacle that obtruded itself between me and it.

"I did, therefore, nothing more than my duty to myself, to my manhood, and to my God."

"After the incident of the bridge which I have narrated," says he, "no further impediments came in my way, and I soon found myself North, where I had determined, come what would, to take up my abode."

It was on the morning on which our story commences, when Bill entered our Gallery under the excitement we have described, and exclaiming, "*I have seen him, I have seen him!*" that the man who claimed to be his owner passed him in the street, and fortunate for that man that he did not see Bill; fortunate for the community that they passed and did not meet.

The portrait of our sable hero, in all the flush of manhood, hangs on the north side of the Gallery, for the inspection of the curious.

The Policy that We Should Pursue.

BY J. HOLLAND TOWNSEND.

The wisest policy for us to pursue, in order to obtain our political rights and privileges under the government where we live, is a subject that needs much careful consideration. The mighty agencies to be employed in battling down the strongholds of caste and prejudice, which now operate so powerfully against us, are to be found in the more perfect development of our intellectual powers and capacities; an ability

to meet and successfully refute the false doctrines, base contumelies, that have been so successfully and industriously circulated against us, and corrupted the public sentiment of our common country.

The subtle schemes of the party politicians are also to be avoided in this moral revolution; our chief dependence must be in our own inherent power to establish our claims, upon something more than the

mere assertion that rights and privileges belong to us, which the vitiated state of the public mind will not permit us to enjoy; we must demonstrate this problem by our individual manhood, in the different departments of industry, and by the spirit of genius in the mechanical arts, which always rewards its authors with character, honor, dignity and peace. For the consummation of these objects we can have the mental training of the common schools for our children in their youth, the culture and discipline of the academics and colleges for those of maturer years, where they may acquire vast stores of knowledge, which will be more effectual in overturning the system of injustice and wrong than the physical right arm.

As American freemen, born under the great *Magna Charta* of human liberty, which declares that all men are created equal, and endowed by Him who created them with inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, it cannot be expected that we should quietly and tamely submit to the insults and indignities that are so unjustly imposed upon us; dare we call ourselves men and live under such dishonor, suffer the last vestige of liberty to be torn from us, and become a race of miserable, crouching slaves, in the land of Franklin and Jefferson, Samuel Adams and Patrick Henry, where it is said that the common law and free institutions give protection to the weak, and hold back the encroachments of the strong, and secures to every man the reward of his honest labor, as an inheritance to the generations that are yet to come.

Instead of fostering the false teachings that have led to such disastrous consequences, and made us the servile tools of the white man, by submitting to every indignity that he chooses to inflict upon us, we should adopt that noble sentiment, and inscribe it on our banners in characters of living light, "better die than suffer our liberties to be taken away." It is one of the American cardinal doctrines, published from the pulpit, proclaimed from the rostrum and inculcated in the common schools. It secures them character and influence at home and commands respect abroad; inspires a laudable ambition in the minds of the youth, for emulation in the great enterprises of the present, points

forward with high hopes and bright anticipations to the future. The aspiring spirit of adventure, which marks so peculiarly the age in which we live, causes men to endure the heat of the burning sands and scorching suns of the torrid zones, suffer the perils and snows of the icy realms, in order that they may amass immense treasures of wealth. Yet what is wealth when compared with liberty. Money, it is true, may weigh down the sword when placed in the opposite scale, cut down the mountain and exalt the valley, overcome mighty obstacles, but it sinks into insignificance when you offer it as the equivalent for our liberties.

We should be admonished to act upon this important subject in view of the enlightened spirit of the age, and the grandeur of that revolution which at present is overturning the dynasties of oppression upon the continent of Europe. We should act in view of the happiness of the millions with whom we are identified. In behalf of the genius of our youth, and the sublimity lingering around the history of our forefathers, we should swear by the altars of our God, that our country shall be free. In our wide domain; on the banks of our mighty rivers; along the shores of our Mediterranean lakes; the thundering of our Niagara; in all these let us hope for the future. In everything gorgeous in the green of summer and rich in the glow of autumn, sublime in the snow-drifted mountain, rising toward heaven, like a great white throne, upon which is seated the spirit of sublimity, we see the elements of nature prophetic of the future greatness of a people redeemed, regenerated, and disenthralled by the genius of our free institutions, under the ægis of Republicanism.

The inquiry, whether we shall eventually succeed, by the application of truth and the enforcement of bold and manly principles, in battling down the strongholds of caste and despotism, which at present stand in the way of our onward progress; systems that have long been incorporated into the politics of our common country, and sanctioned by the higher ecclesiastical bodies of the American Union, is a question of doubt in the minds of many who are termed Christians and philanthropists. They even forget the great power and efficacy there is in the truth; how, like the drop of water constantly falling upon the

rock, wears it away, or the coral insect, by its continued labor, builds a reef that stems the mighty currents of the ocean. They become faithless when we point them to the great Reformer, standing up in the midst of the old Catholic dynasties of Europe, with no weapon but the truth, upheaving the foundations of long established society, discarding the most venerated principles of antiquity, until he made the sovereigns of the continent tremble upon their thrones: how, single-handed and alone, he combatted the heresies of Rome and put to flight the combined host of the Pope, with their dark dogmas of superstition, ignorance and bigotry, and held up the light of science to an admiring world, sweeping away the base refuge of lies that had so ruled over the people, driving them into almost hopeless despair. Truth, eventually, will conquer, and just in the same ratio as mind is superior to matter will truth overcome error; and you might as well attempt to turn the current of Niagara as to arrest its onward progress.

In order for us to stem the tide of popular opinion, and check its blasting influences, we must place ourselves upon a firm and secure foundation; justice and equal-rights being the principal planks in our platform, with manliness and integrity for our motto; with the culture and refinement of the American high-schools and colleges in the ascendancy in all our general relations of life, and our hearts inspired with the love of liberty and the welfare of our fellow-men. Then, party-strife and turmoil may rave with its malignity, the waves of persecution and proscription may rise mountain-high, dash and beat around us; the surging billows may beat upon, and seem for a time to overwhelm us; but we shall not be moved from our lofty eminence, where we may extend our arms and drag up our fellow mortals from the dreadful maelstrom, into which corrupt and vicious associations have drawn them, by the demoralizing influences of base party-leaders, until they have been driven almost to give up in despair.

When we shall have a wholesome system of political economy among ourselves, which shall command respect, instead of courting sympathy, from the class that abuse and proscribe us, then we shall be honored for our integrity, and respected for our characters, and claim nothing at

their hands but a fair and equal contest for the prize. Let us clear the stream of its driftwood, snags and impediments, and we will navigate our own crafts, and make them "walk the waters like the things of life." Take down the dams and bring the current upon a dead level, and not continually keep us stemming the tide, with winds and currents against us, place us no longer on the ocean without chart or compass, at the mercy of every wind and wave, in that old, rickety, foundering vessel that you have been sending us off to Africa in for so many years. We have now made up our minds to abandon these foundering ships, with their unskilful captains, and build crafts for ourselves, after the latest and most approved models, officer and man them with men of our own selection, and if they cannot navigate them safely into the ports for which we are bound, let them sink. All that we demand from the dominant party in a country like this, is what Diogenes requested of Alexander, to get out of his sunshine. Would to God that we could, at a signal given, lift the dark curtain that has overshadowed us for the past two hundred years, and held us in the degrading prison-house of cruel bondage, and kept us wandering among the mazy labrinths of caste and prejudice, until our identity among the human race seems, in a great measure, to be forgotten. Let us have the light, give the spirit of genius an opportunity to develop the powers of our young men in the various branches of the mechanical arts; make industry honorable in every relation of life, and with a fair field before us, we will cut down the mountains which stand up before us, like the great shadow of God. Educate men and you melt chains from their limbs; liberty becomes a fire in their bones, that all the penal enactments in the world can never effectually put out; a partial judiciary may attempt to strike it down; a hireling press may seek to bring it into ridicule and contempt; party-strife and contention may rage for a season and trample it in the dust; but like its noble Author, it will rise again in the majesty of its greatness, to send forth its benignant rays, while the earth beats round her orbit and fulfils the measures of her stupendous years.

The present is called the age of great commercial rivalry, in which the American

people soon expect to see the day arrive in which they shall be mistress of the sea: when the British tar shall chant less boastfully,

"Her march is oe'r the mountain wave,
Her home is on the sea."

The revolution that we are engaged in is one of greater moment to us than the dominion of the sea; peacefully and quietly we are fighting the battle; we need no weapons but what are of a radically conservative character, yet they are mighty in overturning the barriers and strongholds of

iniquity and wrong; they are more potent than the sinewy arm, have wider sway than the conqueror, with such effectual and potent weapons as the printing press, common school, and the machine shop, on our side, "there is no such word as fail." Onward, then, let us advance, marching steadily to the music of high-beating hearts, with a fixedness of purpose, and determined resolution, and the work will soon be completed, and we shall have the diadem of liberty placed upon our brows.

Thoughts on Hayti.

NUMBER V.

BY J. THEODORE HOLLY.

Wrong conceptions and false expectations to be guarded against by emigrants to Hayti.

It may be set down as a truism, that slavery, proscription and oppression are poor schools in which to train independent, self-respecting freemen. Individuals so trained are apt to have all their aspirations, aims, ends and objects in life on a level with the low, grovelling and servile plane of a slavish and dependent mind; or if by chance that mind has grown restless under its fetters, and sighs for enfranchisement and liberty, it is apt to rush to the other extreme in its desires, and is led to covet those positions for which it has no proper qualifications whatever. The bent of the slavery-disciplined mind is either too low or too high. It cannot remain in equilibrium. It either cringes with all the dastard servility of the slave, or assumes the lordly airs of a cruel and imperious despot.

These things, therefore, being true of the

victims of abject servitude, we have herein the key to the failure of the colored emigration to Hayti in 1824. The palsy effect of slavery had not then, as it has not now, been effaced from the minds of the free colored people of the United States. They went not to Hayti with the noble daring and heroic self-sacrifice of independent self-respecting freemen. Many of that number emigrated with the expectation of finding servile employment, such as they had been used to in this country. They had no higher aspirations than to hire themselves out for wages under some wealthy employer. And this employment was preferred to be of the domestic kind about towns and cities, rather than the hard-handed work of agriculture in the rural districts. But these expectations could not be gratified. The industrial resources of Hayti were, and are still, in a primitive

condition; capital has not been amassed; and the collateral branches of industry that succeed a primitive state of agriculture have not been developed. Labor is still in its rude and unorganized state. Every man, therefore, must calculate to be his own employer and develop his own avocation. And to this end a manly consciousness of one's own inherent energies must prompt the activities of the independent laborer. But the American emigrants of 1824, being destitute of this principle of self-reliance, wilted away before the obstacles that presented themselves in their pathway in Hayti; they murmured against those who had directed their attention to that country; they longed for the flesh-pots, the leeks, the onions, and the garlic of domestic servility in the United States; and thereby proved that they were wholly unfit for the goodly heritage that their eyes beheld; and that they only deserved to have their carcases strown in the sea over which they had sailed, like those of that servile generation of Israelites, which were buried by the avenging hand of God in that howling wilderness whither they wandered in, looking for the promised land.

But another portion of that number of emigrants, went with the expectation of being promoted to offices of honor and emolument. I have in my mind's eye the history of several persons who made public declarations, before they embarked from these shores, that they were going for the purpose of obtaining public positions of authority, in order to teach the Haytians how to rule. In one case, a deputation of emigrants had the daring impudence to actually wait on President Boyer, within a few months after their arrival in Hayti, and demanded to be invested with some positions of power and emolument. And here we see the other extreme into which servilely-educated emigrants will run. Men who had been the barbers, the waiters, the ostlers, the bootblacks, the chimney-sweeps, and the scavengers of white men in this country, in their vain imaginations, thus entertained the false conception that they were fitted to be the rulers of that heroic and independent people, whose liberty had been secured by their own right arms, and baptized in the blood of their oppressors. What could be more preposterous than the deplorable phantasy that the American negro is fitted to be the

political ruler of the self-emancipated free-men of Hayti?

What a shameless presumption it is in the colored American, who bows on his knees at the mere shadow of a white man, to aspire to lord it over a people who keep as a memento to the bones of 60,000 white men bleaching on their shores! Nevertheless, such were the actual anticipations of a portion of the emigrants of 1824. Of course they were doomed to a most woful disappointment. They discovered, to their mortification and confusion of face, that the Haytians possessed more of the true spirit of liberty, independence, and all the other elements of national rule and political sovereignty than such narrow and conceited minds as theirs could ever comprehend. And these chagrined and disappointed emigrants hung their heads in very shame and skulked away from those shores in abject disgrace. According to the burning words of the fiery-souled Dessalines, their apathetic lungs could not breathe the air of liberty that fanned the everlasting hills of the children of Hayti; neither could they be allowed to taint its purity by their pestiferous presence.

Hence, then, let me say to those emigrants who would prove themselves to be worthy of their adopted country, go to Hayti neither with servile longings and hankerings after dependent positions, nor with inflated aspirations and pretensions after political power and place. Duty to yourselves in the matter of self-respect forbid the servility of the former, and duty to the native Haytians, in rendering unto Cesar the things that are Cesar's, forbids the assumption of the latter. But let the American emigrants be content to be the industrial civilizers of Hayti. Let them be satisfied to occupy the same position in that country as the Bourgeoise do in Europe. Let them develop the natural resources of the country, and increase her wealth; and by so doing they will be able to keep themselves from sinking into domestic servility, by wielding a power behind the throne greater than the throne itself. And while so doing, they will have the satisfaction of beholding their posterity grow up on the soil, identified in every respect with the original Haytian population. They will be Haytians to every intent of the word knowing no other country and owing no other allegiance. Such, then,

may, without any cavil, let or hindrance, march on to the exercise of their rightful political power in the government of their country, which their merits and the approbation of their fellow-citizens may feel disposed to entrust to their hands. But naturalized emigrants should be content for the present with the field that the industrial wants of Hayti opens up before them. In this respect, they can enjoy the most perfect monopoly. The colored people of the United States, who are desirous of shaking off the servile influences of slavery that now cast their shadows over their minds, and who are anxious to prepare themselves for the posts of independent freemen, can have no better theatre of action presented for their development than that offered by the present industrial wants of Hayti. And as it is an important desideratum that all inducements to menial occupations should be removed from the future pathway of colored Americans, wherever their lot may be cast, they should rejoice that industrial

capital has not yet been so amassed in Hayti as to open the gates to a system of wages-slavery; and on the other hand, as it is equally important that the political abstractions and the vague theorizings, so peculiar to a people in a nascent state of liberty, should be curbed down to practical realities, they should also rejoice that the political destiny of Hayti is already committed to other hands that must always be preferred before them.

Thus circumscribed, and thus divested of the wrong conceptions and false expectations of a fanciful imagination, colored American emigrants will find among the Haytians the most favorable field in which to obtain their manly growth to the full stature of free and independent men; and thereby vindicate their capacity to be the architects of their own fortunes, the shapers of their own destinies, and equal in every respect to the demands of the nineteenth century of modern civilization.

Books, &c.

"The Roving Editor; or Talks with Slaves in the Southern States." By JAMES REDPATH. N. B. Burdick, publisher. pp. 369.

"What do the colored men think of your colonization scheme?" asked Dr. Chalmers of Rev. Dr. Cox, in Edinburgh, more than twenty years ago. "Colored MEN!" "COLORED MEN!" The idea was new and startling to our vivacious American divine, and led to a train of thought which led him to become, for the time, a violent abolitionist.

"What do the slaves think?" is a question into which abolitionists have taken too little pains to enquire. How many, or rather, how few of them have ever spoken to a slave while in slavery? For all they know, the masses of our Southern thralls, when asked the story of their wrongs, might answer with the "needy knife-grinder" of Channing,

"Story? God bless you, I have none to tell, sir."

This book of Mr. Redpath's tells the story of the slave, however, in the slave's own words. On three separate occasions since 1854, he has visited the South, and travelled, principally on foot, through Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Louisiana and Missouri. By a singular admixture of boldness, caution and address, he managed to secure the confidence of slaves, plantation slaves and city slaves, pierced through the outer-coat of deceit and reticence, with which the institution necessarily endows the bondsmen, and ascertained their actual views, feelings, hopes and despairs. In all these conversations, held with hundreds of slaves, he met with but one who preferred slavery to freedom.

It is noteworthy, that in the more Northern tier of States, the slaves, while worked

condition; capital has not been amassed; and the collateral branches of industry that succeed a primitive state of agriculture have not been developed. Labor is still in its rude and unorganized state. Every man, therefore, must calculate to be his own employer and develop his own avocation. And to this end a manly consciousness of one's own inherent energies must prompt the activities of the independent laborer. But the American emigrants of 1824, being destitute of this principle of self-reliance, wilted away before the obstacles that presented themselves in their pathway in Hayti; they murmured against those who had directed their attention to that country; they longed for the flesh-pots, the leeks, the onions, and the garlic of domestic servility in the United States; and thereby proved that they were wholly unfit for the goodly heritage that their eyes beheld; and that they only deserved to have their carcasses strewn in the sea over which they had sailed, like those of that servile generation of Israelites, which were buried by the avenging hand of God in that howling wilderness whither they wandered in, looking for the promised land.

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etch, the editor of the *Constitution*, which led to it, the formation of tournaments, the received, the dinner, interesting matter may now the games of the and a short chapter on which, a goodly array of which were entered into the tournament; others contributed our best composers. We think the problems are faulty—the problem, by R. Willmers, set "Three is a charm." In the imperfection in this set, a prize of the problem tournament has been awarded to Mr. S. Loyd. The volume contains numerous interesting facts in the history of American chess, among which are those relating to Franklin, Lewis Rose, Aaron Franklin, the automaton player, and Paul Morphy—and the book closes with a list of subscribers, accounts, solutions and inquiries.

Take it all in all, we think it a worthy acquisition, and heartily recommend it to chess-loving friends. It is got up in excellent style by the well-known book publisher, Budd & Carleton, and adorned with a

harder and treated worse, if possible, than any others, are yet more hopeful, more determined, and more restless in regard to their condition. They seem to feel and know not only the terrible wrong perpetrated upon them, but also, the possibility of freedom or vengeance. The following rather vivid specimen of free thinking, has a hopeful, if not a very reverent, air about it. In reply to a question from Mr. Redpath, the answer is, "We have nothing to do with the church but to go there, pay all the taxes, and listen to sermons about submission to the will of God."

"Does he often expatiate on that duty?"

"Very often—very often. One day I heard him say that God had given all this continent to the white man, and that it was our duty to submit."

"Do the colored people" I inquired, "believe all that sort of thing?"

"Oh no, sir," he returned; "one man whispered to me as the minister said that,

"*He be d—d! God am not sich a fool!*"

While on this subject, we copy Mr. Redpath's account of an African church in Richmond, Va., assuring our readers that it is actually copied from Mr. Redpath's book, page 17, and is not a description of a colored church in the city of New York.

"I was advised," I said, "by a proslavery man, to visit the African Church. Is it a splendid concern?"

"Yes sir," he (a free colored man in Richmond) rejoined; "it's a very fine church; I thought they would tell you to go there! They allus do. That's an old game of theirs—Go to the African church,' they allus say to strangers, 'and see how happy our slaves are, and how well they dress.' When I was living at the hotel, I've often heered them say so to strangers. Once a gentleman from the North said to me, 'Well, you people of color seem very happy. I was at your church to-day, and I really never did see a better dressed or happier looking congregation.' Them was his words."

"Yes, massa," I said, "but appearances is deceitful. You don't see their hearts. Many of them that you saw there with happy looking faces, *had heavy hearts and raw backs*. They're not all slaves neither, as they tell you they are; one-half of them's free people."

"By whom," I asked, "is this African

church supported?"

"By the colored people."

"You have a colored preacher, of course?"

"Oh, no," said the store keeper, "colored people are not allowed to enter the pulpit in Virginia.— —, (I have forgotten the name) a colored clergyman, once attempted it, but they put him in jail."

As he goes farther South, the conversations with the slaves evince, on their part, as deep a hatred of the system as in Virginia, but a deeper despair. We have marked out many passages which we would like to present to our readers, but if we presented them all it would comprise one-half the book. "*The insurrection hero*," described at p. 269–283, is a narrative of deep and absorbing interest; and if, as we trust is the case, there are a few more of the same sort left in Virginia, that soil will be hallowed by the noblest struggle for freedom which the world has yet witnessed.

The style of Mr. Redpath is plain, terse and forcible. He gives us vivid pictures of slave life, slave hopes, slave despair. The book is dedicated to Capt. John Brown, in words that breathe a spirit worthy of the old hero.

"*The Book of the First American Chess Congress*," containing the proceedings of that celebrated Assemblage, held in New York, in the year 1857, &c., &c. Rudd & Carlton, New York.

When, several thousand years ago, that inventive personage—Egyptian, Arabian, Brahmin, or dweller in "far Cathay," who can tell?—originated the "*Chaturanga*," little knew he that it was the germ of a game whose vitality would endure for ages. Yet so it was. It gradually spread into Persia, Hindostan, and other Oriental countries; migrated into Europe, flourishing alike in rugged Iceland as in sunny Italy; and in due course of time took root in our own America, blossoming on this side of the ocean, in the year of grace 1857, into the First American Chess Congress.

We have before us now a chronicle of the proceedings of "that celebrated assemblage," fresh from the press. The editor's dedication is apt, and reads in this wise:

To PAUL MORPHY,
the hero of that American Tournament,
whose story is here told, and the con-
querer upon the traditionary bat-
tle-fields of Europe, I dedi-
cate this work, with
every sentiment of
esteem and
friendship."

The book opens with a very interesting sketch of the history of the game, which the editor divides into three periods. The first, styled "The age of the Chaturanga, or primeval Indian game," extends from its invention, about 3000 B. C., down to 600 A. D. It was played by four persons on a board of sixty-four squares, such as we have now (the squares not being distinguished by colors however), but each player had but eight men—a king, rook, knight, bishop (or ship), and four pawns. The men of the different players (two of whom were allied against the other two) were of different colors. The bishops occupied the corner squares, and could move but two squares at a time; the rooks were placed next to the king, and the pawns could only move one square on the first move; otherwise, the game was as it is now, except that at each move a die was thrown to determine which piece or pawn should be moved. The second period is termed "The age of the Shatranj or Mediaeval game." It extends from the sixth century after Christ to the close of the fifteenth century. The use of dice had by this time been discarded, and the game changed "from a contest between four persons to a battle between two. The alteration was simple. The board and powers of the men remained as before. The bishops and rooks changed places, and two of the allied forces were united upon one side of the board and the other two upon the opposite side. Two of the four kings were transformed into viziers or counsellors, who stood, as was natural, next to the kings. These counsellors moved only one square diagonally."

The third period, "that of modern chess," began about the close of the fifteenth century. The "vizier," or "counsellor," of the Shatranj became transformed into the queen, and was raised from the rank of a minor figure to that of the most powerful piece on the board, combining the powers of the rook and bishop. The bishop was

allowed free range of the diagonal, instead of being restricted in his movements to two squares at a time. The pawns were permitted, on their first move, to advance one or two squares, at the option of the player. To obviate in a measure this enhanced power of the foot-soldiers, the right of capturing them *en passant* was introduced. The privilege of castling was given the king, and the convenient practice of making the squares of the board of two different colors was adopted. As the game became thus fully developed and firmly established, chess writers began to appear, who analyzed the openings then known, or invented new ones, to which they often appended their names—Daniano, Ruy Lopez, Salvio, Greco, Selenus, Carrera, Lolli, Ponziani, Philidor, commenced a list which extends unbroken to the present time. From their day, chess has gone on gaining in popularity, until now it is fairly established as the most scientific and fascinating game of the sober civilized community of all nations.

After this preliminary sketch, the editor proceeds to give an account of the Congress itself; the causes which led to it, the assemblage of its members, the formation of the grand and minor tournaments, the papers and reports received, the dinner, in all of which much interesting matter may be found. Then follow the games of the grand tournament, and a short chapter on blindfold chess; after which, a goodly array of problems, some of which were entered in the problem tourney; others contributed by some of our best composers. We notice that two of the problems are faulty—the dedication problem, by R. Willmers, and one of the set "Three is a charm." In consequence of the imperfection in this set, the second prize of the problem tourney should have been awarded to Mr. S. Loyd.

Chapter nine contains numerous interesting incidents in the history of American chess, among which are those relating to Benjamin Franklin, Lewis Rose, Aaron Burr, the automaton player, and Paul Morphy—and the book closes with a list of subscribers, accounts, solutions and indexes.

Take it all in all, we think it a worthy production, and heartily recommend it to our chess-loving friends. It is got up in excellent style by the well-known book firm Rudd & Carleton, and adorned with a

beautiful sixty-eight self-mate, printed in colors, composed by E. B. Cook, and dedicated to Paul Morphy.

“*The objects and regulations of the Institute for Colored Youth (in Philadelphia), with a list of officers and students, and the Annual Report of the Board of Managers for the year 1859.*” Philadelphia. 1859.

Our brethren in Pennsylvania, notwithstanding their vicinity to the slave States, have the advantage of high educational privileges, of which we are glad to see they are not backward in taking the fullest advantage. The Alleghany Institute at Pittsburgh will take rank with most of the minor colleges in the free States, in its ample facilities for instruction, its adequate endowment, and fine corps of instructors.

The Institute for Colored Youth in Philadelphia was organized in 1842, the present edifice was erected in 1851, and the school is now in full operation, entirely under the control of the corporators, who are, exclusively, members of the Society of Friends. The funds by which this institution is supported are derived from “bequests and donations made by members of that Society.” The objects of the Institute are, “the education and improvement of colored youth of both sexes, to qualify them to act as teachers and instructors to of their own people, either in the various branches of school-learning, or the mechanic arts and agriculture.”

The interest of the corporators does not cease with their school-attendance; they select suitable youth and procure for them places at trades, giving to the mechanics who employ them a small premium for their instruction.

The course of study is arranged into primary and high-school departments. The latter consists of three classes:

1. **INTRODUCTORY:** English Grammar, Arithmetic, U. S. History to the close of the Revolution (Berard), Bible History and Geography, Composition.

2. **JUNIOR CLASS:** *Mathematics*—Arithmetic (Greenleaf's National) reviewed and finished; Algebra, through Quadratics; Book-Keeping. *English*—Critical reading of Milton's *Paradise Lost*; Composition and Rhetoric; General History; Physical Geography; Anatomy and Physiology.

Classics—Well's Latin Lessons and Reader; Ancient Geography; Adams' and Stoddart's Latin Grammar.

3. **SENIOR CLASS:** *Mathematics*—Higher Algebra, through Logarithms; Geometry (Davies Legendre, the whole nine books); Plain and Spherical Trigonometry. *English*—Natural Philosophy; Chemistry; Mental Philosophy. *Classics*—*Libera Primus*; Cæsar de bello Gallico; Virgil's *Æneid* (three books); Latin Grammar reviewed.

The managers wisely require the pupils for admission to produce evidence of good moral character. Prizes are bountifully established to excite a healthful emulation among the scholars.

This standard of studies will fit the pupils for admission into the Sophomore classes of most of our colleges; from our personal acquaintance with several of the teachers, we feel confident that the teaching is thorough and conscientious. The Principal, Mr. E. D. Basset, is a very excellent mathematician and general scholar, and has that magnetic *drive* about him which carries his pupils intelligently along with him in his favorite study. We would rejoice to see the study of the Greek language added to the course of study; Miss Grace Mapps is highly proficient in that glorious language; and considering the æsthetic proclivities of “our race,” some splendid scholarly developments might spring from instructing the Key Stone State colored youth in the grandeur of Homer, the metres of Pindar, or the graceful flow of Euripides. The Preparatory School is truly blessed in having for its Principal that noble, clear-minded, child-loving, and lovable lady, Mrs. Sarah M. Douglass. The Institute is already recording the excellent results of its own operations. Two of the pupils, Messrs. Jacob C. White, Jr., and Octavius V. Catto, have been promoted to the office of preceptors therein. We should add that the teachers of the Institute are all colored: that is to say, we have black men teaching black boys Spherical Trigonometry within two hundred miles of Washington, D. C., which, by the way, was laid out by a black surveyor, Benjamin Banneker. In a noiseless, quiet, but most efficient way, the Board of Managers are doing THE WORK which must elevate the class in whom they manifest such deep interest. In the name of our brethren in bonds, and as bound with them, we sin-

cerely and earnestly thank Marmaduke C. Cope, Thomas Wistar, Alfred Cope, Thomas Williamson, William H. Burr, George W. Taylor, Joshua L. Bailey, Israel H. Johnson, Wistar Morris, Benjamin Coates, Charles Farnall, Richard M. Marshall, Richardson, William M. Collins and Edward Sharples; who are the Officers of the Corporation.

"The Dred Scott Decision. Opinion of Chief Justice Taney, with an Introduction by Dr. J. H. Van Evrie. Also, an Appendix containing an essay on the Natural History of the Prognathous Race of mankind, originally written for the 'New York Day Book,' by Dr. S. N. Cartwright of New Orleans." pp. 48.

Poor Judge Taney! The tormentors have seized upon him before he has "left the form," as the spiritualists would say in regard to one "not dead yet." None of the Abolition or Black Republican comments and strictures in his too celebrated decision, can give him half the mental agony of this "handling" by a brace of doctors.

"The Decision" which the Judge labored so earnestly to prove to be the law of the United States, under the Constitution, these doctors formally announce to be none

other than the "Higher Law" of the Almighty, as announced in the distribution and endowments of the (according to them) three human species. And they adduce facts and arguments of such extremely filthy nature as must disgust any well-mannered old patriarch of old Virginia. We thought of quoting some of the statements of Dr. S. Cartwright—until we reflected that our magazine is read by ladies as well as gentlemen. We notice on the fly-leaf of this pamphlet an advertisement of the "New York Day Book," headed, "The White Man's Paper," and we wondered what *could* be the matter with the white man that he should require such a paper; "*who is hurtin' on him?*" whom does he fear? from whom is he fleeing to such a refuge, and such defences? Our wonder ceased, however, in glancing over the "Evening Post" of to-day (Oct. 4), where "A CAUCASIAN" betrays the very highest degree of horror at the very probable fact, that in a few hundred years the people of the United States will be "done brown," if not darker, in complexion, by the process of amalgamation with the negroes of the South, and calls upon the Black Republicans to stay this dreadful catastrophe. It is perhaps a wise forecast of the editors or the "Day Book" to put upon record that there are white men, and that they have a "paper" in the Year of Grace 1859.

Miscellany.

A COLORED ENGINEER.

A correspondent of the "Boston Transcript," writing from Lake Lemán, Switzerland, says:

"The West Switzerland Railroad Company are constructing a road along the north shore of the lake, from Lausanne to Villeneuve, passing through the villages of Cully, Vevey, Clarens, Vernex, and under Montreux. This will complete the communication between Geneva and the head of the lake, Villeneuve. From this latter

place a railroad conducts to Bex—twelve miles—a place of much resort at this season for the grape-cure and salt baths. The next town to Villeneuve, westward, but on the Savoy side of the lake, is Bouveret. Six weeks ago a railroad was opened from this place to Martigny, which carries a vast number of passengers, to wit, all those from Geneva and the south of France, who are bound to Chamounix, the Great St. Bernard, the Simplon road, and the many popular passes that lead out of it to the central cantons of Switzerland. This will

be interesting news to many of our countrymen who have groaned over that slow omnibus ride from Martigny to Bex, at the end of a long day's journey over the Tete-Noir or Col de Balme. The section of the 'Ouest-Suisse' road which passes through Vevey and Montreux is engineered by a negro, an intelligent Frenchman—not a mulatto, but a veritable black, with wool three inches thick, which, however, contrary to the popular prejudice, does not intercept the passage of the ideas outward, into practical usefulness. Immediately opposite the house I inhabit, the railroad comes so near the communal road that the embankment, which is some twenty feet above grade, has not room to spread, so that the engineer has been obliged to build two walls to the full height, say twenty feet. These walls are seven feet thick at the base, making fourteen feet the two, gradually diminishing to four each (eight) at the top, the space between being filled in with earth and stones. I said to the engineer, the other day. 'Is not that wall unnecessarily thick?' His reply was, 'No; you Americans build all your bridges and viaducts too slightly. I am familiar with many American works and articles on railroad architecture. You have yet much to learn from us. If you were to build like that (pointing to the walls), we should not hear of such awful catastrophes as fill your journals; two this very month, the last in yesterday's Paris papers.' This young man, apparently not over twenty-five years of age, is evidently regarded and treated with the greatest deference and respect by the contractor, sub-contractor and men."

COLORPHOBIA IN EDUCATION.

A friend from Chester County, Pa., visiting at Hollidaysburg, Blair Co., and writing to us from the latter place under date Sept. 5th, says:

"Great attention is paid here to the education of youth; at least I would judge so from what I see and hear. It appears to be the all-absorbing question just at this time, the teachers for the new year having been all appointed. I also learn that there is a school-house set apart for the exclusive use of colored children, and, as I know you

take a lively interest in the education and moral training of this portion of the human family, I have thought proper to make some inquiry into the manner in which it is conducted. The result of my inquiries is, that here, as in the majority of other places, the interest manifested for the colored man is more for political effect than anything else, and that those who prate the loudest about the moral and political advancement of the colored man are the first to turn against him when he wants a friend. The colored school here has been presided over, for the last few years, by teachers totally incompetent, the children deriving little or no benefit from the teachers. The parents of the children, as a matter of course, were displeased at this course of things, and they appointed a committee to obtain a competent teacher. Such an one they at last succeeded in obtaining, in the person of a white widow lady of good education and accomplishments; but a stumbling block was now thrown in the way: the consent of the school directors must be obtained, and they, for reasons best known to themselves, refused to ratify the choice of the parents, but forced them to keep the obnoxious teacher above alluded to. This result was brought about by the vote of one who claims to be the especial friend of the colored man, and who is an aspirant for a high place at the hands of the friends of freedom. God save the colored man from such friends! They are wolves in sheep's clothing, and I hope that our friends will pause and think ere they place power in the hands of such men. I contend that if the colored man is ever to obtain that social position to which he is entitled, he must be educated. This is the primary movement, and he who stands in the way of his education is only forging links to enslave, instead of setting him free.

The school here is in effect dead, as the great majority of the parents prefer to allow their children to run in the streets rather than send them to such an institution."—*Anti-Slavery Standard*.

COLORS CHURCHES IN PHILADELPHIA.

The Philadelphia correspondent of the "Weekly Anglo African" writes as follows: "According to promise, I send you a state-

ment of the churches in this city, hoping it may prove interesting to many of your readers:

Denomination.	Name.	Site in Feet.	Location.	Founded.	Pastor in charge.	No. of Members.	Value of Property.	Seals.
A. M. Episcopal	Bethel	62 x 70	S. 6th St. above Lombard	1816	W. D. W. Schurman	1,300	\$ 60,000	2,500
Methodist	Wesley	42 x 60	Lombard St. above 5th	1820	Shufeldt Jones	300	20,000	800
A. M. Episcopal	Tuion	38 x 63	Center St. below 8th	1816	Richard Robinson	297	14,000	800
"	Wesley	28 x 60	Hurst St. bet. Lombard & South	1831	J. T. Campbell	100	12,000	600
M.	Zoar	43 x 69	Brown St. bet. 4th & 5th	1831	Thomas Stet	200	2,000	400
Comp. Methodist	Tuion	41 x 72	Little Pine St. below 8th	1837	John Leed	100	18,000	2,000
Methodist	City Mission	28 x 48	Seventh St. below 8th	1841	Stephen Smith	100	4,000	300
M. Episcopal	City Mission	18 x 22	Oak St. W. of Tull. W. Phila.	1852	Jeremiah Asher	120	2,834	250
"	Shiloh	40 x 54	South St. below 11th	1852	James Underdew	300	1,500	600
"	Tuion	32 x 61	Little Pine St. below 7th	1859	James Underdew	128	6,000	350
"	Pearl St.	40 x 49	Pearl St. below 11th	1859	James Underdew	128	3,000	900
Presbyterian	Oak St.	23 x 33	Cor. Oak & Maloney Sts. W. Ph.	1857	Edward Helly	76	8,000	900
"	First A. Prob'h.	37 x 51	Seventh St. below Shippen	1867	Jonathan C. Gibbs	128	6,000	450
Second	"	37 x 61	St. Mary St. below 6th	1871	" (without a pastor)	184	6,000	400
"	Central	33 x 60	Lombard St. below 9th	1871	"	184	15,000	800
Prot. Episcopal.	St. Thomas	40 x 69	S. Fifth St. cor. Adelphi	1791	Wm. Douglass	80	40,000	800
"	Crucifixion	40 x 55	Eight St. above South	1850	G. Dringhurst (white)	80
Total	\$231,484

These statistics, though incomplete, are as nearly correct as it is convenient to get them at present. It would afford me great pleasure to give them full and complete were it in my power; but I hope that even

this sketch, incomplete as it is, may be of some service in the way of statistics.

There are libraries and Sabbath schools attached to these several churches, many of which are in a flourishing condition; but for others I cannot say so much. Three of these churches are under the whites, and cannot be considered as exclusively colored, or as much so as some others may be. They all belong, however, in the category of colored churches, they being supported and owned mainly by that class of persons. One of the churches which I mentioned in my last, or rather referred to as one of twenty, was a mission chapel under Bethel, and has been merged into Stephen Smith's church, leaving nineteen remaining."

"SELLING NEGROES IN ILLINOIS.—Last Saturday a piece of animated property, called George Bowlin, was put on the block at Carrollton, Greene County, Illinois, and sold to the highest bidder. His offence was a violation of the law which prohibits the immigration of negroes into the State. Having been tried and found guilty, he was fined \$63; and not being able to pay the money, he was sold to Mr. Felix Morton for sixteen months."

Look at that! an innocent man actually sold for sixteen months for a fine of \$63, and that fine imposed simply because he came into our State! a boasted free State! Here is a law which would disgrace a country of barbarians. And yet we see nothing even in our Republican papers indicating that the party intend to do anything against that law. We observe nowhere any discussion looking towards its repeal. The "Herald" has in various ways for months endeavored to arouse public sentiment against the inhuman statute, but we find little or no response where we had a right to look for it—in the Republican papers.

Now it is our deliberate opinion that unless the Republican party will commit itself to this reasonable reform, its success is a matter of indifference. We say it should boldly commit itself in advance of gaining the legislative control, for no party in power ever feels bound to do any more good things than it promised when seeking power. Usually they contrive to avoid the fulfilment of many of their distinctly

given pledges. Let the Republican party, then, through all its power, attack these absurd and cruel laws, and demand their total abrogation, trusting in the sense of right and justice among the people, and they will endear themselves to the people, and may hope for the ascendancy in our State affairs. Until they do this, the intelligent friends of liberty will be quite likely to ask them, "what do ye more than others?"—*Chicago Cong. Herald.*

WHITE SLAVES RELEASED.—It does not seem very difficult to sell white men and women as slaves at the South, as a recent case at Abbeville, Ala., illustrates. The story is told in the "Banner," a Democratic paper of that town, and cannot, therefore, be set down as an abolition lie. It appeared by the evidence on the trial that one James C. Wilson was taken sick at the house of a poor white woman named Hicks, at Columbus, Ga.; that Mrs. Hicks and her daughter Patience ministered to the sick man for several weeks, and that during his convalescence he courted the daughter, with such success that marriage became necessary to save her from dishonor. Instead of doing the honorable thing, Wilson persuaded the girl to elope with him, and took her to Abbeville, Ala., where he sold her as a slave to Rev. John Guilford. We are not told what denomination of Christians the Rev. Guilford honors by his gospel ministry, but it is evident that he is a sound believer in the doctrine that slavery is a divine institution, and does not think its benefits should be confined to the African race—as why, indeed, should they? Wilson was not contented with selling the girl that should have been his wife, but went back to Columbus and decoyed away her brother, a lad of fifteen, and actually sold him to the same Rev. Guilford. After several months of anxiety and grief, the mother traced her children to their new home on the plantation of the Abbeville pastor. The daughter had become the mother of a fine white babe, daughter of the wretch who had sold her, and both herself and brother were much browned by work in the field. Mrs. Hicks interested several lawyers in her behalf, and a writ of *habeas corpus* was taken out against the clergyman, and the judge of probate ordered the release of her children. The Rev.

Guilford is not quite satisfied with his share in the transaction, and has taken the case to the Supreme Court of the State, not, however, with the expectation of getting his white negroes back again, but to get rid of the costs imposed upon him by the judge of probate. The whole affair, which we give as established by testimony at the trial, throws more light upon the evils and the possibilities of wrong involved in the slave system than a folio of argument. People who think the enslavement of negroes not a matter of sufficient consequence to fret themselves about, will feel very different when slavery becomes indiscriminate as to the color and race of its subjects. That sets the question in a new light entirely. No white man or woman would like to be a slave, even to the excellent and devout Christian minister at Abbeville, Alabama.

THE NEW NEGRO LAW OF LOUISIANA.—The New Orleans correspondent of the "Charleston Courier" thus alludes to the negro law which has gone into effect lately in that State:

"There is quite a flutter here just now among our free colored population. Laws have been passed at different times by our State Legislature, prohibiting the introduction and stay in the State of free blacks not natives of Louisiana; in 1845, a law was passed authorising all those who had resided in the State since 1838 to remain, provided they made a declaration before some of the city authorities of their freedom, and obtained a certificate thereof within thirty days after the promulgation of the law. A great many have neglected to fulfil these various conditions and are consequently in the State in contravention to law. The late Legislature enacted a law which will take effect from the first of September next, very stringent in its provisions, which provides for the immediate expulsion, and, even, in some cases, the punishment of all such offenders. The severity of this law has roused the colored folks to a sense of danger, and many find themselves in a dilemma through their own neglect and carelessness. Some of these people have been here twenty years; they have bought property, raised families, and now they must abandon everything and seek a new home, if the law is strictly enforced, as it will be, most probably."

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NO. 11.

The Education of the Colored People.

BY AMOS GERRY BEMAN.

The colored race is an element of power in the earth, "like a city set upon a hill it cannot be hid." Thanks to our friends—and to our foes—and to the providence of God. Priest and politician, author and editor, orator and essayist, thinker and traveler, East and West, North and South, call us up for discussion, in church and state, in social life, and in the marts of trade and commerce—by every tongue, by every pen—the question is, what of the colored race in this country, and in all lands? More and more, this must be, will be, the topic of remark and examination. Dr. Cox did not cap the volcano, "the sun and moon" the pen and press, did not stand still at the bidding of Calhoun; Webster's voice is not obeyed; New England's prejudices remain unconquered, and will so remain while there is a rock in her mountains or a wave on her shores. Clay's doctrine of two hundred years of legal sanctification of the "sum of all villainies," does not awe into silence the righteous indignation of a fearless examination into the evils of American slavery; a pro-slavery pulpit has thundered in vain; legislative enactments are powerless; the murderous hands of Brooks causes the blood of Sumner to cry from the floor of the Senate Chamber, "sleep no more:" the United States Court adds fresh fuel to the flame in its Dred Scott decis-

ions; so that the agitation, like the ghost of Banquo, will not down, any more than the waves of the ocean would roll back, though "Canute gave command." The omnipresent spirit of liberty, of justice, and of truth, for the race, cries out in every one identified with this people on all the face of the globe. The noblest hearts of humanity have responded to this call. Elizabeth Herrick, Wilberforce, Clarkson, Brougham, Thompson—a mighty host of the purest and best sons and daughters of England—with the Garrisons, the Phelps, the Greens, the Phillips, and Cheevers, and a multitude which no man can name or number, on this side of the Atlantic, are pledged to God and humanity for the overthrow of the gigantic monster of iniquity, and for the elevation of its victims to all the rights and immunities of a Christian civilization. Every colored man is suggestive, wherever he is seen—in the street, in the town, in the village, in the city, in the country. Around him the central thought of the world is revolving; on his brow the gaze of civilized man and Christianized philanthropy is burning; he is thus the centre of a deep and mighty, of a far-reaching and living, THOUGHT. Crushed, embruted and oppressed he may be, ignorant and debased, all unconscious of what he is, of the race to which he belongs, he

is, nevertheless, the *representative* of millions in this land—of millions on the earth. Statistical intelligence—historical verity—sees him in the past, the present and in the future—in science, in literature, in the arts, in commerce, in law, and in theology—on land and on sea—a power among the nations of the earth. Truth beholds him, and cries out in him, and through him, demanding his rights, his education, his moral and intelligent fitness for a just position in the scale of a Christian civilization. Admitting that the position which we now occupy, compared with the attainments of the most favored portions of the human family, in knowledge, science and literature, and in all the varied arts of civilized life—in morals, in religion and in law—is a depressed one, we ask in all earnestness, and demand, that the race be educated—their dormant powers called out, and developed, and strengthened, that they may rightly wield them, and thus contribute their full share to the world's renovation and progress.

"Tis education that forms the common mind;
Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined."

The marble requires the hand of a Phidias, and the canvass that of a Raphael. Sir Christopher Wren, like the oak, was of slow growth. What England was, a few centuries ago, the world knows; and the origin, from uncultivated rudeness and barbarism of Greece and Rome, to the culminating point of their civilization, has been traced by classic pens a thousand times. The missionary of the cross points with triumph to the progress which has been made, in all the arts of civilized man, at the Sandwich Islands, within a few years. The work formerly requiring ages, may now be done in a day, with all the modern facilities for the improvement of the human race.

Minds, hearts, and materials are abundant, and are ever increasing. What does the African race demand—what does it require? Let it be remembered that each individual is an immortal being—made in the image of God—an heir of eternity: God has ordained him—

"Though life and death to dart his piercing eye;
With thoughts beyond the limits of his frame;
Call now to mind, what high capacious powers
Lie folded up in man; how far beyond
The praise of mortals; may the eternal growth
Of nature to perfection, half divine,
Expand the blooming soul."

AKENSIDE.

Now, "mute and inglorious," what a multitude of Penningtons, Delanys, Crumells, McCune Smiths, Whippers, Douglasses, Garnets, Robert Morris, W. J. Wilsons, Rocks, and Rogers, there are now held and crushed in the withering chains of slavery. In the darkest night of our history in this land, a few stars of hope and promise have shone forth, like Phillis Wheatly and Benjamin Banneker—minds which stirred up thought for the race in Washington and Jefferson. The past has given, as a people, a Richard Allen, an Absalom Jones and a John Gloucester, a Theodore S. Wright, a David Walker, to say nothing of a Denmark Veazy, or a Nathaniel Turner—names significant, and inspiring all. Among these millions are there not a host of others, which await only fair culture's genial hand? Who shall teach and educate them, and fit them for their sublime mission in this world, or for a glorious destiny in that world which is to come? A few schools and colleges are opened. In law, in medicine, in theology, one here and there, may be found "alone in their glory," toiling up the rugged hill of science, where "fame's proud temple stands and shines"—they may win honor as those young Haytiens did in France, a few months ago, for excellence in a knowledge of Greek, Latin and Rhetoric; but we speak of, and for, the thousands which *now* need education in all the arts of civilized life. These must be instructed, *educated*, developed in all their powers, fitted "to act well their part" in the drama of life. It has been no part or purpose of those among whom we have dwelt, or are dwelling, to educate us, as a people, up to the level on which they stand; it has not been their policy to send into the wilds of Africa well-qualified missionaries, to enlighten that benighted continent. If men like Park and Clapperton, the Landers and Livingstone, have gone there, it has been as explorers, and to secure, through the power of superior intelligence, the rich *present*, and richer *prospective* commerce of the land.

More and more, the world is to be governed by the force of mind—cultivated mind—superior intelligence will secure to itself the "lion's share of the spoil," to be ignorant is to be weak, and, "to be weak is to be miserable," says Milton. Will the dominant race hasten to teach us all that

they themselves know—all that which gives them their power and superiority over us? What are the motives which shall govern them in this? Pure benevolence, the love of humanity, their Christian faith—alas! with what a commercial eye and with what an avaricious heart they look upon us. The arithmetic has more to do with their philosophy, their humanity and their religion, in relation to the rights and the liberties and the salvation of the colored race, than the sublime doctrine of Christ and the sacred principles of humanity—“*cotton is king*.” Yet we must be educated—taught to think, to reason, and to apply the result of intelligent culture to all our interests in all the relations which we sustain in the great family of man. Noble teachers there are in the land—multitudes who, in theory, apply the true principles of law, of theology, of morals, to our condition. The Sumners, the Goodells, the Spooners, the Greens, the Adams, and Giddings, and their worthy compeers in the cause of liberty, utter truths which fall upon the ears of millions; but what we need is, that those truths upon which our elevation depends, should be brought into contact with *our* minds and *hearts*. We need instruction fitted to our present condition and future prospects—truths and principles fitted to arouse, energize and inspire us to *do* those things upon which the permanent welfare of the colored race depends.

Around us we see thousands being thus fitted every year for the stations which they are to occupy in society. We can look over the history of this country, and see the immense power of the pulpit, the influence which it exerts in the education of the people—not in religion only, but in all that makes the people what they are. It is filled with teachers educated for their positions, able to be instructors and guides; but thousands, nay, millions of the colored race are without proper instruction. The great mass of those who attend the church receive no adequate instruction—such as all the circumstances around them demand—they are not taught the *things* which belong to their salvation in this life.

How can it be otherwise from the lips of those to whom they listen? Where have those who assume to be teachers of the people been taught? With noble exceptions it may said of all our churches,

the intelligence is in the *pew*, not in the pulpit—in the Sabbath-school, not in the desk. We do not question the motives of these men, we do not deny their zeal; we would not speak lightly of the past, nor “o’er their cold ashes upbraid” those who, in their day, did what they could, but the time has come when we need strong men in our pulpits, men with rich and varied culture, men who are imbued with the spirit and genius of the times—men who have such a historical knowledge of the past which shall give them a faith and an insight into the future, which shall enable them to be the instructors, the leaders, of a great and noble race. We need teachers for our youth who can, aside from their prescribed text-books, speak to them of their condition, and inspire them with noble ideas of self-respect, development, and enterprise. Why should not the people be thus taught? Why should not our ministers be statesmen? Why should not Burke and Fox and Pitt and Blackstone and Kent be familiar friends in their libraries? Why should not Stewart and Reed and Locke “hold sweet converse” with them? Why should Shakespeare, Milton and Wordsworth and Longfellow and Whittier be ignored by the ministry? If the minds of our teachers were enlarged, and magnatized by a full communion with the great masters of thought, would not the effect be seen upon our people? Would they not be aroused to pursue a path at once useful and honorable? Should not our teachers discuss all the great questions of humanity, which now agitate the world, and show the people how to secure their highest welfare? Doing this, would not parents take a juster view of their responsibilities, and feel a deeper and more hopeful interest in their children? Would not our young men, like Dunbar and Turpin, go forth and make a fortune in the open fields of enterprise? Could not our teachers send forth from the purlieus of the great cities, where they are perishing in vice, thousands of our young men to cultivate the broad acres at the West?

Teachers, instruction is the great want of the colored race; it needs the light, ideas, facts, principles of action, for its development and progress.

In this armor alone can it fight its battles, and secure its rights, and protect its interests amid the forces of civilization.

Whoever looks at the population of this country, native born, or foreign, will perceive the importance of the education of the colored people, that a stern necessity demands it. Here, educated labor secures a rich reward; it procures all the comforts and refinements of life. Attracted by the vast variety of soil, so cheap and abundant, by the spirit of freedom in the civil organization of the government—driven from old social wrongs and ecclesiastical oppression and despotisms in other lands—thousands of English, Scotch, Irish, German, French, Poles, Hungarians, Italians, and Chinese, are crowding the shores of America to make to themselves homes. While thousands come with material wealth, more have their only wealth in the knowledge of their minds, the vigor of their hands, and the bravery of their hearts, and are therefore prepared to engage in all the employments of life from the most menial to those of agriculture and the mechanical arts; with all this competition what are the colored people to do, unless educated and fitted for their position?

Why should not the science of political economy be the theme of remark by our teachers? Why should it not be frequently presented in lectures before those who

are to live in this land, prosper and grow. Why should we not be instructed how to make money and save it? We are more than twelve millions in Canada, in the United States, in South America and the West Indies; here our fathers, for generations, have toiled; here is every variety of climate; we are accustomed to the institutions around us; here the great mass of the colored people will remain, for "weal or woe," their destiny is here; why, then, should they not be educated in all the arts of civilized life? While we say this, we do not ignore the existence of the continent of Africa, with its teeming millions, identified with us; but we hold that, if properly educated, in the broad sense of the term, as we here employ it, thousands would be prepared to go there and be a blessing to the country, which needs only a Christian civilization to make it a land as grand and noble as any beneath the sun. She needs the hand of intelligent Christian culture, not rude, uncivilized herds, tainted with all the vices of a spurious civilization, such as a promiscuous colonization would throw upon her shores. Educate the colored people in all the arts of a CHRISTIAN CIVILIZATION, THEN WILL IT FULFIL ITS DESTINY.

Chit Chat, or Fancy Sketches.

BY JANE RUSTIC.

In a luxuriously furnished room sat a number of persons, conversing in low but earnest tones. It was near mid-day, and yet the windows were closed and the rooms brilliantly lighted. The occasion which drew them together was a bridal festival, and they were filling up the interval between their arrival and the marriage with conversation. As I drew near, I heard one of them exclaim: "I am almost hopeless about the condition of our people; I think the only thing that can elevate them

is wealth, and I cannot see when we shall ever have wealth enough to gain us a position, and make us a power to be felt in the community."

"I do not think," replied a dark-browed and enthusiastic speaker, "that all the wealth we may command would remedy the evils under which we labor. My only hope is in emigration. I look upon the American people as a race upon whose heads vials of wrath are to be poured out, and I feel it our duty to separate from

them, lest we partake of their judgments."

"I do not believe any such thing," replied another speaker, whose fair complexion scarcely showed his identity with the negro race. "I believe in staying and fighting it out."

"Fighting it out!" exclaimed our emigration friend, with an air of impatience, and, as I thought, a slight dash of contempt in his voice, "what is the use of fighting only to be conquered, of contending only to be subdued?"

"Because," broke in an impetuous youth, who was a good soldier when there was no battle to fight; "in an hour like this, it is inglorious submission—shameful. I stand pledged to the slave, if he will only throw down his sugar knife, cast away his cotton hook, and strike for liberty, that I will stand by him, that my wife will say amen to the deed, even if it widows her; that my children will approve the act, if it deprive them of a father's care."

This speech had a very exciting effect. Some dreaded that such words were calculated to do harm; others thought that such brave words were needed to educate the people, but in my humble opinion, I set them down as so much "buncombe," having embraced the idea that the less is contained in the greater; and as several fugitives had been taken from his State, and I had never heard of his arming in their defence, I did not feel any fear of soon seeing his wife widowed by his sleeping in a martial grave, a martyr to the cause of negro freedom. I was just mischievous enough to say, I thought his life might vie with the wandering Jew's if he never lost it till he laid it down in a negro insurrection.

"Pshaw!" he exclaimed, while others smiled, and some of the women tittered, but being only a woman, he did not think it worth while to combat me.

The fighting argument not finding very many earnest friends, our advocate for wealth took up the thread of the discourse, and proceeded with a disquisition of the social forces being propelled by golden wheels. "Give us wealth," said he, "and that will give us position; white men will court our society, and gold, though yellow, will be the most potent whitewash we can find." And thus for some time the speaker dilated on the advantages of wealth; visions of office, power and position gilded his thoughts, and he was growing warmer and

warmer with the subject, when our emigrationist broke in with sudden impatience, "I do not want to purchase a right to sit at the same table with another man because his face is white; if he is too proud to eat with me I feel too much self-respect to force myself upon him; in fact, I do not like this American civilization so much as to wish to imitate every feature of it. Hence, I go in for emigration, where we can develop a civilization of our own, and model a character for ourselves, without taking a white man for our constant pattern. I would have our race live out their own individuality, and build up their own character. I do hate and despise this imitation."

"Now, my friend," said I, "are you not a little too radical, on the whole? To despise imitation entirely, is to throw away a cardinal source of improvement; we had never learned to talk had we, from our cradles, despised to imitate sounds. The best sculptor had never won eminence in his art had he despised imitation; and the best poets and painters are the best imitators of the highest ideal of the natural with themselves. But my friend, if you substitute aping for imitation I agree with you." "And what," said several voices, "is the difference between aping and imitation?"

Now, to answer this question, puzzled me considerably; not that it was very hard to define the difference; but here I was in a house, surrounded by what I called apishness. It was near mid day, and the sky was bending over us as calm and bright as the eyes of affection over the cradle of slumbering innocence, and yet the windows were closed, and the bright sunshine and joyous skies were excluded, as if gas-light were an improvement on sunshine, and the balmy breath of spring less welcome than the stifled air of a crowded drawing-room. Fingers used to the wash-tub were glittering with jewels, women were vying with each other in rich laces and elegant brocades; hands hardened by labor were encased in fine and delicate gloves; necks that had sweated in getting up excellent dinners for "white folks," were adorned with golden chains, and arms that had been weary in carrying heavy burdens were gleaming with golden bracelets. One woman, whose husband was a barber, to me her dress had cost about fifty dollars, and a set of jewelry had cost forty dollars. Another woman, whose husband was a

waiter at some public house, had given three dollars and a half a yard, I understood, for hers. Now, being a country girl, and having, possibly, a little prejudice against city folks, who would not tolerate my country notions and rustic ways, how could I, with my characteristic bluntness, define my position without giving offense? Now, here was a dilemma; my city friend looked warningly at me. With all his good qualities he has one little weakness, at least it appears so to me; he stands in dread of that quintessence of tomfoolery, negro aristocracy, but as I am only a country girl, maybe I do not understand city ways well enough to appreciate his fears. At last I summoned up courage, and replied, "Imitation is simply a copying or making patterns after an example. By aping, I mean servile imitation, or abject mimicking. Imitation is laudable, and a source of improvement, when it incites us to copy that which is useful in science or art. Truly beautiful in æsthetics, or excellent in morals, it degenerates into apishness when it leads us to copy the vices and follies of others, because they fill what are called superior stations. If I see the wife and daughter of the poor laboring man striving to dress and model their homes after a Fifth Avenue palace, I call that aping; if I see a colored man isolate himself from colored society, and harp on the seclusion of himself and family, and take pains to inform me that he is not social with his colored neighbors, but turning to associate with the dominant race, I set him down among the apes; if I see a colored man in business, for instance, a barber, afraid to shave a respectable colored man, afraid to have an anti-slavery paper in his shop, or to take an active part in the anti-slavery enterprise, lest he lose custom, I may seem a little harsh in my opinion, but still I set him down among the apes. There is much that we may learn from the dominant race, much that we may profitably follow. Now," said I, turning to my emigration friend, "as mining, agriculture, manufacture and commerce are the great sources of national wealth, would it not be well for us to imitate the adeptness that the white people have gained in these arts, and so be prepared to add to the productive industry of any country where we might choose to emigrate?"

"I think our great want," exclaimed a

pale, nervous looking man, whose pale, soft hands, and unsunned brow, spoke the dreaming scholar more than the practical man, "that our great want is a proper education. I believe," and here he paused and coughed slightly, it was one of those coughs that always sound like a death-knell, tolling the departure of a loved and precious life, "yes, I believe in the march of mind, in the progress of thought, and in the government and rule of ideas."

And while he spoke a solemn brightness lit up his eye, a deep glow overspread his pale cheek, it was not the tinting of crimson or vermillion, his cheek was too dark to show the flushing blood, but it seemed as if his soul had flushed through cheek and brow, lighting them up with an unearthly radiance. I felt strangely awed, there was something in his manner that painfully disturbed me; the careless smile died from my lips, tears sprang to my eyes, but I pressed them back, I was in fashionable society, and what right had I to act out the deep sympathies of nature, without having my motives misconstrued, and my actions misinterpreted.

"My friend," said I, laying my hands upon his shoulder, to the horror of my city friends, I did it unconsciously, for I was only taking counsel of my sympathies; "Are you," said I sadly but earnestly, "a living example of the fact that a man sins against himself when he cultivates his mind at the expense of his body? Pardon me if I express myself freely to you. I may appear eccentric and rather strange, but you know that it is said that 'eccentricities on earth are customs in heaven.' I think that you have made a mistake which is scarcely just to our people."

He looked steadily at me with a look of grievous surprise, as if he thought that he had spent his youthful vigor in the cause of his race, and did not deserve reproach on that score.

"Now," said I, "you are strangely gifted; the power to mould public opinion, to influence, sway and direct, has been placed in your hands, and see, they are growing too feeble to hold with unflinching grasp the threads of existence; you have shattered the casket in which has slumbered some of the richest gems of mind and thought. You have done it by divorcing your mind from your body; for years you have been thinning the partition walls of

your spirit, till I fear that your health is almost a hopeless wreck. Now, my dear friend, permit me to say to you, forget that there is such a thing in the world as a book, go into the country, make acquaintance with nature, fall in love with every little squirrel darting lithely before you; instead of books make companions of the pigs and chickens. Instead of burning your midnight oil, get up early in the morning, when the crystal lays heavy on bright flowers; go among the haystacks and hunt for fresh eggs, pick vegetables, fresh vines and stems, luscious fruits from well-laden boughs; send the fresh currents of life gladly through your veins; liberate the pent-

up electricity of your life, by healthy exercise, and thus take care of the casket in which such glorious gems are enshrined."

I paused in my speech; the student looked grateful, more, perhaps, for my sympathy than advice. I thought some of the girls were a little annoyed, and the next day my well meant effort was construed into a design to fascinate the student, and rumor said that I was dying in love with him, but he did not care anything about me. However, just as I finished speaking, I heard a buzzing noise, mingled with whispers of admiration; the marriage ceremony had commenced and the loving hearts were made one.

The Great Conflict Requires Great Faith.

BY. J. W. C. PENNINGTON.

Our religious duties and obligations, like those of all other people, arise out of our relations to God, the Wise and Supreme Ruler of the Universe, and His peculiar mercies to us. Our trials, as a people, have been peculiar and severe. The mournful fact, that three millions of our brethren are in cruel slavery, is, of itself, oppression enough to make the wisest of men mad.

But in addition to this, we are ourselves crushed as prisoners with them, our right is turned aside, and we are subverted in our cause.

Influences are constantly bearing upon us strongly calculated to affect us unfavorably towards the institutions of religion. Those institutions, professedly for the benefit of all classes of the family of man, are perverted to the vile uses of oppression. Men professing the faith of the meek and lowly Jesus, are lending their countenance and aid to the powers of oppression in their cruel work. The Bible, the Holy Book of the Great God, is misinterpreted by the ministers; and the church freely opens her

bosom to the oppressor, but at the same time closes it against the oppressed; and outlaws God's poor from the shelter which His own hand has built for them in the earth.

But while these evils may be recounted, and their baneful effects upon us deeply regretted, we are called to render the most devout thanks to God, that we, as a people, have been preserved from that general skepticism to which they have been so well calculated to lead; and that impiety is not general among us. We are called upon, therefore, to discriminate between the professions and practices of men, and that piety towards God, which is solemnly binding upon all men as subjects of His moral government.

One thing we may freely urge upon our people as a bounden duty: To maintain unwavering confidence in God, as the Eternal, All-powerful, Wise and Merciful Ruler of the world.

An intelligent view of His character will enable us at once to see that He hates all oppression, resists the proud tyrant,

that He loves the poor and has promised deliverance to the captive.

In these features of the character of God, there is sufficient ground for that confidence which we now urge as a duty.

We assume no ecclesiastical prerogatives, nor would we prejudice ourselves by reference to any of the various sectarian forms of religion in this land, from which we have suffered so many evils.

Without intruding offensive topics upon the conscience or private judgment of any, therefore, we may assert that the highest obligation of an oppressed people, is fidelity to God and firm trust in Him as the God of the oppressed. To those who are fully acquainted with the history of the conflict between liberty and slavery, it is obvious that every means and agency have been tried, without success as yet, to overthrow the monster, slavery.

He has fortified himself in the church, and in all the high places of power, wealth and influence; and along with the millions of bleeding victims. The Bible, Truth and all sacred things are under his unhallowed feet. Knowledge, the great element of mental power, has been wrested from his victims. Government, designed for the protection of the weak as well as the strong, has been revolutionized and totally subverted: He has spurned the voices of the wise and just, who have spoken in rebuke of his murderous deeds. He has shed the innocent blood of the advocates of the slave, and has defied the judgment of the civilized world. But the time is rapidly approaching when another agent will measure strength with this foul monster; that agent is the right hand of God. Let us rally ourselves on the side of this great power of the universe, and prepare for a triumphant result.

God has not forgotten how to use His right hand for the deliverance of the poor and oppressed. If tyrants have forgotten the history of the doings of that right hand in olden times, He is able to write a new one for their especial benefit.

Let it be with us, then, as it was with Israel of old. Let every eye be directed to God; and let there be faith among the whole people. God must soon work, and and let us not doubt it. Every department of His moral government is desecrated, and the earth is full of blood; the cries and groans of murdered victims long since have

filled the courts of heaven. There is not an angel in the celestial courts but has heard these cries and groans; the souls of thousands of murdered slaves are now making their own pleas before God; all heaven is filled with feeling, and God will surely soon visit the earth.

Situated as we are, then, and related to God as we are, nothing can relieve us of the solemn obligation to carry the burden of our cause to the throne of a just God, who will do all things right.

It is not assuming too much to say, that the issues involved in our cause are by far the greatest that now occupy the attention of God or man. They are issues that must be met, or God is dishonored and man is disgraced; they are issues that involve the integrity of God's moral government, and man's best happiness. Shall man continue to trample upon his fellow man? Shall the religion of the Cross continue to be corrupted from its purity? Shall the Bible be desecrated in the unhallowed use of defending slavery? Shall the glory of one race of men stand reared upon the shame of another? Shall the monuments, towers and palaces of one race stand upon the bones and muscles of another, and these boasted volumes of political economy, literature and theology too, stand written in the lives' blood of the weak? Shall all these abominations be done and ratified among men on earth, and the Mighty and Holy God remain inactive upon His throne?

It would be a foul censure upon His pure throne to believe that those things can long continue. These great issues have gone the rounds of the world, and have tested the strength of some of the most powerful thrones and chairs of state. And there is no doubt that they are about to be tried in our land. The conflict is to be between the powers of heaven and the powers of earth.

There can be no doubt of the result. The hands of God and good men have met, and already overthrown, in nine-tenths of the globe, the curses against which we war. Another grand onset and the world will be free from the dominion of tyrants, and purged from the innocent blood which they have shed.

Holy courage, then, holy courage and devout trust in God; trust like that which

Israel of old had while bleeding under the hoof of the oppressor.

To be destitute of these qualities we should not be reckless to ourselves and dear brethren in bonds only, but also to God, and to the cause of truth and justice in the world. The strongest weapons we can use against oppression are moral courage and trust in God; trust in Him as the unchanging foe of tyrants, the fatherly protector of the oppressed. Let the tyrants of this land, then, expend their small remains of strength in the work of oppression; they can do no worse than they have already done; their day is almost drawn to a close, and the year of jubilee is at hand; the year ordained of God, when He shall come "to bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound; to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord, and the day of vengeance of our God; to comfort all that mourn, . . . to give unto them beauty for ashes; the oil of joy for the spirit of heaviness."

In conclusion, we urge these sentiments upon all, believing, as we do, that the highest possible ground that we can take is to stand with God, that the most omnipotent principle that can animate our hearts is, faith in God; and that the most weighty and efficient character we can acquire, is that whose chief element is high and holy fidelity to God.

On the wheel of Providence has ever been a dangerous place for tyrants to play their pranks, while to those who act in concert with God, the higher they ascend on its great circle the safer is their position.

Acting, therefore, as we believe, with God, for the establishment in the earth of those great principles that lie at the foundation of His moral Government, and which contribute equally to His glory and the best good of man, we have the best reasons for urging these sentiments upon our people, and we sincerely hope they may be received in the same spirit in which they are expressed.

Lines.

BY GRACE A. MAPPS.

Oh harvest sun, serenely shining
 On waving fields and leafy bowers,
 On garden wall and latticed vine,
 Thrown brightly, as in by-gone hours.
 Oh ye sweet voices of the wind,
 Wooing our tears, in angel tones;
 Friends of my youth, shall I not weep?
 Ye are still here, but *they* are gone.

I see the maples, tossing ever
 Their silvery leaves up to the sky;
 Still chasing o'er the old homestead's walls,
 The trembling light, their shadows fly

Familiar forms and gentle faces

Once glanced beneath each waving bough,
And glad tones rung: Shall I not weep
That all is lone and silent now?

Nay, for like heavenly whispers stealing,
Comes now this memory divine,
Where thy clear beams, Oh, sun of autumn,
Through the stained windows richly shine;
A solemn strain, the organ blending,
Like a priest's voice, its glorious chord,
Is on the charmed air ascending;
"Come, let us sing unto the Lord."

And while the earth, year after year,
Puts all her golden glory on,
And like it, God's most holy love
Comes now, with every morning's dawn,
"Singing unto the Lord." I love,
With all the hosts that speak His praise.
I may not walk the earth alone,
Nor sorrow for departed days.

I know the friends I loved so well,
Through the years of their life-long race,
Lifted sweet eyes of faith to God,
And now they see His blessed face.
Thou, Lord forever be my song,
And I'll not weep for days gone by;
But give Thee back each hallowed hour,
A seed of immortality.

The Outbreak in Virginia.

We have made up from the daily papers, for future reference, an account of this unhappy event, which, though deeply deplored by many friends of freedom, only foreshadows the beginning of a state of affairs that will yet make Old Virginia regret her apostasy to the liberty-loving, tyrannical principles of her Washington, her Jefferson, and her Patrick Henry. That we may not be charged with impartiality in making up the history, we collate from Southern papers and papers of the North upholding the damnable institution:

The Baltimore "American" says:

"The principal originator of this short but bloody insurrection was undoubtedly Capt. John Brown, whose connection with scenes of violence in the border warfare in Kansas then made his name familiarly notorious throughout the whole country. Brown made his first appearance in Harper's Ferry more than a year ago, accompanied by his two sons, all three of them assuming the names of Smith. He inquired about land in the vicinity, and made investigations as to the probability of finding ores there, and for some time boarded at Sandy Point, a mile east of the Ferry. After an absence of some months, the elder Brown re-appeared in the vicinity, and rented or leased a farm on the Maryland side, about four miles from the Ferry. They brought a large number of picks and spades, and this confirmed the belief that they intended to mine for ores. They were frequently seen in and about Harper's Ferry, but no suspicion seems to have existed that "Bill Smith" was Capt. Brown, or that he intended embarking in any movement so desperate and extraordinary. Yet the development of the plot leaves no doubt that his visits to the Ferry and his lease of the farm were all parts of his preparation for an insurrection, which he supposed would be successful in exterminating slavery in Maryland and Western Vir-

ginia.

Brown's chief aid was John E. Cook, a comparatively young man, who has resided in and near the Ferry some years. He was first employed in tending a lock on the canal, and afterwards taught school on the Maryland side of the river; and after a brief residence in Kansas, where it is supposed he became acquainted with Brown, returned to the Ferry, and married there. He was regarded as a man of some intelligence, and known to be anti-slavery, but was not so violent in the expression of his opinions as to excite suspicion.

These two men, with Brown's two sons, were the only white men connected with the insurrection that had been seen about the Ferry. All were brought by Brown from a distance, and nearly all had been with him in Kansas.

The first active movement in the insurrection was made at about 10½ o'clock on Sunday night. William Williamson, the watchman at Harper's Ferry Bridge, while walking across toward the Maryland side, was seized by a number of men, who said he was their prisoner, and must come with them. Recognizing Brown and Cook among the men, and knowing them, he treated the matter as a joke; but, enforcing silence, they conducted him to the armory, which he found already in their possession. He was detained till after daylight, and then discharged. The watchman who was to relieve Williamson at midnight found the bridge lights all out, and was immediately seized. Supposing it an attempt at robbery, he broke away, and his pursuers stumbling over him, he escaped.

The next appearance of the insurrectionists was at the house of Colonel Lewis Washington, a large farmer and slave owner, living about four miles from the Ferry. A party headed by Cook proceeded there, and rousing Col. Washington, told him he was their prisoner. They also seized all the slaves near the house, and took a carriage horse and a large wagon with two horses. When Col. Washington was

Cook, he immediately recognized him as a man who had called upon him some months previous, and to whom he had exhibited some valuable arms in his possession, including an antique sword presented by Frederick the Great to George Washington, and a pair of pistols presented by Lafayette to Washington, both being heirlooms in the family. Before leaving, Cook wanted Col. Washington to engage in a trial of skill at shooting, and exhibited considerable certainty as a marksman. When he made the visit on Sunday night, he alluded to his previous visit, and regretted the necessity which made it his duty to arrest Col. Washington. He, however, took advantage of the knowledge he had obtained by his former visit to carry off all the valuable collection of arms, which the owner did not recover until after the final defeat of the insurrectionists.

From Col. Washington's he proceeded, with him as a prisoner in the carriage and twelve of his negroes in the wagon, to the house of Mr. Allstadt, another large farmer on the same road. Mr. Allstadt and his son, a lad of sixteen, were taken prisoners, and all their negroes within reach forced to join the movement. He then returned to the armory at the Ferry.

All these movements seem to have been made without exciting the slightest alarm in town, nor did the detention of Captain Phelps's train at the upper end of town attract attention. It was not until the town had thoroughly waked up, and found the bridge guarded by armed men and a guard stationed at all the avenues, that the people saw that they were prisoners. A panic appears to have immediately ensued, and the number of insurrectionists was at once increased from fifty (which was probably their greatest force, including the slaves who were forced to join) to from five to six hundred. In the meantime, a number of workmen, not knowing anything of what had occurred, entered the armory, and were successively taken prisoner, until at one time they had not less than sixty men confined in the armory. Among those thus entrapped were Armistead Ball, chief draughtsman of the armory; Benjamin Mills, master of the armory; and J. E. P. Dangerfield, paymaster's clerk. These three gentlemen were imprisoned in the engine house, which afterwards became the chief fortress of the insurgents, and were

not released until after the final assault. The workmen were imprisoned in a large building further down the yard, and were rescued by a brilliant Zouave dash made by the railroad company's men, who came down from Martinsburg.

This was the condition of things at daylight, about which time Capt. Cook, with two white men, accompanied by thirty slaves, and taking with them Col. Washington's large wagon, went over the bridge, and struck up the mountain road toward Pennsylvania.

It was then believed that the large wagon was used to carry away the Paymaster's safe, containing \$17,000 government funds, and also that it was filled with Sharp's rifles, taken out to supply other bands in the mountains, who were to come down upon Harper's Ferry in overwhelming force. These suppositions proved untrue, as neither money nor arms were disturbed. As day advanced, and the news spread around, and people came into the Ferry, the first demonstrations of resistance were made to the insurrectionists. A general warfare commenced, chiefly led on by a man named Chambers, whose house commanded the armory yard. A colored man named Hayward, a railroad porter, was shot early in the morning, for refusing to join in the movement.

The next man shot was Joseph Burley, a citizen of the Ferry. He was shot while standing in his own door. The insurrectionists, by this time, finding a disposition to resist them, had nearly all withdrawn within the armory grounds, leaving only a guard on the bridge.

About this time Samuel P. Young, Esq., was shot dead. He was coming into town on horseback, carrying a gun, when he was shot from the armory, receiving a wound of which he died during the day. He was a graduate of West Point, and greatly respected in the neighborhood for his high character and noble qualities.

At about noon the Charlestown troops, under command of Col. Robert W. Bayler, crossed the Susquehanna River some distance up, and marched down the Maryland side to the mouth of the bridge. Firing a volley, they made a gallant dash across the bridge, clearing it of the insurrectionists, who retreated rapidly down toward the armory. In this movement of the insurrectionists, a man named Wm. Thompson was

taken prisoner.

The Shepherdstown troops next arrived, marching down the Shanandoah side, and joining the Charlestown forces at the bridge. A desultory exchange of shots followed, one of which struck Mr. Fountain Beckham, Mayor of the town and agent of the railroad company, entering his breast and passing entirely through his body. The ball was a large elongated slug, and made a dreadful wound. Mr. Beckham died almost immediately. He was without fire arms, and was exposed for only a moment while approaching a water station. His assailant, one of Brown's sons, was shot almost immediately, but managed to get back to the engine house, where his body was found next day.

The murder of Mr. Beckham greatly excited the populace, who immediately raised a cry to bring out the prisoner, Thompson. He was brought out on the bridge, and there shot down. He fell into the water, and some appearance of life still remaining, he was riddled with balls.

At this time the general charge was made down the street from the bridge toward the armory gate, by the Charlestown and Shepherdstown troops and Ferry people. From behind the armory wall a fusillade was kept up, and returned by the insurrectionists from the armory buildings.

While this was going on, the Martinsburg levies arrived at the upper end of the town, and entering the armory grounds from the rear, made an attack from that side. This force was largely composed of railroad employees, gathered from the tunnage trains at Martinsburg, and their attack was generally spoken of as showing the greatest amount of fighting pluck exhibited during the day. Dashing on, firing and cheering, and gallantly led by Capt. Alburtis, they carried the building which the armory men were imprisoned, and released the whole of them.

They were, however, but poorly armed, some with pistols and others with shot-guns; and when they came within range of the engine house, where the elite of the insurrectionists were gathered, and were exposed to the rapid and dexterous use of Sharp's rifles, they were forced to fall back—suffering pretty severely. Conductor Evans Dorsey, of Baltimore, was killed instantly, and Conductor George Richardson received a wound from which he died dur-

ing the day. Several others were wounded, among them a son of Dr. Hammond, of Martinsburg.

A guerilla warfare was maintained during the rest of the day, resulting in the killing of two of the insurrectionists and the wounding of a third. One crawled out through a culvert leading into the Potomac, and attempted to cross to the Maryland side, whether with the view of escaping or conveying information to Cook, is not known.

He was shot while crossing the river, and fell dead on the rocks. An adventurous lad waded out and secured his Sharp's rifle. The body was afterwards stripped of a part of its clothing. In one of his pockets was found a captain's commission, drawn up in full form, and declaring that the bearer, Capt. Lehman, held that commission under Maj. Gen. Brown. A light mulatto was shot just outside the armory gate. The ball went through the throat, tearing away the principal arteries, and killing him instantly. His name is not known, but he is one of the free negroes who came with Brown. His body was left in the street until noon yesterday, exposed to every indignity that could be heaped upon it by the excited populace.

At this time a tall, powerful man, named Aaron Stevens, came out from the armory, conducting some prisoners, it was said. He was twice shot, once in the head and once in the breast. He was then captured and taken to a tavern, and after the insurrection was quelled was turned over to the United States authorities in a dying condition. During the afternoon a sharp little affair took place on the Shenandoah side of the town. The insurrectionists had also seized the halls of the rifle works, and a party of their assailants found their way in through a mill-race and dislodged them.

In this rencontre, it was said, three insurrectionists were killed, but we found but one dead body—that of a negro—on that side of the town. Night by this time had set in, and operations ceased. Guards were placed around the armory, and every precaution taken to prevent escapes.

At 11 o'clock, the Monday night train, with Baltimore military and marines, arrived at Sandy Hook, where they waited for the arrival of Col. Lee, deputized by the war department to take command.

The reporters pressed on, leaving their

military allies behind. They found the bridge in the possession of the military, and entered the besieged town without difficulty, the occasional report of a gun or singing motion of a Sharp's rifle-ball warning them that it was advisable to keep themselves out of the range of the armory. The first visit was made to the bedside of Aaron Stevens, the wounded prisoner. They found him to be a large, exceedingly athletic man—a perfect Sampson in appearance. He was in a small room, filled with excited armed men, who more than once threatened to shoot him where he was, groaning with pain, but answering with composure and apparent willingness every question in relation to the fray in which he was engaged.

He said he was a native of Connecticut, but had lately lived in Kansas, where he knew Capt. Brown. He had also served in the United States army. The sole object of his attempt was to give the negroes freedom, and Brown had represented that as soon as they seized the armory the negroes would flock to them by thousands, and they would soon have force enough for their purpose—one for which he would sacrifice his life; but he said he thought Brown had been greatly deceived. He said that preparations had been making for some months for a movement, but that the whole force consisted of seventeen white men and five free negroes.

This statement was repeated without variation by all the prisoners with whom we conversed. All agreed as to the number in the movement, and as to its object, which some called the work of philanthropy.

Lewis Leary, a negro shot at the rifle mill, stated before he died that he enlisted with Capt. Brown for the insurrection at a fair held in Lorraine county, Ohio, and received the money to pay his expenses. They all came down to Chambersburg, and from there they traveled across the country to Brown's farm.

The night passed without any serious alarm, but not without excitement. The marines were marched over immediately after their arrival, when Col. Lee stationed them within the armory grounds, so as to completely surround the engine-house. Occasionally shots were fired by country volunteers, but what for was not ascertained. There was only one return fire from the insurgents.

The broken telegraph was soon repaired, through the exertions of Superintendents Westervelt and Talcott, who accompanied the expedition. The announcement that communication was opened with Baltimore gave the Press representatives abundant employment. There was no beds to be had, and daylight was awaited with anxiety. Its earliest glimpses were availed of to survey the scene.

A visit to the different localities in which the corpses of the insurrectionists were lying stark and bloody, a peep close or far off according to the courage of the observer at the Malakoff of the insurgents, was the established order of sight-seeing, varied with a discussion of all sorts of terrible rumors.

The building in which the insurgents had made their stand was the fire-engine house, and no doubt the most defensible building in the armory. It has dead brick walls on three sides, and on the fourth large doors, with window sashes above, some eight feet from the ground.

A dead stillness surrounded the buildings, and except that now and then a man might be seen peeping from the nearly closed door, and a dog's nose slightly protruding, there was no sign of life, much less of hostility, given.

Various opinions were given as to the number of persons within, and the amount of resistance they would be able to offer.

The cannon could not be used without endangering the safety of Col. Washington, Mr. Dangerfield, Mr. Ball, and other citizens whom they still held prisoners. The doors and walls of the building had been pierced for rifles, but it was evident that from these holes no range could be had, and that without opening the door they would be shooting in the dark. Many thought that the murder of the prisoners held was determined upon, and that a fight to the death would be the ending of their desperate attempt.

Whilst the people thus looked and speculated, the door was opened, and one of the men came out with a flag of truce, and delivered what was supposed to be terms of capitulation. The continued preparations for assault showed they were not accepted. Shortly after 7 o'clock, Lieut. E. B. Stuart of the 1st Cavalry, who was acting as aid for Col. Lee, advanced to parley with the besieged, Samuel Strider, Esq., an old and

respectable citizen bearing a flag of truce. They were received at the door by Capt. Cook. Lieut. Stuart demanded an unconditional surrender, only promising them protection from immediate violence, and a trial by law. Capt. Brown refused all terms but those previously demanded, which were substantially, "That they should be permitted to march out with their men and arms, taking their prisoners with them; that they should proceed unpursued to the second toll-gate, when they would free their prisoners; the soldiers would then be permitted to pursue them, and they would fight if they could not escape." Of course this was refused, and Lieut. Stewart pressed upon Brown his desperate position, and urged a surrender. The expostulation, though beyond ear shot, was evidently very earnest, and the coolness of the Lieutenant, and the courage of his aged flag-bearer won warm praise. At this moment the interest of the scene was most intense. The volunteers were arranged all around the building, cutting off an escape in every direction. The marines, divided into two squads, were ready for a dash at the door.

Finally, Lieut. Stuart having exhausted all argument with the determined Captain Brown, walked slowly from the door.

Immediately the signal for attack was given, and the marines, headed by Colonel Harris and Lieut. Green, advanced in two lines on each side of the door. Two powerful fellows sprung between the lines, and with heavy sledge hammers attempted to batter down the door.

The doors swung and swayed, but appeared to be secured by a rope, the spring of which deadened the effect of the blows. Failing thus, they took hold of a ladder some forty feet long, and, advancing at a run, brought it with tremendous effect against the door. At the second blow it gave way, one leaf falling inward in a slanting position. The marines immediately advanced to the breach, Major Russell and Lieut. Green leading. A marine in front fell.

The firing from the interior was rapid and sharp. They fired with deliberate aim and for a moment the resistance was serious and desperate enough to excite the spectators to something like a pitch of frenzy. The next moment the marines poured in, the firing ceased, and the work was

done; while cheers rang from every side, the general feeling being that the marines had done their part admirably.

When the insurgents were brought out, some dead and others wounded, they were greeted with execrations, and only the precautions that had been taken saved them from immediate execution. The crowd, nearly every man of which carried a gun, swayed with tumultuous excitement, and cries of "Shoot them!" "Shoot them!" rang from every side. The appearance of the liberated prisoners, all of whom, through the steadiness of the marines, escaped uninjury, changed the current of feeling, and prolonged cheers took the place of howls and execrations.

In the assault, private Ruffert, of the marines, received a ball in the stomach, and was believed to be fatally wounded. Another received a slight flesh wound.

The lawn in front of the engine-house after the assault presented a dreadful sight. Lying on it were the bodies of two men killed on the previous day, and found inside the house; three wounded men, one of them just at the last gasp of life, and two others groaning in pain. One of the dead was Brown's son. Ottaway, the wounded man, and his son Watson, were lying on the grass, the father presenting a gory spectacle. He had a severe bayonet wound in his side, and his face and hair were clotted with blood.

A short time after Capt. Brown was brought out, he revived and talked earnestly to those about him, defending his course, and avowing that he had done only what was right. He replied to questions substantially as follows: Are you Capt. Brown of Kansas? I am sometimes called so. Are you Ossawatimie Brown? I tried to do my duty there? What was your present object? To free the slaves from bondage. Were any other persons but those with you now connected with the movement? No. Did you expect aid from the north? No; there was no one connected with the movement but those who came with me. Did you expect to kill people in order to carry your point? I did not wish to do so, but you force us to it. Various questions of this kind were put to Capt. Brown, which he answered clearly and freely, with seeming anxiety to vindicate himself.

He urged that he had the town at his

mercy; that he could have burnt it and murdered the inhabitants, but did not; he had treated the prisoners with courtesy, and complained that he was hunted down like a beast. He spoke of the killing of his son, which he alleged was done while bearing a flag of truce, and seemed very anxious for the safety of his wounded son. His conversation bore the impression of the conviction that whatever he had done to free slaves was right, and that in the warfare in which he was engaged he was entitled to be treated with all the respect of a prisoner of war.

He seemed fully convinced that he was badly treated and had a right to complain. Although at first considered dying, an examination of his wounds proved that they were not necessarily fatal. He expressed a desire to live and to be tried by his country. In his pockets nearly three hundred dollars were found in gold. Several important papers found in his possession, were taken charge of by Col. Lee, on behalf of the Government.

The names of all the parties engaged on Sunday night, except three white men whom Brown says he sent away on an errand, are as follows, with their proper titles under the provisional government:

WHITES.—OFFICERS OF THE PARTY.

General John Brown, Commander-in-Chief, wounded but will recover.

Captain Oliver Brown, dead.

Captain Watson Brown, dead.

Captain Aaron C. Stephens, of Conn., wounded badly. He has three balls and cannot possibly recover.

Lieutenant Edwin Coppich, of Iowa, unhurt.

Lieutenant Albert Hazlett, of Pennsylvania, dead.

Lieutenant William Leman, of Maine, dead.

Captain John E. Cook, of Connecticut, escaped.

PRIVATES.

Stewart Taylor, of Canada, dead.

Chas. P. Kidd, of Maine, dead.

Wm. Thompson, of New York, dead.

Adolph Thompson, of New York, dead.
Captain John Kagi, of Ohio, raised in Virginia, dead.

Lieutenant Jeremiah Anderson, of Indiana, dead.

With the three whites previously sent

off—making seventeen whites

NEGROES.

Dangerfield, newly of Ohio, raised in Virginia, dead.

Lewis Leary, of Ohio, raised in Virginia, dead.

Copeland, of Ohio, raised in Virginia, not wounded, a prisoner at Charlestown.

Shields Green, of Pennsylvania, unhurt.

They found a large quantity of blankets, boots, shoes, clothes, tents, and several hundred pikes, with large blades affixed.

At the school house and at Brown's dwelling were found boxes filled with Sharp's rifles, pistols, &c., all bearing the stamp of the Massachusetts manufacturing company, Chicopee, Mass. There were also found a quantity of United States ammunition, a large number of spears, sharp iron bowie-knives fixed upon poles, a terrible looking weapon, intended for the use of the negroes, with spades, pickaxes, shovels, and everything that might be needed, thus proving that the expedition was well provided for, that a large party of men were expected to be armed, and that abundant means had been provided to pay all expenses. They also discovered a carpet bag, containing documents throwing much light on the affair, printed constitutions and by-laws of an organization, showing or indicating ramification in various States of the Union, also letters from various individuals at the North; one from Frederick Douglass, containing ten dollars from a lady for the cause; also a letter from Gerrit Smith about money matters, and a check or draft by him for \$100, endorsed by the cashier of a New York bank, name not recollected. All these are in possession of Governor Wise. The Governor has issued a proclamation offering \$1,000 reward for Cook.

The correspondent of the New York "Herald" writes as follows:

When I arrived in the armory, shortly after two o'clock in the afternoon, Brown was answering questions put to him by Senator Mason, who had just arrived from his residence at Winchester, thirty miles distant, Col. Faulkner, member of Congress, who lives but a few miles off, Mr. Vallandigham, member of Congress from Ohio, and several other distinguished gen-

tlemen. The following is a *verbatim* report of the conversation:

Mr. Mason—Can you tell us, at least, who furnished money for the expedition?

Mr. Brown—I furnished most of it myself. I cannot implicate others. It is by my own folly that I have been taken. I could easily have saved myself from it had I exercised my own better judgment, rather than yielded to my feelings.

Mr. Mason—You mean if you had escaped immediately?

Brown—No, I had the means to make myself secure without any escape; but I allowed myself to be surrounded by a force by being too tardy.

Mr. Mason—Tardy in getting away?

Brown—I should have gone away, but I had thirty odd prisoners whose wives and daughters were in fear for their safety, and I felt for them. Besides, I wanted to allay the fears of those who believed we came here to burn and kill. For this reason I allowed the train to cross the bridge, and gave them full liberty to pass on. I did it only to spare the feelings of those passengers and their families, and to allay the apprehension that you had got here in your vicinity a band of men who had no regard for life and property nor any feeling of humanity.

Mr. Mason—But you killed some people passing along the streets quietly.

Brown—Well, sir, if there was anything of that kind done, it was without my knowledge. Your own citizens who were my prisoners will tell you that every possible means were taken to prevent it. I did not allow my men to fire, nor even to return a fire, when there was danger of killing those we regarded as innocent persons, if I could help it. They will tell you that we allowed ourselves to be fired at repeatedly, and did not return it.

A Bystander—That is not so. You killed an unarmed man at the corner of the house over there, (at the water tank,) and another besides.

Brown—See here, my friend, it is useless to dispute or contradict the report of your own neighbors, who were my prisoners.

Mr. Mason—If you would tell us who sent you here—who provided the means—that would be information of some value.

Brown—I will answer freely and faithfully about what concerns myself; I will

answer anything I can with honor, but not about others.

Mr. Vallandigham (member of Congress from Ohio, who had just entered)—Mr. Brown, who sent you here?

Brown—No man sent me here. It was my own promptings and that of my Maker, or that of the devil, whichever you please to ascribe it to. I acknowledge no man in human form.

Mr. Vallandigham—Did you get up the expedition yourself?

Brown—I did.

Mr. Vallandigham—Did you get up this document that is called a constitution?

Brown—I did. They are a constitution and ordinances of my own contriving and getting up.

Mr. Vallandigham—How long have you been engaged in this business?

Brown—From the breaking out of the difficulties in Kansas. Four of my sons had gone there to settle, and they induced me to go. I did not go there to settle, but because of the difficulties.

Mr. Mason—How many are engaged with you in this movement. I ask these questions for our own security.

Brown—Any questions that I can honorably answer I will—not otherwise. So far as I am myself concerned, I have told everything truthful. I value my word sir.

Mr. Mason—What was your object in coming here?

Brown—We came to free the slaves, and only that.

A young man (in the uniform of a volunteer company)—How many men in all had you?

Brown—I came to Virginia with eighteen men only, besides myself.

Volunteer—What in the world did you suppose you could do here in Virginia with that amount of men?

Brown—Young man, I don't wish to discuss that question here.

Volunteer—You could not do anything.

Brown—Well, perhaps your ideas and mine on military subjects would differ materially.

Mr. Mason—How do you justify your acts?

Brown—I think, my friend, you are guilty of a great wrong [against God and humanity—I say it without wishing to be

offensive—and it would be perfectly right for any one to interfere with you so far as to free those you willfully and wickedly hold in bondage. I do not say this insultingly.

Mr. Mason—I understand that.

Brown—I think I did right, and that others will do right who interfere with you at any time and all times. I hold that the golden rule, "Do unto others as you would that others should do unto you," applies to all who would help others to gain their liberty.

Lieut. Stewart—But you don't believe in the Bible

Brown—Certainly I do. !

Mr. Vallandigham—Where did your men come from? Did some of them come from Ohio?

Brown—Some of them.

Mr. Vallandigham—From the Western Reserve? None came from Southern Ohio?

Brown—Yes, I believe one came from below Steubenville, down not far from Wheeling.

Mr. Vallandigham—Have you been in Ohio this summer?

Brown—Yes, sir.

Mr. Vallandigham—How lately?

Brown—I passed through to Pittsburg on my way in June.

Mr. Vallandigham—Were you at any county or State fair there?

Brown—I was not—not since June?

Mr. Mason—Did you consider this a military organization, in this paper (the Constitution)? I have not yet read it.

Brown—I did in some sense. I wish you would give that paper close attention.

Mr. Mason—you consider yourself the Commander-in-Chief of these "provisional" military forces?

Brown—I was chosen agreeably to the ordinances of a certain document, Commander-in-Chief of that force.

Mr. Mason—What wages did you offer?

Brown—None.

Lieut. Stewart—"The wages of sin is death."

Brown—I would not have made such a remark to you if you had been a prisoner and wounded in my hands.

A Bystander—Did you not promise a

negro in Gettysburg twenty dollars a month?

Brown—I did not.

Bystander—He says you did.

Mr. Vallandigham—Were you ever in Dayton, Ohio?

Brown—Yes, I must have been.

Mr. Vallandigham—This summer?

Brown—No, a year or two since.

Mr. Mason—Does this talking annoy you?

Brown—Not in the least.

Mr. Vallandigham—Have you lived long in Ohio?

Brown—I went there in 1850; I lived in Summit county, which was then Trumbull county. My native place is in York State; my father lived there till his death, in 1805.

Mr. Vallandigham—Do you recollect a man in Ohio named Brown, a noted counterfeiter?

Brown—I do; I knew him from a boy. His father was Henry Brown. They were of Irish or Scotch descent, and had a brother also engaged in that business. When boys they could not read or write. They were of a very low family.

Mr. Vallandigham—Have you been in Portage county lately?

Brown—I was there in June last.

Mr. Vallandigham—When in Cleveland did you attend the fugitive slave law convention there?

Brown—No; I was there about the time of the sitting of the court to try the Oberlin rescuers. I spoke there publicly on that subject. I spoke on the fugitive slave law and my own rescue. Of course, so far as I had any influence at all, I was disposed to justify the Oberlin people for rescuing the slave, because I have myself forcibly taken slaves from bondage. I was concerned in taking eleven slaves from Missouri to Canada last winter. I think I spoke in Cleveland before the convention. I do not know that I had any conversation with any of the Oberlin rescuers. I was sick part of the time I was in Ohio with the ague. I was part of the time in Ashtabula county.

Mr. Vallandigham—Did you see anything of Joshua R. Giddings there?

Brown—I did meet him.

Mr. Vallandigham—Did you converse with him?

Brown—I did. I would not tell you, of

course, anything that would implicate Mr. Giddings; but I certainly met with him, and had conversations with him.

Mr. Vallandigham—About that rescue case?

Brown—Yes, I did; I heard him express his opinions upon it very freely and frankly.

Mr. Vallandigham—Justifying it?

Brown—Yes, sir. I do not compromise him certainly in saying that.

A Bystander—Did you go out to Kansas under the auspices of the Emigrant Aid Society?

Brown—No, sir; I went out under the auspices of John Brown, and nobody else?

Mr. Vallandigham—Will you answer this: Did you talk with Giddings about your expedition here?

Brown—No, I won't answer that, because a denial of it I would not make, and to make any affirmation of it I should be a great dunce.

Mr. Vallandigham—Have you had any correspondence with parties at the North on the subject of this movement?

Brown—I have had correspondence.

A Bystander—Do you consider this as a religious movement?

Brown—It is, in my opinion, the greatest service a man can render to God.

Bystander—Do you consider yourself an instrument in the hands of God?

Brown—I do.

Bystander—Upon what principle do you justify your acts?

Brown—Upon the golden rule. I pity the poor in bondage that have none to help them. That is why I am here—not to gratify any personal animosity, revenge, or vindictive spirit. It is my sympathy with the oppressed and the wronged, that are as good as you, and as precious in the sight of God.

Bystander—Certainly; but why take the slaves against their will?

Brown—I never did.

Bystander—You did in one instance, at least.

Stephens, the other wounded prisoner, here said, in a firm, clear voice—"You are right. In one case I know the negro wanted to go back.

A Bystander—Where did you come from?

Stephens—I lived in Ashtabula county, Ohio.

Mr. Vallandigham—How recently did you leave Ashtabula county?

Stephens—Some months ago. I never resided there any length of time; have been through there.

Mr. Vallandigham—How far did you live from Jefferson?

Brown—Be cautious, Stephens, about any answers that would commit any friend. I would not answer that.

Stephens turned partially over with a groan of pain, and was silent.

Mr. Vallandigham (to Brown)—Who are your advisers in this movement?

Brown—I cannot answer that. I have numerous sympathizers throughout the entire North.

Mr. Vallandigham—In Northern Ohio?

Brown—Not more there than anywhere else; in all the free States.

Mr. Vallandigham—But you are not personally acquainted in Southern Ohio?

Brown—Not very much.

Mr. Vallandigham (to Stephens)—Were you at the convention last June?

Stephens—I was.

Mr. Vallandigham (to Brown)—You made a speech there?

Brown—I did, sir.

A Bystander—Did you ever live in Washington City?

Brown—I did not. I want you to understand, gentlemen—and (to the reporter) you may report that—I want you to understand that I respect the rights of the poorest and weakest of colored people oppressed by the slave system, just as much as I do those of the most wealthy and powerful. That is the idea that has moved me, and that alone. We expected no reward except the satisfaction of endeavoring to do for those in distress and greatly oppressed as we would be done by. The cry of distress by the oppressed is my reason, and the only thing that prompted me to come here.

A Bystander—Why did you do it secretly?

Brown—Because I thought that necessary to success—no other reason.

Bystander—And you think that honorable? Have you read Gerrit Smith's last letter?

Brown—What letter do you mean?

Bystander—The New York "Herald" of

yesterday, in speaking of this affair, mentions a letter in this way:

Apropos of this exciting news, we recollect a very significant passage in one of Gerrit Smith's letters, published a month or two ago, in which he speaks of the folly of attempting to strike the shackles off the slaves by the force of moral suasion or legal agitation, and predicts that the next movement made in the direction of negro emancipation would be an insurrection in the south.

Brown—I have not seen the New York "Herald" for some days past; but I presume from your remarks about the gist of the letter that I should concur with it. I agree with Mr. Smith that moral suasion is hopeless. I don't think the people of the slave States will ever consider the subject of slavery in its true light till some other argument is resorted to than moral suasion.

Mr. Vallandigham—Did you expect a general rising of the slaves in case of your success?

Brown—No, sir, nor did I wish it. I expected to gather them up from time to time, and set them free.

Mr. Vallandigham—Did you expect to hold possession here till then?

Brown—Well, probably I had quite a different idea. I do not know that I ought to reveal my plans. I am here a prisoner and wounded, because I foolishly allowed myself to be so. You overrate your strength in supposing I could have been taken if I had not allowed it. I was too tardy after commencing the open attack in delaying my movements through Monday night, and up to the time I was attacked by the government troops. It was all occasioned by my desire to spare the feelings of my prisoners and their families, and the community at large. I had no knowledge of the shooting of the negro (Heywood.)

Mr. Vallandigham—What time did you commence your organization in Canada?

Brown—That occurred about two years ago, if I remember right. It was, I think, in 1858.

Mr. Vallandigham—Who was the Secretary?

Brown—That I would not tell if I recollected, but I do not recollect. I think the officers were elected in May, 1858. I may answer incorrectly but not intentionally. My head is a little confused by wounds, and my memory obscure on dates, &c.

Dr. Biggs—Were you in the party at

Dr. Kennedy's house?

Brown—I was the head of that party. I occupied the house to mature my plans. I have not been in Baltimore to purchase caps.

Dr. Biggs—What was the number of men at Kennedy's?

Brown—I decline to answer that.

Dr. Biggs—Who lanced that woman's neck on the hill?

Brown—I did. I have sometimes practiced in surgery when I thought it a matter of humanity and necessity, and there was no one else to do it; but I have not studied surgery.

Dr. Biggs—It was done very well and scientifically. They have been very clever to the neighbors, I have been told, and we had no reason to suspect them, except that we could not understand their movements. They were represented as eight or nine persons; on Friday there were thirteen.

Brown—There were more than that.

Q. Where did you get arms to obtain possession of the armory. A. I bought them.

Q. In what State? A. That I would not state.

Q. How many guns? A. Two hundred Sharp's rifles, and two hundred revolvers—what is called the Massachusetts Arms Company's revolvers, a little under the navy size.

Q. Why did you not take that swivel you left in the house? A. I had no occasion for it. It was given to me a year or two ago.

Q. In Kansas? A. No, I had nothing given me in Kansas?

Q. By whom, and in what States? A. I decline to answer. It is not properly a swivel; it is a very large rifle with a pivot. The ball is larger than a musket ball; it is intended for a slug.

Reporter of the Herald—I do not wish to annoy you; but if you have anything further you would like to say I will report it.

Brown—I have nothing to say, only I claim to be here in carrying out a measure I believed to be perfectly justifiable, and not to act the part of an incendiary or ruffian, but to aid those suffering great wrong. *I wish so say, furthermore, that you had better—all you people at the South—prepare yourselves for a settlement of that*

question that must come up for settlement sooner than you are prepared for it. The sooner you are prepared the better. You may dispose of me very easily. I am nearly disposed of now; but this question is still to be settled—this negro question, I mean; the end of that is not yet. These wounds were inflicted upon me—both sabre cuts on my head and bayonet stabs in different parts of my body—some minutes after I had ceased fighting and had consented to a surrender, for the benefit of others, not for my own. (This statement was vehemently denied by all around.) I believe the Major, (meaning Lieut. J. B. Stuart of the United States Cavalry,) would not have been alive; I could have killed him just as easy as a musquito when he came in, but I supposed he came in only to receive our surrender. There had been loud and long calls of "Surrender" from us—as loud as men could yell—but in the confusion and excitement I suppose we were not heard. I do not think the Major, or any one, meant to butcher us after we had surrendered.

An officer here stated that the orders to the marines were not to shoot anybody; but when they were fired upon by Brown's men and one of them killed, they were obliged to return the compliment.

Brown insisted that the marines fired first.

Officer—Why did not you surrender before the attack?

Brown—I did not think it was my duty or interest to do so. We assured the prisoners that we did not wish to harm them, and they should be set at liberty. I exercised my best judgment, not believing the people would wantonly sacrifice their own fellow citizens, when we offered to let them go on condition of being allowed to change our position about a quarter of a mile. The prisoners agreed by vote among themselves to pass across the bridge with us. We wanted them only as a sort of guarantee of our own safety; that we should not be fired into. We took them in the first place as hostages and to keep them from doing any harm. We did not kill some men in defending ourselves, but I saw no one fire except directly in self-defense. Our orders were strict not to harm any one not in arms against us.

Q. Brown, suppose you had every nigger in the United States, what would you

do with them? A. Set them free.

Q. Your intention was to carry them off and free them? A. Not at all.

A Bystander—To set them free would sacrifice the life of every man in this community.

Brown—I do not think so.

Bystander—I know it. I think you are a natical.

Brown—And I think you are fanatical. "Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad," and you are mad.

Q. Was it your only object to free the negroes. A. Absolutely our only object.

Q. But you demanded and took Col. Washington's silver and watch?

Brown—Yes; *we intended freely to appropriate the property of slave-holders to carry out our object.* It was for that, and only that, and with no design to enrich ourselves with any plunder whatever.

Q. Did you know Sherrod in Kansas? I understand you killed him.

Brown—I killed no man except in fair fight; I fought at Black Jack Point and Osawatomie, and if I killed anybody it was at one of these places.

The prisoners were committed to the Charlestown jail, and their examination trial was to have commenced on Tuesday, the 25th inst., before eight Justices of the Peace. The following is the commitment of the of prisoners, and Judge Parker's Charge to the Grand Jury:

*State of Virginia, Jefferson County, to wit:—*To the sheriff, Court, and to the keeper of the jail of said county. These are to command you, in the name of the Commonwealth of Virginia, forthwith to convey and deliver into the custody of the keeper of said jail, and to receive and safely keep the bodies of John Brown, Aaron C. Stephens, Edwin Coppie, Shields Green and John Copland, negro, and charged before me, Roger Chew, a Justice of the Peace for the said county, on the oaths of Henry A. Wise, Andrew Hunter and John W. McGinnis, and upon the free admission and confession of said parties made in my presence and hearing, that they and each of them did felonously conspire with each other and with other parties unknown, to make an abolition insurrection and open war against the Commonwealth of Virginia, by making an armed attack upon and murdering her citizens at a certain place

called Harper's Ferry, and then and there to riot on the 17th, 18th and 19th of October, 1859, and did felonously and of their malice kill and murder, with firearms called Sharp's rifles, and revolvers and pistols, divers citizens of this commonwealth, and Fountaine Beckham, George W. Turner, and Thomas Boorley, free white persons, and also Haywood Sheppard, a free negro, and did there and then feloniously conspire with divers slaves, belonging to citizens of this commonwealth, in the county aforesaid, to me unknown, to rebel and make insurrection against the government and laws of this commonwealth, that they may be examined for the said offense before the proper examining court, and otherwise dealt with according to law.

Given under my hand and seal this 20th day of October, 1859. Signed,

ROGER CHEW.

JUDGE PARKER'S CHARGE TO THE GRAND JURY.

Gentlemen of the Jury: In the state of excitement into which our whole community has been thrown by the recent occurrences in this county, I feel that the charge which I usually deliver to a Grand Jury would be entirely out of place. Those occurrences cannot but force themselves upon your attention. They must necessarily occupy a considerable portion of that time which you will devote to your public duties as a Grand Jury. However guilty the unfortunate men who are now in the hands of justice may prove to be, still they cannot be called upon to answer to the offended laws of our commonwealth for any of the multifarious crimes with which they are charged, until a Grand Jury, after diligent inquiry, shall decide that for these offenses they be put upon their trial. I will not permit myself to give expression to any of those feelings which at once spring up in every breast when reflection upon the enormity of the guilt in which those are involved who invade by force a peaceful, unsuspecting portion of our common country, raise the standard of insurrection amongst them and shoot down without mercy Virginia citizens, defending Virginia soil against their invasion. I must remember, gentlemen, that as a minister of justice, bound to execute over you and laws faithfully, and in the very spirit of Justice herself, I must, as to every one accused of crime, hold, as the law

holds, that he is innocent until he shall be proved guilty by honest, independent and an impartial jury of his countrymen; and what is obligatory upon me is equally binding upon every one who may be connected with the prosecution and trials of these offenders. In these cases, as in all others, you will be controlled by that oath which each of you have taken, and in which you have solemnly sworn that you will diligently inquire into all offences which may be brought to your knowledge, and that you will present no one through ill will, as well as that you will leave no one unindicted through fear or favor; but in all your presentiments you shall present the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. Do but this, gentlemen, and you will have fulfilled your duty. Go beyond this, and in place of that diligent inquiry and calm investigation which you have sworn to make, act upon prejudice or from excitement of passion, and you will have done a wrong to that law in whose service you have engaged. As I before said, these men are now in the hands of justice. They are to have a fair and an impartial trial. We owe it to the cause of justice as well as to our own characters that such a trial should be afforded them. If guilty, they will be sure to pay the extreme penalty of their guilt, and the example of punishment when thus inflicted by virtue of law will be, beyond all comparison, more efficacious for our protection than any torture to which mere passion could subject them. Whether they be in public or private position, let each one of us remember that as the law has charge of these alleged offenders, the law alone, through its recognized agents, must deal with them to the last. It can tolerate no interference by others with duties it has assumed to itself. If true to herself, and she will be, our commonwealth, through her courts of justice, will be as ready to punish the offence of such interference as she is to punish these grave and serious offenders with which she is now about to deal, in case these offenses prove by legal testimony to have been perpetrated. Let us all, gentlemen, bear this in mind, and in patience await the result, confident that that result will be whatever strict and impartial justice shall determine to be necessary and proper. It would seem, gentlemen, and yet I speak from no evidence but upon vague rumors which have

reached me, that these men who have lately thrown themselves upon us, confidently expected to be joined by our slaves and free negroes, and unfurled the banner of insurrection and invited this class of our citizens to rally under it, and yet, as I am told, they were unable to obtain a single recruit.

The preliminary examination of the prisoners last Wednesday, at Charlestown, commenced in the Magistrate's Court. Col. Davenport was the presiding justice, and the following magistrates were associated with him on the bench: Dr. Alexander, John J. Lock, John F. Smith, Thos. H. Willis, George W. Eichelberger, Chas. H. Lewis, and Moses W. Burr.

At 10½ o'clock the Sheriff was directed to bring in the prisoners, who were conducted from the jail under a guard of 80 armed men.

A guard was also stationed around the Court. Charles B. Harding, Esq. acted as Attorney for the County, assisted by Andrew Hunter, Counsel for the Commonwealth. The prisoners were brought in, Brown and Edwin Coppie manacled together.

Brown seemed weak and haggard, with eyes swollen from wounds on the head. Coppie is uninjured. Stephens seemed less injured than Brown, but looked haggard and depressed. Both have a number of wounds on the head.

John Copland is a bright mulatto, about 25 years of age, and Green a dark negro, aged about 30. Sheriff Campbell read the commitment of the prisoners, who were charged with treason and murder.

Mr. Harding, the Attorney for the State, asked that the Court might assign counsel for the prisoners, if they had none.

The Court then inquired if the prisoners had counsel, when Brown addressed the Court as follows:

"I did not ask for any quarter at the time I was taken. I did not ask to have my life spared. The Governor of the State of Virginia tendered me his assurance that I should have a fair trial; and, under no circumstances whatever, will I be able to have a fair trial. If you seek my blood, you can have it at any moment, without the mockery of a trial. I have had no counsel. I have not been able to advise with any one. I know nothing about the feelings of my fellow prisoners,

and am utterly unable to attend in any way to my own defense. My memory don't serve me. My health is insufficient although improving. There are mitigating circumstances that I would urge in our favor, if a fair trial is to be allowed us. But if we are to be forced with a mere form—a trial for execution—you might spare yourselves that trouble. I am ready for my fate. I do not ask a trial. I beg for no mockery of a jury—no insult—nothing but that which conscience gives, or cowardice would drive you to practice. I ask again to be excused from the mockery of a trial. I do not even know what the special design of this examination is. I do not know what is to be the benefit of it to the Commonwealth. I have now little further to ask, other than that I may not be foolishly insulted, only as cowardly barbarians insult those who fall into their power."

At the conclusion of Brown's remarks, the Court assigned Charles J. Faulkner and Lawson Botts as counsel for the prisoners.

Mr. Faulkner—I was about to remark to the Court that, although I feel at any time willing to discharge any duty which the Court can legally claim, and by authority of law devolve upon me, I am not aware of any authority which this Court has, sitting as an Examining Court, to assign counsel for the defense. Besides, it is manifest from the remarks just made by one of the prisoners that he regards the appearance of counsel under such circumstances not as a *bona fide* act, but rather as a mockery. Under these circumstances I do not feel disposed to assume the responsibility of that position. I have other reasons for declining the position, connected with my having been at the place of action and hearing all the admissions of the prisoners, which render it improper and inexpedient for me to act as counsel. If the Court had authority to order it peremptorily, I should acquiesce, and obey that authority. I am not aware that there is any such power vested in this Court, but as it is the prisoners' desire, I will see that full justice is done them.

Mr. Botts said he did not feel it to be his duty to decline the appointment of the Court. He was prepared to do his best to defend the prisoners, and he hoped the Court would assign some experienced as-

sistant in case Mr. Faulkner persisted in his declination.

Mr. Harding addressed Brown, and asked him if he was willing to accept Messrs. Faulkner and Botts as his counsel.

Mr. Brown replied: I wish to say that I have sent for counsel. I did apply, through the advice of some persons here, to some persons whose names I do not now recollect, to act as counsel for me; and I have sent for other counsel, who have had no possible opportunity to see me. I wish for counsel, if I am to have a trial; but if I am to have nothing but the mockery of a trial, as I have said, I do not care anything about counsel. It is unnecessary to trouble any gentleman with that duty.

Mr. Harding—You are to have a fair trial.

Mr. Brown—There were certain men—I think Mr. Botts was one of them—who declined acting as counsel; but I am not positive about it. I cannot remember whether he was one, because I have heard so many names. I am a stranger here. I do not know the disposition or character of the gentlemen named. I have applied for counsel of my own, and doubtless could have them, if I am not, as I said before, to be hurried to execution before they can reach me. But if that is the disposition that is to be made of me, all this trouble and expence can be saved.

Mr. Harding—The question is, do you desire the aid of Messrs. Faulkner and Botts as your counsel? Please to answer yes or no.

Mr. Brown—I cannot regard this as an examination under any circumstances. I would prefer that they should exercise their own pleasure. I feel as if it was a

matter of very little account to me. If they had designed to assist me as counsel, I should have wanted an opportunity to consult them at my leisure.

Mr. Harding—Stevens, are you willing those gentlemen should act as your counsel?

Stevens—I am willing that gentleman shall (pointing to Mr. Botts.)

Mr. Harding—Do you object to Mr. Faulkner?

Stevens—No; I am willing to take both.

Mr. Harding addressed each of the other prisoners separately, and each stated his willingness to be defended by the counsel named.

The Court issued a peremptory order that the press should not publish detailed testimony, as it would render the getting of a jury before the Circuit Court impossible. Various witnesses who had been made prisoners by the insurgents testified as to the acts of insurrection. The prisoners were then remanded for trial before the Circuit Court. The testimony was subsequently sent to the Grand Jury, who found true bills against all the prisoners.

It is said that it is the intention of the prosecution to proceed with the execution of the prisoners immediately after their conviction.

The Court has refused to allow any one to see or converse with Brown, fearing that he would say that which might, by being published, inflame the slaves against their masters.

Capt. Cook was arrested at Mont Alto, Franklin county, Pa., on Tuesday afternoon, and has already been ordered to be delivered to Gov. Wise by Gov. Packer, of Pennsylvania.

The Sentinel of Freedom.

BY REV. J. SELLA MARTIN.

"Watchman, what of the night!"

The storm has begun, the thunders are pealing,
 The lightnings of truth, like the stern flashing eye
 Of Justice, that sleeps not, of vengeance unfeeling
 Are bursting from clouds in their conflict on high;
 The winds of discussion, like the ploughshares of terror,
 Sink deep 'neath the surface of slavery's dead sea;
 And the monsters of crime on the billows of error,
 Appear to the horrified gaze of the free.

The weepings of mercy in showers are falling
 On slavery's grim altars, to dampen their blaze;
 The deep tones of progress like trumpets are calling
 To red revolution, who fiercens his gaze;
 The earthquakes of interest are shaking with fury
 The groves and high places of tyranny's power,
 And molten free speech like lava will bury
 Its temples and altars, to rise never more.

Now, stern agitation, all sleepless and busy,
 Throw's open the floodgates of feeling's deep sea;
 And the swift-rushing torrents make nations grow dizzy,
 As they leap over dams built to check their wild glee:
 The merciless whirlwinds of God's indignation
 Are sweeping through earth disenthralled from their cave,
 And reason, all quenchless, in bright conflagration,
 Is melting the chains from the limbs of the slave.

The champions of slavery in wild desperation,
 Are cutting their flesh as the all-potent charm,
 And pouring their blood as the needed libation
 This wrath to appease, and their terrors to calm.
 The truth-crushing genii of policy is waving
 His wand of corruption to silence the roar,
 And the great fish of mammon his Jorahs are saving
 From watery destruction to die on the shore.

The altars of bondage are blazing with fire,
The slave in his chains is its grim sacrifice;
The tones of the priest rise higher and higher,
But his God now in conflict regards not his cries.
The merchant in fear brings his gifts to the altar,
The statesman and jurist bring laws all in vain:
The demagogue's accents in doubt 'gins to falter,
Though "Union" is sounded again and again.

But all is in vain, the heavens grow thicker
With portents of dread to oppression's weak soul,
And almighty truth flashes brighter and quicker,
While terrific reason in thunders still roll;
The earthquake is shatt'ring their prisons to pieces,
Amid the eruptions of volcanic speech;
While whirlwinds and torrents in fury increases,
Though tyrants alternately curse and beseech.

And thus shall it be until freedom shall cover
With an ocean of light our nation so dark,
'Till justice and mercy united shall hover
O'er manhood untrameled, in liberty's ark.
Then 'neath truth's great sun-light by conflict unfaded,
And earth renovated by fire and flood,
Shall man in his majesty stand undegraded,
The lord of creation, the image of God.

Thoughts on Hayti.

NUMBER VI.

BY J. THEODORE HOLLY.

The reflex influence that a successful Haytian emigration will exert on the condition of the colored people of this country, and on the destiny of the negro race throughout the world.

Social evils, like physical maladies, must be eradicated by a treatment that looks to their causes rather than to their effects. As no intelligent physician would content himself to prescribe for the ruptures of a disease that might appear on the surface of the skin, instead of the deep-seated cause of the same in the human system; so no prudent statesman will content himself to deal simply with the outward manifestations of social evils, because they are more palpable, instead of probing into the hidden cause of their outbirth.

On the same principle the social regenerator of the negro race must not be satisfied to deal with the mere surface of things, as they present themselves in the atrocious evils of American slavery, simply because these effects are more palpable to the sight, but he must go behind the existence of slavery in this country, and look at the pre-existing causes that have given birth to this "sum of all villainies," "vilest system that ever saw the sun."

Such an examination will convince him that the great bulwark of American slavery does not alone exist in this country, still less is it confined to the Southern States, where slavery has attained its most luxuriant growth, and reached its most atrocious development.

On the other hand, we know that the chief bulwark of slavery in this country, is the corrupt public sentiment of the North, which stultifies the truths of the Gospel in the Christian church, and belies the principles of the Declaration of Independence among political parties, and thereby turns the Northern States into one vast hunting

ground, to catch the panting fugitive from slavery, and transforms every Northern man into a bloodhound, to hunt down these self-emancipated freemen; and to crush out every aspiration for negro liberty! It is this vile sycophancy of the free States that makes the American Union one vast brotherhood of thieves. Such being the case in this country, in respect to American slavery, every intelligent man knows that one of the most radical means of overthrowing this vile system consists in correcting public sentiment at the North, so as to deprive it of the moral aid and comfort that is now given to it by church and state. Hence, then, every fugitive slave that escapes from the prison-house of the South, to expose the enormity of the system, and to demean himself as a man among men in the Northern States or Canada, does not detract one iota from the insurrection power of the South, by which the great mass of the slaves shall, in some day, disenthral themselves in the terrible retributions of a sin-avenging God. To the contrary, each manly fugitive who reaches the North with the wrongs of slavery incarnated in his person, exerts a magic power, which not only changes the mind and keeps back ten Northern white men from volunteering to suppress a servile insurrection in the South, but he absolutely converts at least one white man into a friend, like "old Brown, of Kansas," who is willing to march to the South and peril his own life for the liberation of the slaves.

Hence, therefore, the stamped of restless and liberty-loving slaves from the

South, has had the effect of creating more and more in the North a sentiment which will say, "Hands off," when a servile insurrection commences in earnest, and thus leave fair play in the struggle between the oppressor and the oppressed; the only third party being God, whose attributes can take no side with the oppressor. No living men have done more to accelerate this state of things and create such a public sentiment, than such fugitive slaves as Frederick Douglass, J. W. C. Pennington, S. R. Ward, H. H. Garnet, W. W. Brown, and others. And any regrets that such restless spirits left the prison-house of Southern slavery, are mistaken and fallacious, in respect to any greater influence that these persons might have ultimately exerted for the liberation of their brethren in bonds by remaining in bondage with them. At most, they could only have inaugurated such ill-timed insurrections as have already taken place, which would have been summarily crushed out, and these noble men would have been made a fruitless sacrifice to the cause which they now live so gloriously to serve, as were Denmark Veazie, of South Carolina, Nat Turner, of Virginia, and the nameless slave hero of Tennessee, who was whipped to death for his manly fidelity to his insurgent compatriots. The reflex influence of these noble self-emancipated slaves in the North upon the South, promises, in the not very far distant future, a servile insurrection that cannot be so easily crushed out.

Such, then, being the case, when we consider the subject of slavery as confined to this country, we may deduce analagous conclusions in regard to its existence, not only here, but throughout the world. I have already intimated that the deepest and most radical cause of slavery is not to be sought for in this country. I have said that, as the bulwark of American slavery is not to be found in the South, but in the North, so the bulwark of African slavery is not to be found in the United States, but in the world at large.

The anti-christian sentiment upon which the modern nations of the world are still administered, is, that "might makes right," and that the weakest must go to the wall. Hence, Africa being powerless, in consequence of the night-mare of ignorance and superstition that has so long brooded over her benighted shores, her children are left

a prey to the pirates of the world, by this selfish sentiment that prevails among the nations of the earth. Thus, such unscrupulous nations as Spain, Portugal, Brazil, and the United States, who have no fear of God or man before their eyes, plunder this ancient land of darkness of her inhabitants, to be converted into the white man's slaves beyond the seas. And such nations as Great Britain and France, which are a little more scrupulous in respect to the law of God and the civilization of the nineteenth century, do the same thing under the less glaring form of obtaining African apprentices, to add their blood and sweat to the wealth of their respective colonies.

From this point of view, it is clear that these piratical depredations are carried on against the African race not only in the United States, but the same thing is tolerated and carried on throughout the world, simply because there is no powerful and enlightened negro nationality anywhere existing to espouse the cause and avenge the wrongs of their race. Let such a nationality be at once developed and brought upon the stage of action, equal in every respect to the demands of the nineteenth century, and the African slave-trade must not only instantaneously cease, but negro slavery itself must also be speedily abolished throughout the world. Such a nation would have the power and prestige of making itself heard, felt and respected on this question in the councils of the world.

That the want of such a nationality is the potent cause of all the wrongs that the negro race now suffers under in the world, may be apparent from the lesson which the history of the Jews teaches. These people became the bondmen of the Egyptians as soon as they gave up their separate patriarchal or national existence and went down into Egypt. They afterwards received their prestige when Moses led them forth from the house of bondage, and Joshua re-established their separate nationality in the land of Canaan, which finally culminated in the royal magnificence of David and the princely glory of Solomon. This prestige again passed away with the destruction of their nationality by the Babylonian captivity; and it was again restored at their return from thence, and the rebuilding of the second temple by Zerubbabel. Finally, the influence of the Jews was lost by the destruction of Jerusalem

and the overthrow of their nationality by the conquering arms of Titus, eighteen hundred years ago; and this influence has not been, and cannot be, regained by them until their nationality shall again be restored to them, and the word of the Lord go forth from Jerusalem.

The Jews being thus without national prestige in the world, have been the scorn and derision of all the nations of the earth. Neither wealth, nor rank, personal worth or merit of any kind, can give to the individual Jew that civil status in the world which a peculiar and distinct nationality alone can bestow. Hence, Baron Rothchild, the great financial prop of the British Government, remained for years an humble suitor at the door of the British Parliament for the privilege of taking his rightful seat in the House of Commons, to which his constituency in London had elected him. And he was at last admitted because of the great influence which his enormous wealth gave him, and because of the financial dependence of the whole English Government upon him. Let this extraordinary individual influence be removed, that thus overtops that of a whole nation, and Baron Rothchild would instantaneously sink into the general contempt meted out to his denationalized race. So strong is this contempt of the Israelite, and so disposed are all the nations of Europe to tolerate the same, that even the mumbling Hierophant of the Vatican—that imbecile old king in skirts—even he, I say, can shock with impunity the moral sense of Christendom by the enormities which he permits to be enacted in his dominions against the Jews, as recently developed in the atrocious outrage on the Mortara family; and there is no power exerted to make him redress the wrong.

And these wrongs of a denationalized people cannot be wholly rectified by their being admitted to the full civil privileges of some other nation of people. Great Britain may give full civil privileges to the Jew and the negro in her dominions, as she has done, but she cannot enforce respect for the one in countries that still proscribe the Jews, nor demand rights for the other in countries that still oppress the negro. The Jewish and negro subjects of her Britanic Majesty will find invidious distinctions meted out to them in these countries, that a real British Englishman will not

meet with. This difference is owing to the fact that the latter is fully invested with all the attributes of a powerful nationality. It is inherent in his person and in his race. On the other hand, the Jew and the negro have only a British mantle that does not wholly conceal the denationalized races to which they belong. A commanding national influence is all-powerful in shielding and protecting each individual of the race, in which such a nationality inheres, no matter how humble that individual may be; but without such a national influence, no matter how exalted the personal merits of any man, no amount of borrowed prestige from another race can secure to him universal respect. Thus the Baron Rothchild must be subject to Jewish disabilities if in Russia, and the Hon. Mr. Jordan, of Jamaica, to negro disabilities if in South Carolina, which no other English subject would be annoyed with. On the other hand, Russia would demand of England, under her treaties, as much respect for the Russian serf, as a private individual, in the British dominions, as she would demand for one of the princes of her empire in the same capacity. And this would be the case because prince and serf are both one common race, in whom the Russian nationality equally inheres.

Arguing, then, from these premises, I conclusively assert that we must have a strong, powerful, enlightened and progressive negro nationality developed, equal to the demands of the nineteenth century, and capable of commanding the respect of all the nations of the earth, from whence a reflex influence will irradiate, not only to uproot American slavery, but also to overthrow African slavery and the slave-trade throughout the world. But, here, I would call particular attention to the modifying words that I use in respect to this nationality. We do not simply want a *negro nationality*, but we want a *strong, powerful, enlightened and progressive negro nationality*, equal to the demands of the nineteenth century, and capable of commanding the respect of all the nations of the earth, in order to exert in an effectual manner this reflex influence.

As to simple *negro* nationalities, we already have an abundance of them. Africa is full of them. Almost every town can boast a king and a royal court. But the question now pressing upon us for solution

is not to add to the number already existing; but to give to some one of them that grand national development which we have indicated. Then, around which of the many centres of negro nationalities already existing shall the genius and power of our race be concentrated, in order to accomplish this result? Shall it be Foulah, Jaloff, Dahomey, Liberia, or Hayti? Thus, then, it will be seen that whether the field of our activity be directed to Hayti or Africa, the question narrows itself down to the work of removing the *disabilities of existing negro nationalities*. And this fact, which must be clear to every reflecting mind, will be a sufficient answer to some exceptions that the *Maryland Colonization Journal* has taken to the third article of this series, published in the August number of the *Anglo-African Magazine*. That paper, by ranking the removal of the disabilities of the Haytian nationality as a "secondary object" to "controlling the destinies of Africa," has thereby endeavored to create the impression that by going to Africa we would have no national disabilities to remove. But whether we go to Liberia, Abbeokuta, or anywhere else on that continent, we shall find nationalities already existing, and their only want will be the removal of their present disabilities by the introduction of a superior civilization. Such, then, being the true state of the case, I think that there are many preponderating reasons to the mind of the colored American why he should first undertake to remove the national disabilities of Hayti. Among these reasons, I may say that self-reliance and internal progress and development are essential characteristics, necessary to be possessed by any people before a strong nationality can be developed among them. These characteristics I do not hesitate to assert exist among the Haytian people in a degree superior to that to be found among any other negro community in the world. The Haytian Revolution, and the subsequent history of that people, when compared with that of any other portion of the negro race, will substantiate this assertion beyond the power of successful contradiction. Hence, then, economy of means and directness of results, to be attained, point us to a people like the Haytians, as the most favorably situated to be brought up to the required standpoint of modern civilization. Liberia, still depend-

ent on the bounty of American philanthropy, can lay no claims to the same lofty independence and self-reliant position to which Hayti has attained. And as to the savage kingdoms of Africa, before they could be brought even to a starting point in the race of modern civilization, the legal authority of their chiefs would have to be subverted by violently wresting their power out of their hands; or by cheating and deceiving them by treaties, conceived in that European spirit of chicanery which has robbed the red man of his American heritage. And even then, a very long time must elapse before such usurped authority could be brought as far in the career of national development as Hayti has already attained. Christian missionary operations may indeed suggest a better, but not a shorter manner of removing the disabilities of the savage nationalities of Africa. And here, let me say in conclusion, that it makes no matter where that powerful nationality may be developed, so long as its power can be felt in the world among the nations of the earth on the question of negro slavery. The European nationality of this country, can, and is doing, as much to give prestige to the character of the white race throughout the world as any nationality in Europe. Perhaps it is even doing more in this respect. So, also, a powerful negro nationality in America will do as much as if it was developed in Africa. Hence, then, a calm survey of the whole question of negro elevation, brings me to the irresistible conclusion that a successful emigration of colored people from this country to Hayti will exert a reflex influence on the condition of the slaves in this country, and on the destiny of the negro race throughout the world, that shall secure in the speediest manner, their ultimate disenthralment and complete political regeneration. And such are the radical means that I would propose for our adoption, in order to probe at once the seat of the disease, instead of wasting our time in ill-directed efforts, applied only to the vile American excrescence of this many-headed social evils, spread throughout the world. Let us seek to wipe out the whole degradation of our race, whether it appears under the form of American and Brazilian slavery, or under the milder type of British and French systems of African apprenticeship. And let this be done, I say, by the speediest

possible development of the most advanced negro nationality, which may be able to assume the vindication of our rights before the world; and thus assuming them, dare to maintain them. When this is done, we shall have a secure guarantee that all the other negro nationalities now in course of development on the continent of Africa, shall be allowed to attain their destiny undisturbed by the pestiferous presence of American and European pirates, who now prosecute their nefarious traffic in slaves on these shores, much to the detriment of African civilization and progress.

Miscellany.

From the Journal of Commerce.

ANOTHER SLAVE FREED.

We take pleasure in publishing the following letter, which contains an account of the purchased freedom of a slave who seems to be a man of remarkable intellect:—

G. HALLOCK, Esq.,

Dear Sir:—I am very happy to inform you that the freedom of the slave Benjamin Bradley has been accomplished by the payment of \$1,000, to which you contributed the final \$122* necessary to make it up.

Some particulars of the case will perhaps be of interest to your readers.

Bradley was owned by a master in Annapolis, Md. Eight years ago he was employed in a printing office there. He was then about sixteen, and showed great mechanical skill and ingenuity. With a piece of a gun-barrel, some pewter, a couple of pieces of round steel, and some like materials, he constructed a *working model of a steam engine*.

His master soon afterwards got him the place of helper in the department of Natural and Experimental Philosophy in the Naval Academy at Annapolis. He sold his first steam engine to a Midshipman. With the proceeds, and what money he could lay up (his master allowing him five dollars a month out of his wages), he built an engine

large enough to drive the first cutter of a sloop-of-war at the rate of sixteen knots an hour. He was assisted in planning this engine, being told how to find the resistance of an immersed floating body, and the size, &c., of his propeller.

Professor Hopkins, of the Academy, says that he gets up the experiments for the lecture-room very handsomely. Being shown once how to line up the parabolic mirrors for concentrating heat, he always succeeded afterwards. So with the chemical experiments. He makes all the gases, and works with them, showing the Drummond light, &c. Prof. Hopkins remarks of him that "he looks for *the law* by which things act."

He has been taught to read and write, mainly by the Professor's children; has made very good progress in arithmetic, and will soon take hold of algebra and geometry.

Great interest was naturally felt in such a man, and his master expressing a willingness to take \$1,000 for him, if paid by Oct. 6th, though well worth \$1,500, a subscription was set on foot privately for the purpose. Two gentlemen in Annapolis agreed to lend Ben \$500. He had his own savings, \$100. The friends of Ben devoted themselves to raising the money, and at the time we called on you, the sum was completed with the exception of the \$122, which you supplied. This was forwarded to Annapolis. Meantime Professor H. H. Lockwood, with the utmost generosity, had himself borrowed the necessary amount at the bank on his own note (namely,

* Being a balance of money in my hands, collected for a similar object, which failed by reason of the death of the person intended to be emancipated.

G. H.

\$900), and thus secured the freedom of Ben beyond a contingency.

In saying the sum is completed, I of course mean to include the money which has been loaned to Ben, and which he is to repay.

He is now free, and the question is, what is best for him to do? He is a mere child as to worldly matters, and his only plan is, to remain at Annapolis and finish his education as far as he can. But it seems very desirable to furnish him employment of a nature suited to his abilities. The professors consider him perfectly competent to take charge of the engine of a steamship. It is possible that some of your readers may be able to suggest employment for him; and, if so, a letter addressed to him at the Naval Academy, Annapolis, will be thankfully received.

I am yours, &c.

JOHN H. SCOTT, a colored man, and one of the Oberlin rescuers, took the first premium at the Lorain County (Ohio) Fair for the best buggy harness, manufactured by himself. At Wellington he also took the first premium for the best double carriage harness. His right to these premiums appears to have been respected by his white competitors, Judge Taney to the contrary notwithstanding.

FADING AWAY!—The *Sentinel* (Marshall County, Va.) says:

"The South is becoming so 'mixed up,' that a man cannot feel safe any more in marrying there, for fear his wife will prove to have black blood in her veins. Negroes are so fully kept in their 'sphere' by Northern white men, that, as a rule, persons can always find out negro blood by tradition, and it is comparatively safe to marry dark-complected women there, without danger of the 'amalgamation' so very common in the South."

And a Charleston (South Carolina) correspondent of the *N. Y. Police Gazette* writes thus:

"If the morals of this city continue as at present, in a century there will be no negroes here. At present, you will see yellow girls in this city that cannot be told from white women. When it becomes general, slavery is but a name, for being white, they are less submissive and of less value. Among my own slaves, there are ten females who have fifteen children, and but two of the number are black."

THE ANGLO-AFRICAN MAGAZINE FOR ALL OUR PUBLIC LIBRARIES—WHO WILL AID?—An unknown friend writes as follows: "Believing that the publication of your invaluable magazine is doing more to do away with the wicked prejudice existing against the black man, and to elevate him socially and politically, than by any other effort being made; and feeling that great good would result from placing it within the reach of the masses, I will give ten dollars towards creating a fund for placing a copy in every public library in this country."

How does this proposition strike the true friends of the black man? Will they respond liberally and promptly?

The following is a list of pledges and monies received for said purpose:

"A friend of the black man"	- - -	\$10 00
Hon. Gerrit Smith	- - - - -	10 00
S. W. Brewster	- - - - -	2 50
Benjamin Coates	- - - - -	10 00
Joseph N. Tuttle	- - - - -	1 00
J. C. Garthwaite	- - - - -	1 00
Theo. P. Howell	- - - - -	1 00
David A. Hays	- - - - -	1 00
Jacob Van Arsdale	- - - - -	2 00
Amos Townsend	- - - - -	4 00
Wm. T. Mercer	- - - - -	1 00
E. O. Haven	- - - - -	5 00
Total	- - - - -	\$48 50

THE Anglo-African Magazine.

VOL. I.

DECEMBER, 1859.

NO. 12.

The Outbreak in Virginia.

[CONTINUED.]

Charles B. Harding, assisted by Andrew Hunter, represented the commonwealth, and Charles J. Faulkner and Lawson Botts counsel for the prisoners.

A true bill was read against each prisoner:

First. For conspiring with negroes to produce insurrection.

Second. For treason to the commonwealth; and

Third. For murder.

The prisoners were brought into court, accompanied by a body of armed men. They passed through the street and entered the Court House without the slightest demonstration on the part of the people.

Brown looked somewhat better, and his eye was not so much swollen. Stevens had to be supported, and reclined on a mattress on the floor of the court room, evidently unable to sit.

Before the reading of the arraignment, Mr. Hunter called the attention of the Court to the necessity of appointing additional counsel for the prisoners, stating that one of the counsel (Mr. Faulkner) appointed by the County Court, considering his duty in that capacity as having ended, had left. The prisoners, therefore, had no other counsel than Mr. Botts. If the Court was about to assign them other counsel, it might be proper to do so now.

The Court stated that it would assign them any members of the bar they might select

After consulting Capt. Brown, Mr. Botts said that the prisoner retained him, and desired to have Mr. Green, his assistant, to assist him. If the Court would accede to the arrangement, it would be very agreeable to him personally.

The Court requested Mr. Green to act as counsel for the prisoners, and he consented to do so.

Mr. Brown then arose and said: "I do not intend to detain the Court, but barely wish to say, as I have been promised a fair trial, that I am not now in circumstances that enable me to attend a trial, owing to the state of my health. I have a severe wound in the back, or rather in one kidney, which enfeebles me very much. But I am doing well, and I only ask for a very short delay of my trial, and I think that I may be able to listen to it; and I merely ask this that, as the saying is, 'the devil may have his dues,' if no more. I wish to say further that my hearing is impaired and rendered indistinct in consequence of wounds I have about my head. I cannot hear distinctly at all; I could not hear what the Court has said this morning. I would be glad to hear what is said on my trial, and I am now doing better than I could

expect to be under the circumstances. A very short delay would be all I would ask. I do not presume to ask more than a very short delay, so that I may in some degree recover, and be able at least to listen to my trial, and hear what questions are asked of the citizens, and what their answers are. If that could be allowed me I should be very much obliged."

Mr. Hunter said the request was rather premature. The arraignment could be made, and this question could then be considered.

The Court ordered the indictment to be read, so that the prisoners could plead guilty or not guilty, and would then consider Mr. Brown's request.

The prisoners were compelled to stand during the arraignment, Stevens being held upright by two Bailiffs.

The reading of the indictment occupied about twenty minutes. Each of the prisoners responded to the question, "Not guilty" and desired to be tried separately.

Mr. Hunter—The State elects to try John Brown first.

Mr. Botts—I am instructed by Brown to say that he is mentally and physically unable to proceed with his trial at this time. He has heard to-day that counsel of his own choice will be here, whom he will, of course, prefer. He only asks for a delay of two or three days. It seems to me but a reasonable request, and I hope the Court will grant it.

Mr. Hunter said his own opinion was, that it was not proper to delay the trial of the prisoner for a single day, and that there was no necessity for it. He alluded in general terms to the condition of things with which they were surrounded. They were such as rendered it dangerous to delay, to say nothing of the exceeding pressure upon the physical resources of the community, growing out of the circumstances connected with affairs for which the prisoners were to be tried. In reference to the physical condition of Brown, he asked the Court not to receive the unimportant statement of the prisoners as sufficient ground for delay, but that the jailor and physicians be examined. As to expecting counsel from abroad, he said that no impediment had been thrown in the way of the prisoners' procuring such counsel as they desired; but, on the contrary, every facility had been afforded, able and intelligent

counsel had been assigned them here, and he apprehended there was little reason to expect the attendance of those gentlemen from the North who had been written to. There was also a public duty resting upon them, to avoid as far as possible within the forms of law, and with reference to the great and never to be lost sight of giving of a fair and impartial trial to the prisoners, the introduction of anything likely to weaken our present position and give strength to our enemies abroad, whether it issues from the jury in time, or whether it comes from the mouths of the prisoners or any other source. It was their position that had been imperilled and jeopardized, as they supposed, by enemies.

Mr. Harding concurred in the objection of Mr. Hunter, on the ground of danger in delay, and also because Brown was the leader of the insurrection, and his trial ought to be proceeded with on account of the advantage thereby accruing in the trial of the others.

Mr. Green remarked that he had had no opportunity of consulting with the prisoner or preparing a defense. The letters for Northern counsel had been sent off, but not sufficient time has been afforded to receive answers. Under the circumstances he thought a short delay desirable.

Mr. Botts added that at present the excitement was so great as to deter Northern counsel from coming out; but now that it has been promised that the prisoners should have a fair and impartial trial, he presumed that they would come and take part in the case.

The Court stated that if physical inability were shown a reasonable delay must be granted. As to the expectation of other counsel, that did not constitute a sufficient cause for delay, as there was no certainty about their coming. Under the circumstances in which the prisoners were situated, it was natural that they should seek delay. The brief period remaining before the close of the term of the Court rendered it necessary to proceed as expeditiously as practicable, and to be cautious about granting delays. He would request the physician who had attended Brown to testify as to his condition.

Mr. Mason thought Brown was able to go on understandingly with the trial. He did not think his wounds were such as to affect his mind or recollection. He had al-

ways conversed freely and intelligently about this affair. He had heard him complain of debility but not of hardness of hearing.

Mr. Cockerell, one of the guards at the jail, said that Brown had always been ready to converse freely.

Mr. Avis, jailer, sworn—Had heard Brown frequently say to persons visiting him that his mind was confused and his hearing affected.

The delay asked for by Brown was refused.

The following were finally fixed upon as the twelve jurors:

Richard Timberlake,	Jacob M. Miller,
Joseph Rivers,	Thomas Osborne,
Thomas Watson, Jr.,	George W. Boyer,
Isaac Dust,	John C. Wiltshire,
John C. McClure,	George W. Tapp,
William Rightsdale,	William A. Martin.

The jury were not sworn on the case, but the judge charged them not to converse upon the case or permit others to converse with them. They were dismissed at five o'clock, and the prisoner was then carried over to the jail on his cot, and the Court adjourned till morning.

SECOND DAY.

Brown was brought in walking, and laid down on his cot at full length within the bar. He looked considerably better, the swelling having left his eyes.

Messrs. Harding and Hunter, again appeared for the commonwealth, and Messrs. Botts and Green for the prisoner.

Mr. Botts read the following dispatch, which was received this morning:

AKRON, Ohio, Oct. 26, 1859.

TO J. C. FAULKNER & LAWSON BOTTS:

John Brown, leader of the insurrection at Harper's Ferry, and several of his family, have resided in this county many years. Insanity is hereditary in that family. His mother's sister died with it, and a daughter of that sister has been two years in the lunatic asylum. A son and daughter of his mother's brother have also been confined in the lunatic asylum, and another son of that brother is now insane and under close restraint. These facts can be conclusively proven by witnesses residing here, who will doubtless attend the trial if desired.

A. H. LEWIS.

Mr. Botts said that on receiving the above dispatch he went to the jail with his associate, Mr. Green, and read it to Brown, and is desired by the latter to say that in his father's family there has never been any insanity at all. On his mother's side there have been repeated instances of it. He adds that his first wife showed symptoms of it, which were also evident in his first and second sons by that wife.

Some portions of the statements in the dispatch he knows to be correct, and of other portions he is ignorant. He did not know whether his mother's sister died in a lunatic asylum, but he does believe that a daughter of that sister has been two years in the asylum. He also believes that a son and daughter of his mother's brother have been confined in an asylum; but he is not apprized of the fact that another son of that brother is now insane and in close confinement.

Brown also desires his counsel to say that he does not put in the plea of insanity and if he has been at all insane he is totally unconscious of it, yet he adds that those who are insane generally suppose that they have more reason and sanity than those around them. For himself he disdains to put in that plea, and seeks no immunity of the kind.

Brown then raised himself up in bed, and said: "I will add, if the Court will allow me, that I look upon it as a miserable artifice and pretext of those who sought to take a different course in regard to me, if they took any at all, and I view it with contempt more than otherwise. As I remarked to Mr. Green, insane persons, so far as my experience goes, have but little ability to judge of their own sanity: and, if I am insane, of course I should think I know more than all the rest of the world. But I do not think so. I am perfectly unconscious of insanity, and I reject, so far as I am capable any attempt to interfere in my behalf on that score."

Mr. Botts stated that he was further instructed by Mr. Brown to say that, rejecting this plea entirely, and seeking no delay for that reason, he does repeat to the Court his request made yesterday, that time be given for the foreign counsel to arrive that he has reason to expect.

The course taken by Brown this morning makes it evident that he sought no postponement for the mere purpose of de-

lay, as he rejects the plea of insanity. Still, in his opinion, he could have a fairer trial if the defense were conducted by his own counsel than if he were defended by the counsel at present here.

The Court stated that he must see, in this case as in any other, that a proper cause for a delay was made out before granting such an application. In the present case he could not see that the telegram gave any assurance that the additional counsel intended to come. The prisoner is now defended by counsel, who will take care that no improper evidence is adduced against him, and that all proper evidence in his behalf shall be presented. He could not see that a proper cause for delay was made out. The expected counsel might arrive before the case was closed, and could then see all the testimony which had been taken, and thus the prisoners might have the benefit of their advice, although the case now proceeds. As to the matter of insanity, it was not presented in a reliable form; instead of mere statements we should have affidavits, or something of that character. He thought, therefore, that the jury should be sworn and the trial proceed.

The jury having been sworn to fairly and impartially try the prisoner, the Court directed that the prisoner might forego the form of standing while arraigned, if he desired it.

Mr. Botts put the inquiry to the prisoner, and he continued to lie prostrate on his cot while the long indictment, filling seven pages, was read.

First: Insurrection.

Second: Treason.

Third: Murder.

Counsel for the defense, in their opening, contended that according to the decision of Attorney General Cushing, the State had no jurisdiction over offenses committed within the limits of the Arsenal grounds, the United States possessing sole and exclusive control there. If the offenses alleged were committed on the bridge, then Virginia had no jurisdiction, that territory being within Maryland jurisdiction. The prosecution, in refutation of this position, showed that a murderer, whose crime was committed within the Arsenal enclosure, was tried and executed in the Virginia State Courts. The evidence elicited on the trial discloses nothing new.

THIRD DAY.

Capt. Cook arrived here at 1 o'clock this morning.

George H. Hoyt, of Boston, counsel for Brown, arrived this morning.

The Court met at 11 o'clock. Brown was led from the jail, walking very feebly. He lay down upon his cot.

Senator Mason entered the Court with Mr. Hoyt, the Boston counsel for Brown; he remarked that the testimony of Colonel Washington and Mr. Phelps yesterday was strictly truthful.

The jury were called, and answered to their names.

After three witnesses for the defense had been heard, the others who had been subpoenaed not answering, Brown arose from his mattress, evidently excited, and standing on his feet, addressed the Court as follows:

"May it please the Court: I discover that notwithstanding all the assurances I have received of a fair trial, nothing like a fair trial is to be given me, as it would seem. I gave the names, as soon as I could get at them, of the persons I wished to have called as witnesses, and was assured that they would be subpoenaed. I wrote down a memorandum to that effect, saying where those parties were, but it appears that they have not been subpoenaed, as far as I can learn; and now I ask if I am to have anything at all deserving the name and shadow of a fair trial—that this proceeding be deferred until to-morrow morning. For I have no counsel, as I before stated, in whom I feel that I can rely, but I am in hopes counsel may arrive who will attend to seeing that I get the witnesses who are necessary for my defense. I am myself unable to attend to it. I have given all the attention I possibly could to it, but am unable to see or know about them, and can't even find out their names; and I have nobody to do any errand, for my money was all taken when I was sacked and stabbed, and I have not a dime. I had two hundred and fifty or sixty dollars in gold and silver taken from my pocket, and now I have no possible means of getting anybody to go my errands for me, and I have not had all the witnesses subpoenaed. They are not within reach, and are not here. I ask at least until to-morrow morning to have

something done, if anything is designed; if not, I am ready for anything that may come up."

Brown then lay down again, drew his blanket over him and closed his eyes, and appeared to sink in tranquil slumber.

Mr. Hoyt seconded his demand, and said that he could not undertake to carry on the defense at present, as he was not conversant with the evidence, had not read the indictment, nor was he acquainted with the Virginia Code.

Messrs. Botts and Green said they had done their best for the prisoner, but as he had declared in open court that he had no confidence in them, they could not consistently do otherwise than withdraw from the case. If the Court would adjourn for the day, Mr. Botts said he would cheerfully give Mr. Hoyt his notes, take him to his office and sit up all night to put him in possession of the law and the facts.

The Court could not adjourn till counsel had made himself familiar with Virginia law, but finally consented to do so till morning. The popular excitement was greatly increased, and the guard re-enforced—"the people regarding Brown's demand for time as a trick."

Gov. Willard, of Indiana, Cook's brother-in-law, with J. E. McDonald, Attorney-General of that State, and others, had arrived and had a long interview with Cook.

FOURTH DAY.

The Court met at 10 o'clock.

The Judge announced that he had received a note from the new counsel of the prisoner, requesting a delay for a few minutes, to enable them to have an interview with the prisoner. He would accordingly wait a short time.

Soon afterward Brown was brought in, and took his usual recumbent position in bed.

Samuel Chilton, of Washington City, appeared as additional counsel for the prisoner and was qualified.

Henry Griswold, of Cleveland, Ohio, was introduced to the Court as counsel for the prisoner and qualified.

Mr. Hoyt remarked that yesterday various papers in court, which were identified, for what purpose he knew not, but presumed he should be informed, some as being in

Captain Brown's hand-writing, and some as bearing his indorsement. He had hastily examined those papers, and wished to object to some of them. The learned gentlemen associated with him in the trial had not examined them, but he supposed the Court would not regard that as material under the present ruling.

Mr. Hunter, interrupting—There is no need of argument about the matter. Designate those you wish to object to.

Mr. Hoyt—I desire to know the object of the counsel in introducing these papers.

Mr. Hunter—The papers will speak for themselves. If you will designate which you object to, we will go on at once.

Mr. Hoyt—I object to the autobiography of Capt. Brown, as having no bearing on this case.

Mr. Hunter—I withdraw it.

Mr. Hoyt—I object to the letter of Gerit Smith.

Mr. Hunter—I withdraw that, too.

Mr. Hoyt—I handed to the Clerk last night a list of names we wished summoned as witnesses--Samuel Stryder, Henry Ault, Benjamin Mills, John E. P. Dangerfield, and Capt. Simms. I got a despatch just now informing me that Capt. Simms had gone to Frederick, and would return in the first train this morning, and come on to Charlestown this afternoon. I should like to inquire whether the process had reached Capt. Simms at Harper's Ferry?

Sheriff Campbell replied that the officer stated that Capt. Simms had gone to Frederick.

Mr. Hunter—He was here yesterday. I hope we will proceed with some other witnesses.

John E. P. Dangerfield was called, and testified that he was an officer of the armory. He was a prisoner in the hands of Captain Brown at the engine-house. Negotiations were going on for the release of all the prisoners before the firing commenced. About a dozen black men were there, armed with pikes, which they carried most awkwardly and unwillingly. During the firing they were lying about asleep, some of them having crawled under the engines. Witness was free to say that, from the treatment of Captain Brown, he had no personal fear of him or his men during his confinement. Saw one of the men shot in the engine-house. He fell back exclaim-

ing, "It's all up with me!" and died in a few moments. This man, he learned, was one of Captain Brown's sons. Saw another young man, who came in wounded, and commenced vomiting blood. He was also a son of Captain Brown, and was wounded while out with Mr. Kiltzmilller. Prisoner frequently complained that his men were shot down while carrying a flag of truce. Heard some conversation by Captain Brown as to having it in his power to lay the town in ashes and carry off the women and children, but that he had refrained from so doing; heard him make no threats that he would do so. The only threat I heard from him was at the commencement of the storming of the engine-house. He then said that we must all take equal shares with him, and that we could no longer monopolize the places of safety. He, however, made no attempt to deprive us of the places we had taken. Brown promised safety to all descriptions of property except slave property. At the time of the assault by the marines, one of the men cried out for quarter. He had heard the same man, in a conversation with Brown during the night, ask him if he was committing treason against his country in resisting the marines, to which Brown replied that he was. The man then said, "I'll fight no longer"—that he thought he was merely fighting to liberate the slaves. After the attack was made on the engine-house two of Brown's men cried for quarter, and laid down their arms, but after the marines burst open the door they picked them up again, and renewed the fight. After the first attack, Captain Brown cried out to surrender, but he was not heard; did not see him fire afterwards; saw Copic attempt to fire twice, but the caps exploded. Witness saw Brown wounded on the hip by a thrust from a sabre, and several sabre cuts on the head. When the latter wounds were given, Captain Brown appeared to be shielding himself, with his head down, but making no resistance. The parties outside appeared to be firing as they pleased.

Mayor Mills, master of armory, sworn—Witness was one of the hostages of Captain Brown, confined in the engine-house; before the general firing commenced, negotiations were pending for the release of the prisoners; a paper was drawn up embracing certain terms, and borne by Mr. Brua

to the citizens outside; the terms were not agreed to; the last time Mr. Brua was out, there was severe firing, which I suppose prevented his return; Brown's son went out with a flag of truce, and was shot; he came back wounded; the prisoner attended him, and gave him water; heard Brown frequently complain that the citizens had acted in a barbarous manner; he did not appear to have any malicious feeling; he undoubtedly expected re-inforcements; said it would soon be night, and he would have more assistance; his intentions were to shoot nobody unless they were carrying or using arms; if you do, let them have it; this was while the firing was going on.

Capt. Brown here asked the witness if he saw any firing on his part which was not purely defensive.

Witness—It might be considered in that light, perhaps; the balls came into the engine-house pretty fast.

Question by Counsel—Did you not frequently go to the door of the engine-house?

Witness—No, indeed. [Laughter.]

A general colloquy ensued between the prisoner, lying on his cot, and the witness, as to the part taken by the prisoner in not unnecessarily exposing his hostages to danger. No objection was made to Brown's asking these questions in his own way, and interposing verbal explanation relative to his conduct. The witness generally corroborated his own version of the circumstances attending the attack on the engine-house, but could not testify to all the incidents that he enumerated. He did not hear him say that he surrendered. Witness' wife and daughter were permitted to visit him unmolested, and free verbal communication was allowed with those outside. We were treated kindly, but were compelled to stay where we didn't want to be. Brown appeared anxious to effect a compromise.

Capt. Simms, commander of a volunteer company of Frederick, Md., was sworn—The report came to Frederick that 750 blacks and Abolitionists combined had seized Harper's Ferry; witness started for the Ferry with the volunteers under command of Col. Shriver, and was glad to find their numbers were exaggerated after he reached there on Monday afternoon; the door of the engine-house was partially open, and witness was hailed from there; two shots

had been fired from there; witness went in; he met Mr. Dangerfield and others there; Capt. Brown said to witness that he had a proposition to make, to which he listened; he wanted to be allowed to go over the bridge unmolested, and we then might take him if we could—he had fought Uncle Sam before, and was willing to do it again; Brown complained that his men had been shot down like dogs while bearing a flag of truce; told him they must expect to be shot down like dogs, if they took up arms in that way; Brown said he knew what he had to undergo before he came there—he had weighed the responsibility, and should not shrink from it; he said he had full possession of the town, and could have massacred all the inhabitants had he thought proper to do so, but as he had not he considered himself entitled to some terms; he said he had shot no one who had not carried arms; I told him that Mayor Beckham had been killed, and that I knew he was altogether unarmed; he seemed sorry to hear of his death, and said, "I fight only those who fight me;" witness then told the prisoner he did not think any compromise could be effected; Brown said he kept the hostages for his own safety; they did not appear to fear any injury from him or his men, but only from attacks from the outside; every man had a gun, and four fifths of them were under no command; the military had ceased firing, but men who were intoxicated were firing guns in the air, and others at the engine house; Brown or any of his men could not have ventured outside the doors of the engine-house that night without being shot; saw Stevens in the hotel after he had been wounded, and shamed some young men who were endeavoring to shoot him as he lay in his bed, apparently dying; told them that if the man could stand on his feet with a pistol in his hand they would all jump out of the window. Captain Simm's testimony was at great length, but little new was elicited.

On the conclusion of his testimony, Captain Simms stated that he had returned here at the summons of the prisoner, to testify in his behalf, with as great alacrity as he had come to testify against him. He had no sympathy for the acts of the prisoner; for his movement, on the contrary, he would be one of the first to bring him to punishment. But he regarded Captain

Brown as a brave man, and being informed that he wanted him here as a witness, he returned with pleasure. As a Southern man, he came to state the facts about the case, so that Northern men would have no opportunity of saying that Southern men were unwilling to appear witnesses in behalf of one whose principles they abhor.

Mr. Harding commenced the opening argument for the commonwealth, and spoke only for about forty minutes. He reviewed the testimony as elicited during the examination, and dwelt for some time on the absurdity of the claim or expectation of the prisoner, that he should have been treated according to the rules of honorable warfare. He seemed to have lost sight of the fact that he was in command of a band of murderers and thieves, and had forfeited all title to protection of any kind.

The court adjourned at five o'clock to meet again at 10 o'clock on Monday morning.

FIFTH DAY.

The court met at 10 o'clock.

The prisoner was brought in, and the trial proceeded without delay.

Brown looked better than heretofore, and his health is evidently improving. He was laid on a bed, as usual.

The court-house and its approaches were densely crowded.

Mr. Griswold made the opening speech for the defense. He claimed that Brown could not be guilty of treason, as he had never sworn allegiance to Virginia. Neither did the evidence show that he had levied war against the State. He admitted that the prisoner had come there to run off slaves, and was amenable to the laws of the State for such an act. As to conspiracy to incite an insurrection, there was a difference between running off slaves and causing an uprising among them.

He was followed by Mr. Hunter for the prosecution, who closed his argument, and Mr. Chilton asked the Court to instruct the jury that if they believed Brown was not a citizen of Virginia, they could not convict him on account of treason. The Court declined, and Mr. C. asked that the jury should be instructed that they must be satisfied that the offence was committed

within Jefferson County. This was granted.

A recess was taken for half an hour, when the jury came in with a verdict. There was intense excitement. Brown sat up in bed while the verdict was rendered. The jury found him guilty of treason, advising and conspiring with slaves and others to rebel, and for murder in the first degree.

Brown lay down quickly, and said nothing. There was no demonstration of any kind.

Mr. Chilton moved an arrest of judgment, both on account of errors in the indictment and errors in the verdict. The objection in regard to the indictment has already been stated. The prisoner has been tried for an offence not appearing on the record of the Grand Jury—the verdict was not on each count separately, but was a general verdict on the whole indictment.

SIXTH DAY.

The court met at 10 o'clock this morning. Coppie was brought in.

Previous to the proceeding to his trial, Mr. Griswold stated the points on which an arrest of judgment was asked for in Brown's case. In addition to the reasons mentioned yesterday, he said it had not been proved beyond a doubt that he (Brown) was even a citizen of the United States, and argued that treason could not be committed against a State, but only against the General Government, citing the authority of Judge Story, also stating, the jury had not found the prisoner guilty of the crimes as charged in the indictment, they had not responded to the offenses, but found him guilty of offenses not charged. They find him guilty of murder in the first degree, when the indictment don't charge him with offenses constituting that crime.

Mr. Hunter replied, quoting the Virginia code to the effect, that technicalities should not arrest the administration of justice. As to the jurisdiction over treason it was sufficient to say, that Virginia had passed a law assuming that jurisdiction and defining what constitutes that crime.

The Court reserved its decision.

Mr. Brown was present during the argument.

The jury was sworn in Coppie's case. The testimony is the same as already published, but is more brief. The examination of witnesses for the prosecution was not concluded at the adjournment. Cook waived an examination before the Magistrate Court.

SEVENTH DAY.

Coppie's trial was resumed. No witnesses were called for the defense.

Mr. Harding opened for the Commonwealth; Messrs Hoyt and Griswold followed for the defendant and Mr. Hunter closed for the prosecution.

Mr. Griswold asked for several instructions to the jury which were all granted by the Court, and the jury retired.

Brown was then brought in, and the court house was immediately thronged.

The Court gave its decision on the motion for an arrest of judgment, overruling the objections made. In the objection that treason cannot be committed against a State, he ruled that wherever allegiance is due treason may be committed. Most of the States have passed laws against treason. The objections as to the form of the verdict rendered the Court also regarded as insufficient.

The clerk then asked Mr. Brown whether he had anything to say why sentence should not be pronounced upon him.

Mr. Brown immediately rose and in a clear, distinct voice said:—I have, may it please the Court, a few words to say. In the first place I deny everything but what I have all along admitted, of a design on my part to free slaves. I intended certainly to have made a clean thing of that matter, as I did last winter, when I went into Missouri, and there took slaves without the snapping of a gun on either side, moving them through the country, and finally leaving them in Canada. I designed to have done the same thing on a larger scale. That was all I intended. I never did intend murder or treason, or the destruction of property, or to excite or incite slaves to rebellion, or to make insurrection. I have another objection, and that is that it is unjust that I should suffer such a penalty. Had I interfered in the manner in which I admit, and which I admit has been fairly proved—for I admire the truthful-

ness and candor of the greater portion of the witnesses who have testified in this case—had I so interfered in behalf of the rich, the powerful, the intelligent, the so-called great, or in behalf of any of their friends, either father, mother, brother, sister, wife or children, or any of that class, and suffered and sacrificed what I have in this interference, it would have been all right; every man in this court would have deemed it an act worthy of reward rather than punishment. This court acknowledges, too, as I suppose, the validity of the law of God. I see a book kissed, which I suppose to be the Bible, or at least the New Testament, which teaches me that all things whatsoever I would that men should do to me I should do even so to them. It teaches me, further, to remember them that are in bonds as bound with them. I endeavored to act up to that instruction.

I say I am yet too young to understand that God is any respecter of persons. I believe that to have interfered as I have done, as I have always freely admitted I have done, in behalf of His despised poor, is no wrong, but right. Now, if it is deemed necessary that I should forfeit my life for the furtherance of the ends of justice, and mingle my blood further with the blood of my children and with the blood of millions in this slave country, whose rights are disregarded by wicked, cruel and unjust enactments, I say let it be done. Let me say one word further. I feel entirely satisfied with the treatment I have received on my trial. Considering all the circumstances, it has been more generous than I expected; but I feel no consciousness of guilt. I have stated from the first what was my intention and what was not. I never had any design against the liberty of any person, or any disposition to commit treason or incite slaves to rebel, or make any general insurrection. I never encouraged any man to do so, but always discouraged any idea of that kind. Let me say also in regard to the statements made by some of those who were connected with me. I fear it has been stated by some of them that I have induced them to join me, but the contrary is true. I do not say this to injure them, but as regretting their weakness. Not one joined me but of his own accord, and the greater part at their own expense. A number of them I never saw and never had a word of conversation with

till the day they came to me, and that was for the purpose I have stated. Now I have done.

While Mr. Brown was speaking perfect quiet prevailed, and when he had finished the Judge proceeded to pronounce sentence upon him. After a few preliminary remarks he said that no reasonable doubt could exist of the guilt of the prisoner, and sentenced him to be hung in public on Friday, the 2nd of December next.

Mr. Brown received his sentence with composure. The only demonstration made was the clapping of the hands of one man in the crowd, who is not a resident of Jefferson county. Regret was expressed by the citizens at its occurrence.

The jury in the case of Coppie, after being out an hour returned a verdict of guilty on all the counts in the indictment.

EIGHTH DAY.

Coppie, who was found guilty yesterday has not yet received sentence.

Shields Green, one of the negro prisoners was put on trial to-day. His defense was entrusted to Mr. George Sennot of Boston. He attacked the indictment on all points. He moved that the first count, charging the prisoner with treason, should be abandoned, on the strength of the Dred Scott decision, which deprives negroes of citizenship, and consequently of their treasonable capabilities—and this count was abandoned. He moved that the entire indictment should be quashed, for a variety of reasons involving any number of legal technicalities. First, he objected to it on account of its excessive interlineation. But this the Court ruled, was not a material point. Then he objected on the ground that, as it comprised three various charges, it confused the prisoner's right of challenging jurymen—since, the law allowing him to challenge eight, he might desire to set aside one jurymen for reasons connected with one charge, and to retain him in reference to another. This, also, was overruled by the Court.

NINTH DAY.

Shields Green was found guilty this morning. Sentence was deferred.

Copeland, the mulatto, is now upon trial, Mr. Sennot defending.

The following is his confession :

QUESTION—Are you John Copeland, of Oberlin, and the same person that was indicted last year at Cleveland for rescuing the slave John? ANSWER—I am.

Q. Do your parents reside in Ohio? A. They do.

Q. Who induced you to enter into the Harper's Ferry movement? A. J. H. Kagi and John Brown, Jr., wrote letters to Leary, at Oberlin, which I saw, and was thus induced to go into it.

Q. Who furnished you the means to come to Virginia? A. Ralph and Samuel Plumb gave the money (\$15) to bear my expenses.

Q. What other Oberlin persons were at Harper's Ferry? A. None but Leary and myself.

Q. Where is Leary? A. He was killed in the river, near the rifle-works.

A. Did you come through Cleveland? A. Yes.

Q. On what day did you leave there? A. The day of the October election.

Q. Where did you stop in Cleveland? A. I stopped at Isaac Sturtevant's, on Walnut street; was there from Monday noon until Tuesday evening at 9 o'clock.

Q. Did Mr. and Mrs. Sturtevant know what you were going to Virginia for? A. Mrs. Sturtevant did; she was the person who talked to me about it; I suppose Mr. S. knew it.

Q. Where did Plumb give the money, and who was present? A. Ralph Plumb gave it to me; Samuel Plumb and Leary were present; it was in Plumb's office at Oberlin.

Q. Did the Plumbs know where you were going? A. Yes, and wished us good luck, and gave me the money just before leaving, Monday morning.

Q. Did Charles H. Langston see you in Cleveland? A. He did, and knew I was coming on to join Brown's company.

Q. Who directed you to go to Sturtevant's at Cleveland? A. Leary; he was directed by John Brown, Jr., to go there.

Q. Did you hear Ralph Plumb, on the day the slave John was rescued, urge persons to go to Wellington, and if so, where? A. I did; he was on the pavement, in front of Watson's grocery.

Q. Have you any knowledge of an attempt to raise an insurrection in any other State or region of our country? A. I un-

derstood that there was an intention to attempt a movement of that kind in Kentucky about the same time.

Q. Did you know from Brown or any other person that help was expected from the slaves in the neighborhood? A. I did from Brown, that help would come from the slaves, but I did not understand at any time before Monday morning after the fight had commenced, that anything else than running off slaves was intended, I being at the rifle works, half a mile from the engine-house.

Q. Did you learn from Brown or any of the company that persons at Harper's Ferry sympathised with them, or were in any way connected with the movement? A. From Brown I understood that there were laboring men at Harper's Ferry who wished to get rid of the slaves, and would aid in running them off.

TENTH DAY.

The case of Copeland, the free negro, was brought to a close, the jury finding a verdict of not guilty of treason, as charged in the last count of the indictment—he not being recognized as a citizen—but guilty of conspiracy with slaves to rebel, and of murder, as charged in the second and third counts.

The prisoner was defended by George Sennott, Esq., of Boston.

A bill of exceptions and motion for arrest of judgment was entered by the prisoner's counsel.

ELEVENTH DAY.

An indictment was found against Capt. Cook, and a motion made to bring on the case immediately for trial. This was opposed by his counsel, who preferred that Stephens should be tried first. A jury was then partially empannelled for that purpose, when a despatch from Gov. Wise was received by Mr. Hunter, suggesting that Stephens be handed over to the federal authorities. Mr. Hunter stated that a number of facts important to the development of the case were unknown to the public, and he felt assured that enough would be ascertained by the trial of Stephens by the federal authorities to criminate a num-

ber of prominent Northern abolitionists.

Stephens was then handed over to the United States Marshal, to take his trial at the next term of the Federal Court, at Stanton, which will not assemble for some time.

— — —
TWELFTH DAY.

Cook's trial commenced. The opening speech was made by Mr. Harding. Cook's confession was read in open court by Andrew Hunter. A jury was then empanelled.

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BROWN'S CARPET-BAG.

The following documents form a part of the contents of this terrible bag :

CHATHAM, C. W., }
Saturday, May 8, 1858—10 A. M. }

Convention met in pursuance of a call of John Brown and others, and was called to order by Mr. Jackson, on whose motion Mr. Wm. C. Monroe was chosen President ; when, on motion of Mr. Brown, Mr. J. H. Kagi was elected Secretary.

On motion of Mr. Delany, Mr. Brown then proceeded to state the object of the Convention at length, and then to explain the general features of the plan of action in the execution of the project in view by the Convention. Mr. Delany and others spoke in favor of the project and the plan, and both were agreed to by general consent.

Mr. Brown then presented a plan of organization, entitled "Provisional Constitution and Ordinances for the People of the United States," and moves the reading of the same.

Mr. Kinnard objected to the reading until an oath of secrecy be taken by each member of the Convention ; whereupon Mr. Delany moved that the following parole of honor be taken by all members of the Convention : "I solemnly affirm that I will not in any way divulge any of the secrets of this Convention, except to persons entitled to know the same, on the pain of forfeiting the respect and protection of this organization ;" which motion was carried.

The President then proceeded to administer the obligation ; after which

The question was taken on the the read-

ing of the plan proposed by Mr. Brown, and the same carried.

The plan was then read by the Secretary ; after which, on motion of Mr. Whipple, it was ordered that it be now read by articles, for consideration.

The articles, from one to forty-five, inclusive, were then read and adopted. On the reading of the forty-sixth, Mr. Reynolds moved to strike out the same. Reynolds spoke in favor, and Brown, Monroe, Owen Brown, Delany, Realf, Kinnard and Kagi against. The question was then taken and lost, there being but one vote in the affirmative.

The article was then adopted. The forty-seventh and forty-eighth articles, with the schedule, were then adopted in the same manner. It was then moved by Mr. Delany that the title and preamble stand as read. Carried.

On motion of Mr. Kagi, the Constitution, as a whole, was then unanimously adopted.

The Convention then, at 1½ P. M., adjourned, on motion of Mr. Jackson, till 3 o'clock.

Three o'clock P. M.—Journal read and approved.

On motion of Mr. Delany, it was then ordered that those approving of the Constitution as adopted, sign the same ; whereupon the names of all the members were appended.

After congratulatory remarks by Messrs. Kinnard and Delany, the Convention, on motion of Mr. Whipple, adjourned at 3¼ o'clock.

J. H. KAGI,

Secretary of the Convention.

The above is a journal of the Provisional Convention held at Chatham, Canada West, May 8, 1858, as herein Stated.

CHATHAM, C. W., }
Saturday, May 8th, 1859. }

Six P. M.—In accordance with, and in obedience to, the provisions of the schedule of the Constitution for the proscribed and oppressed people "of the United States of America," to-day adopted at this place, a convention was called by the President of the Convention framing that instrument, and met at the above-named hour for the purpose of electing officers to fill the offices specially established and named by said Constitution.

The Convention was called to order by Mr. M. R. Delany, upon whose nomination

Mr. Wm. C. Monroe was chosen President, and Mr. J. H. Kagi Secretary.

A committee, consisting of Messrs. Whipple, Kagi, Bell, Cook and Monroe, was then chosen to select candidates for the various offices to be filled, for the consideration of the Convention.

On reporting progress, and asking leave to sit again, that request was refused, and the committee discharged.

On motion of Mr. Bell, the Convention then went into the election of officers in the following manner and order.

Mr. Whipple nominated John Brown for Commander-in-Chief, who was, on the seconding of Mr. Delany, elected by acclamation.

Mr. Realf nominated J. H. Kagi for Secretary of War, who was elected in the same manner.

On motion of Mr. Brown, the Convention then adjourned to 9 A. M., on Monday, the 10th.

MONDAY, May, 10th—9 A. M.—The proceedings of the Convention on Saturday were read and approved.

The President announced that the business before the Convention was the further election of officers.

Mr. Whipple nominated Thomas M. Kinnard for President. In a speech of some length Mr. Kinnard declined.

Mr. Anderson nominated J. W. Loguen for the same office. The nomination was afterwards withdrawn, Mr. Loguen not being present, and it being announced that he would not serve if elected.

Mr. Brown then moved to postpone the election of President for the present. Carried.

The Convention then went into the election of members of Congress. Messrs. Alfred M. Ellsworth and Osborn Anderson were elected.

After which the Convention went into the election of Secretary of State, to which office Richard Realf was chosen.

Whereupon the Convention adjourned till 2½ P. M.

2½ P. M.—Convention again assembled and went into a balloting for the election of Treasurer and Secretary of the Treasury.

Owen Brown was elected as the former, and George B. Gill as the latter.

The following resolution was then intro-

duced by Mr. Brown, and unanimously passed:

Resolved, That John Brown, J. H. Kagi, Richard Realf, L. F. Parsons, C. P. Tidd, C. Whipple, C. W. Moffit, John E. Cook, Owen Brown, Steward Taylor, Osborn Anderson, A. M. Ellsworth, Richard Richardson, W. H. Leeman, and John Lawrence, be appointed a committee to whom is delegated the power of the Convention to fill by election all the offices specially named in the Provisional Constitution which may be vacant after the adjournment of this Convention.

The Convention then adjourned *sine die*.

J. K. KAGI,
Secretary of the Convention.

NAMES OF MEMBERS OF THE CONVENTION WRITTEN BY EACH PERSON.

Wm. Charles Monroe, President of the Convention,	G. J. Reynolds,	J. C. Grant,
A. J. Smith,	James M. Jones,	
George B. Gill,	M. F. Bailey,	
Wm. Lambert,	S. Hunton,	
C. W. Moffit,	John J. Jackson,	
J. Anderson,	Alfred Whipple,	
James M. Bell,	W. H. Leeman,	
Alfred M. Ellsworth,	John E. Cook,	
Steward Taylor,	Jas. W. Furnell,	
George Akin,	Stephen Dettin,	
Thomas Hickerson,	John Calmel,	
Robinson Alexander,	Richard Realf,	
Thomas F. Cary,	Richard Richardson,	
L. T. Parsons,	Thomas M. Kinnard,	
Robert Vanvanken,	M. H. Delany,	
Thomas M. Stringer,	Chas. P. Tidd,	
John A. Thomas,	C. Whipple,	
J. D. Shadd,	Robert Newman,	
Owen Brown,	John Brown,	
J. H. Harris,	Charles Smith,	
Simon Fishin,	Isaac Holler,	
James Smith,	J. H. Kagi,	

Secretary of the Convention.

MEMORANDUM—OFFICES FILLED.

Commander-in-Chief, John Brown; Secretary of War, J. H. Kagi; Members of Congress, Alfred M. Ellsworth, Osborn Anderson; Treasurer, Owen Brown; Secretary of the Treasury, Geo. B. Gill (vacant;) Secretary of State, Richard Realf* (vacant.)

[No. 13.] \$10.

BROOKLYN, Aug. 18, 1859.

Esteemed Friend: I gladly avail myself of the opportunity afforded by our friend, Mr. F. Douglass, who has just called upon us previous to his visit to you, to inclose to you for the cause in which you are such a zealous laborer a small amount, which

* Brown says an Englishman, and died on the passage coming over.

please accept with my most ardent wishes for its and your benefit.

The visit of our mutual friend Douglass has somewhat revived my rather drooping spirits in the cause; but seeing such ambition and enterprise in him, I am again encouraged. With best wishes for your welfare and prosperity, and the good of your cause, I subscribe myself

Your sincere friend,

MRS. E. A. GLOUCESTER.

Please write to me. With best respects to your son.

[No. 14.]

CLEVELAND, Aug. 22, 1859.

My Dear J. Henrie: I wrote you immediately on receipt of your last letter; then went up to Oberlin to see Leary. I saw Smith, Davis, and Mitchell; they all promised, and that was all. Leary wants to provide for his family, Mitchell to lay his crops by, and all make such excuses, until I am disgusted with myself and the whole *negro set*—G-D D-MN 'EM!

If you was here your influence would do something; but the moment you are gone all my speaking don't amount to anything. I will speak to Smith to-day. I know that Mitchell hadn't got the money, and I tried to sell my farm and everything else to raise money, but have not raised a cent yet. Charlie Langston says "it is too bad;" but what he will do, if anything, I don't know. I wish you would write to him, for I believe he can do more good than I. Please write to him immediately, and I will give up this thing to him. I think, however, nothing will inspire their confidence unless you come. I will, however, do all I can.

Yours, J. F. H.

Charlie goes to see Leary to-day. D.

LETTER FROM FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

CANADA WEST, Monday, Oct. 31, 1859.

To the Editor of the Rochester Democrat:

I notice that the telegram makes Mr. Cook (one of the unfortunate insurgents at Harper's Ferry, and now a prisoner in the hands of the thing calling itself the Government of Virginia, but which, is but an organized conspiracy by one party of the people against the other and weaker) denounce me as a coward—and so assert that I promised to be present in person at the Harper's Ferry insurrection. This is certainly a very grave impeachment, whether

viewed in its bearings upon friends or upon foes, and you will not think it strange that I should take a somewhat serious notice of it. Having no acquaintance whatever with Mr. Cook, and never having exchanged a word with him about the Harper's Ferry insurrection, I am disposed to doubt that he could have used the language concerning me which the wires attributed to him. The lightning, when speaking for itself, is among the most direct, reliable and truthful of things; but when speaking for the terror-stricken slave-holders at Harper's Ferry it has been made the swiftest of liars. Under their nimble and trembling fingers it magnified seventeen men into seven hundred—and has since filled the columns of the New York Herald for days with interminable contradictions. But assuming that it has told the truth as to the sayings of Mr. Cook in this instance, I have this answer to make to my accuser: Mr. Cook may be perfectly right in denouncing me as a coward. I have not one word to say in defense or vindication of my character for courage. I have always been more distinguished for running than fighting—and tried by the Harper's Ferry insurrection test, I am most miserably deficient in courage—even more so than Cook, when he deserted his brave old Captain and fled to the mountains. To this extent Mr. Cook is entirely right, and will meet no contradiction from me or from anybody else. But wholly, grievously and most unaccountably wrong is Mr. Cook, when he asserts that I promised to be present in person at the Harper's Ferry insurrection. Of whatever other imprudence and indiscretion I may have been guilty, I have never made a promise so rash and wild as this. The taking of Harper's Ferry was a measure never encouraged by my word or by my vote, at any time or place. My wisdom, or my cowardice, has not only kept me from Harper's Ferry, but has equally kept me from making any promise to go there. I desire to be quite emphatic here—for of all guilty men he is the guiltiest who lures his fellow men to an undertaking of this sort, under promise of assistance, which he afterwards fails to render. I therefore declare that there is no man living, and no man dead, who, if living, could truthfully say that I ever promised him or anybody else, either conditionally or otherwise, that I would be present in person at

the Harper's Ferry insurrection. My field of labor for the abolition of Slavery has not extended to an attack upon the United States Arsenal. In the teeth of the documents already published, and of those which may hereafter be published, I affirm that no man connected with that insurrection, from its noble and heroic leader down, can connect my name with a single broken promise of any sort whatever. So much I may deem it proper to say negatively.

The time for a full statement of what I know, and of all I know, of this desperate but sublimely disinterested effort to emancipate the slaves of Maryland and Virginia from their cruel task-masters has not yet come, and may never come. In the denial which I have now made my motive is more a respectful consideration for the opinions of the slave's friends than from my fear of being made an accomplice in the general conspiracy against Slavery. I am ever ready to write, speak, publish, organize, combine, and even to conspire against Slavery, when there is a reasonable hope of success. Men who live by robbing their fellow-men of their labor and liberty, have forfeited their right to know anything of the thoughts, feelings, or purposes of those whom they rob and plunder. They have, by the single act of slave-holding, voluntarily placed themselves beyond the laws of justice and honor, and have become only fitted for companionship with thieves and pirates—the common enemies of God and of all mankind. While it shall be considered right to protect one's self against thieves, burglars, robbers, and assassins, and to slay a wild beast in the act of devouring his human prey, it can never be wrong for the imbruted and whip-scarred slaves, or their friends, to hunt, harass, and even strike down the traffickers in human flesh. If anybody is disposed to think less of me on account of this sentiment, or because I may have had a knowledge of what was about to occur, and did not assume the base and detestable character of an informer, he is a man whose good or bad opinion of me may be equally repugnant and despicable. Entertaining this sentiment, I may be asked why I did not join John Brown—the noble old hero whose one right hand has shaken the foundation of the American Union, and whose ghost will haunt the bed-chambers of all the born and unborn slaveholders of Vir-

ginia through all their generations, filling them with alarm and consternation! My answer to this has already been given, at least impliedly given. "The tools to those who can use them." Let every man work for the abolition of Slavery in his own way. I would help all and hinder none. My position in regard to the Harper's Ferry insurrection may be easily inferred from these remarks, and I shall be glad if those papers which have spoken of me in connection with it, would find room for this statement.

I have no apology for keeping out of the way of those gentlemanly United States Marshals, who are said to have paid Rochester a somewhat protracted visit lately with a view of an interview with me. A Government recognizing the validity of the Dred Scott decision, at such a time as this, is not likely to have any very charitable feelings towards me, and if I am to meet its representatives I prefer to do so at least upon equal terms. If I have committed any offense against society I have done so on the soil of the State of New York, and I should be perfectly willing there to be arraigned before an impartial jury; but I have quite insuperable objections to be caught in the hands of Mr. Buchanan, and "bagged" by Gov. Wise. For this appears to be the arrangement—Buchanan does the fighting and hunting, and Wise "bags" the game.

Some reflections may be made upon my leaving on a tour to England just at this time. I have only to say that my going to that country has been rather delayed than hastened by the insurrection at Harper's Ferry. All knew that I intended to leave here in the first week of November.

FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

THIRTEENTH DAY.

The Court remained in session until 9 o'clock last night, when a verdict of guilt was rendered against Cook for murder and insurrection.

Mr. Voorhees delivered a powerful address to the Jury in favor of the prisoner, drawing tears from the eyes of the most embittered of his auditors.

This morning a motion for a new trial was argued and overruled.

District-Attorney Harding refuses to

sign a *volle pro* in favor of Stevens, demanding that he shall be tried in Virginia. The Court, however, has handed the prisoner over to the United States Marshal, paying no attention to the objections of Mr. Harding.

FOURTEENTH DAY.

When the prisoners were brought out for sentence, the negroes, Copeland and Green, declined to say anything. Cook and Copie both addressed the Court, denying that

they had any knowledge of Brown's intention to seize the Ferry until the Sunday previous, when they were called upon to take the oath of obedience to their commander. They expected to be punished, but did not think they should be hung.

Hazlitt will not be tried until the May term of the Court.

The negroes are to be hung on the morning of the 16th, and the whites during the afternoon of the same day.

Town and Country, or Fancy Sketches.

NUMBER II.

BY JANE RUSTIC.

The wedding over, the guests dismissed, my city friend, his wife and myself, wended our way homeward. My city friend gave me a tedious and uninteresting lecture on polite behaviour; he thought people ought not to argue in society. His wife gave me the rather pleasant and edifying information, that Mrs. Gossop had said that my dress was rather old-fashioned. Now, on this subject of dress, I may have some peculiar notions. In my limited circumstances, I do not think it either right or wise to commence my wardrobe where my wealthiest neighbors leave off. It was not my ambition to be the best dressed woman in the room. I never owned a gold bracelet in all my life; my richest breastpin only cost me fifty cents. I never possessed a ten-dollar shawl, and one dollar and fifty cents a yard was the highest price I ever paid for a dress, and that only once in my life; and it was not very strange if, amid all the glitter and show of that marriage festival, I looked rather old-fashioned.

"Well," said I, half vexed, for I was just silly enough to feel a little nettled, "I am going to the country where I shall be welcome even if my wardrobe is a little old-fashioned." And I thought of my dear aunt Melissa, with her warm, motherly heart, and her kind, care-taking ways; of my gentle cousin Miranda, with her sisterly affection, and intelligent conversation. So I went to work, packed up my trunk, and the next train was bearing me to my country home. Oh, how glad was I to meet the dear familiar faces there; no music ever sounded so sweet to my ear as the warm welcome of aunt Melissa, as she strained me to her loving heart. Oh, how grateful I felt, as she looked so tenderly upon me, and said, "My dear child how pale you look, how cold and clammy your hands are, your system is running down; you must take some red pepper tea." You see red pepper is aunt Melissa's grand specific for all my ailments, and it is wonderful the amount of red pepper she does contrive to get down my throat; but she is so good

and kind, her love supplies such a great want in my poor, lone, motherless heart; that it is a luxury to be nursed by her when my sickness is more of the mind than the body, and when I feel as if I wanted to lean my weary head upon my mother's bosom, and the mournful thought sweeps over me that that precious gift of God to human hearts—a mother's love—I am never destined to know on earth. The greetings over, aunt Melissa brought forth her family Bible, read awhile, and after a few moments of silent worship we prepared for bed. I was soon asleep, but my dreams were troubled; I thought that a call had been issued for an anti-sunshine convention, and that I attended. As I went in, a rather pompous looking man was on the floor, reading a string of resolutions that he had written for the occasion.

“Resolved, That this convention form a society called the Anti-sunshine Society.

Resolved, That it shall be the duty of this convention to send out lecturers, and circulate documents and tracts, to show the superiority of gaslight over sunshine.

Resolved, That no woman shall hold any office in our Society, unless it be to collect funds.

Resolved, That the sun is a bore, because it freckles our faces and tans our complexions.

Resolved, That we will petition the man in the moon to weave a curtain of clouds, or a shroud of mist to bar the rising of the sun.”

Here, in accordance with the inconsistencies and incongruities which are so rife in dreamland, I became very uneasy; visions of ruined harvests, blighted crops, and faded flowers, disturbed me exceedingly. I arose to speak a few words. “I object,” said I “to all these proceedings,” and was proceeding to make an excellent speech on the utility and beauty of sunshine. Oh, if I could only make such a speech when I am awake! I had proceeded only a few sentences when I was interrupted with cries of “order!” “order!” “question!” “question!” “Mr. Speaker, Mr. Speaker! the lady is out of order.” I appealed to the chair, but the chair decided against me, and so I was forced to take my seat, but as I did so the breakfast-bell sounded in my ears; I opened my eyes, the star-gemmed royal night had cast off her sombre robes; the crimson flushes of morning had deepened

into a dazzling brightness, and the world was bathed in a sea of light and glory, and I had the satisfaction of knowing that the anti-sunshine convention was only a dream. When I came down to breakfast, I asked aunt why she let me sleep so long. “Why, my dear child,” she replied, “I came in your room two or three times, and you seemed to be sleeping so soundly that I hated to disturb you; but as Jacob was going to the city with some butter, and wanted to see you before he left, I thought I would waken you, and besides, I expect Miranda home to-day; and she is going to bring a Mr. somebody with her, I forget his name, but he is a great scholar, so you had better rub up your learning, hunt up your dictionary, and get your big words all ready. I hope that he will be agreeable, for you see these high learned folks are not always the most pleasant company for us poor women folks; it seems to me as if they sometimes think so much about themselves that they do not take much time to think of other people.” “Oh never fear, aunt, I am acquainted with Mr. Ballard, who accompanies Miranda, and I know he is too well bred not to be polite and agreeable to people who have had less advantages than himself.”

“Well, I hope so,” replied aunt Melissa. “You see, when my old man was alive, and used to labor so hard to keep Miranda and Jacob at school, and afterwards at the college; he used to say that he was afraid they would be so high-learned that they would get above their old father and mother. He used to see what ails Mrs. Highflyer's daughters used to put on; sitting up in the parlors, painted, powdered and flounced up, thrumming on the piano, or visiting and receiving company, and their poor old mother down in the kitchen, puffing and stewing and working like an old slave. Why, there was Jane, Mrs. Highflyer's oldest daughter, would not even pare a pan of apples to make pies, for fear of soiling her hands. Now, I had just faith enough in Miranda not to think she would ever turn out so; well my dear old man and I struggled very hard to keep her at the college. So when she had her dire—, what do you call it, Jane?” “Diploma, aunt. “I says to her, now, Miranda, many a night has your poor old mother sat up and picked chickens, many a pound of cheese and butter have I made,

when you were abed and asleep, to give you a good education; and now you've got through, I hope you are not going to think yourself above, and despise your old mother, because she didn't have a chance to get such high learning. I tell you, Jane, I wish I hadn't said it." "Why, aunt Melissa?" "Oh, because Miranda is so tender-hearted; she is just as tender-hearted as a chicken. She burst out a crying and threw her arms around me, and said, 'My dear mother, I love you better than ever.' Well, I tell you, Jane, I felt prouder of that little speech than I did of the splendid one she made at the, what do you call it, of the college?" "Commencement, aunt." "Well, commencement; how fine they do fix up things now-a-days. When I was a girl, we used to call the days when the boys made their speeches and the girls showed their copy-books and samples, exhibitions. I shall never get the run of these new-fangled words. Miranda, she knows all about these things; you can't puzzle her with the big words. Sometimes she tells me about these new ideas about woman's rights, and woman's mission, and gives me good satisfaction. I once asked my old man what he thought of woman's rights and woman's mission. He said that it was to keep the house clean and stay home and take care of her husband and children. But, said I, suppose she has not got a husband. Well, then, he said, she ought to get one. But Miranda"—

Just then a light step bounded on the floor—a clear, laughing voice rang out, "talk of the angels and they'll show their wings;" and Miranda was clasped in her mother's arms and folded to her bosom.

The student stood a silent, and, as I thought, an interested spectator of the little scene between Miranda and her mother, when, observing me, he stepped forward and gave me a friendly greeting.

"My dear mother," said Miranda, turning to the student, "here is my friend, Mr. Ballard, from the city. He is not well, and when I told him what a good nurse you were to us when we were sick, I thought," said she, looking archly at the student, "that he looked as if he wanted to try the virtue

of your skill, and so, as he bears a precious life, which I want preserved for the good of our race, I hope that we may be able to call back vigor to every muscle, and strength to every nerve."

Aunt stepped forward and gave him a hearty welcome; and I thought, from her looks, that he was welcome for Miranda's sake, even if he was the greatest scholar in the world. And there is something so kind and affable in his manners that he almost immediately disarmed her of her prejudices about his "high learning." Somehow, these greetings between aunt Melissa and Miranda make a kind of mournful impression upon me. I think, or fear, if I have any envy in my composition, it becomes exercised just here. I never envy my city friends, their fine furniture, their elegant homes, rich dresses, or costly jewelry. I know that true happiness does not consist in the possession of such things; neither do I envy the young girls who love to boast of their conquests, their hosts of admirers. I would rather have the love of one good, earnest, honest heart, congenial to my own, than the admiration of a dozen of careless-hearted fops or dandies; and I almost fear that some girls are so thoughtless as to attract admiration or love for the sake of adding to the list of their rejected suitors. I have no vanity that I wish to gratify at the expense of human happiness. I would derive no satisfaction from wilfully inflicting pain on a heart I had taught to love me. But when I see Miranda nestle her head so affectionately upon her mother's bosom, and say, in such loving accents, "My own dear mother," I feel such longings, desires, and unrest, that I have sometimes feared that I am selfish enough to envy Miranda her mother. And yet, although these founts of human love do not gush for me, I am thankful that they gush for others. I can rejoice in Miranda's good fortune, in having such a dear, precious mother; and yet in the light of her joy, I feel and see the greatness of my own loss. Oh well, it may be that in the spirit world all my aspirations will be met, my yearnings satisfied, my wishes realized and my hopes fulfilled. Am I patient enough to wait?

The Nat Turner Insurrection.

There are two reasons why we present our readers with the Confession of Nat Turner. First, to place upon record this most remarkable episode in the history of human slavery, which proves to the philosophic observer, that in the midst of the most perfectly contrived and apparently secure systems of slavery, humanity will out, and engender from its bosom, forces, that will contend against oppression, however unsuccessfully: and secondly, that the two methods of Nat Turner and of John Brown may be compared. The one is the mode in which the slave seeks freedom for his fellows, and the other, the mode in which the white man seeks to set the slave free. There are many points of similarity between these two men: they were both idealists; both governed by their views of the teachings of the Bible; both had harbored for years the purpose to which they gave up their lives; both felt themselves swayed as by some divine, or at least, spiritual, impulse; the one seeking in the air, the earth and the heavens, for signs which came at last; and the other, obeying impulses which he believes to have been fore-ordained from the eternal past; both cool, calm and heroic in prison and in the prospect of inevitable death; both confess with child-like frankness and simplicity the object they had in view—the pure and simple emancipation of their fellow-men; both win from the judges who sentence them, expressions of deep sympathy—and here the parallel ceases. Nat Turner's terrible logic could only see the enfranchisement of one race, compassed by the extirpation of the other; and he followed his gory syllogism with

rude exactitude. John Brown, believing that the freedom of the enthralled could only be effected by placing them on an equality with their enslavers, and unable, in the very effort at emancipation, to tyrannize himself, is moved with compassion for tyrants as well as slaves, and seeks to extirpate this formidable cancer, without spilling one drop of christian blood.

These two narratives present a fearful choice to the slaveholders, nay, to this great nation—which of the two modes of emancipation shall take place? The method of Nat Turner or the method of John Brown?

Emancipation must take place, and soon. There can be no long delay in the choice of methods. If John Brown's be not soon adopted by the free North, then Nat Turner's will be by the enslaved South.

Had the order of events been reversed—had Nat Turner been in John Brown's place, at the head of these twenty one men, governed by his inexorable logic and cool daring, the soil of Virginia and Maryland and the far South, would by this time be drenched in blood, and the wild and sanguinary course of these men, no earthly power then could stay.

The course which the South is now frantically pursuing, will engender in its bosom and nurse into maturity a hundred Nat Turners, whom Virginia is infinitely less able to resist in 1860, than she was in 1831.

So, people of the South, people of the North! men and brethren, choose ye which method of emancipation you prefer—Nat Turner's or John Brown's?

The late insurrection in Southampton has greatly excited the public mind, and led to a thousand idle, exaggerated and mischievous reports. It is the first instance in our history, of an open rebellion of the slaves, and attended with such atrocious circumstances of cruelty and destruction, as could not fail to leave a deep impression, not only upon the minds of the community where this fearful tragedy was wrought, but throughout every portion of our country in which this population is to be found. Public curiosity has been on the stretch to understand the origin and progress of this dreadful conspiracy, and the motives which influenced its diabolical actors. The insurgent slaves had all been destroyed, or apprehended, tried and executed, (with the exception of the leader) without revealing anything at all satisfactory, as to the motives which governed them, or the means by which they expected to accomplish their object. Every thing connected with this sad affair was wrapt in mystery, until Nat Turner, the leader of this ferocious band whose name has resounded throughout our widely extended empire, was captured. This "great Bandit" was taken by a single individual, in a cave near the residence of his late owner, on Sunday the thirtieth of October, without attempting to make the slightest resistance, and on the following day safely lodged in the jail of the County. His captor was Benjamin Phipps, armed with a shot gun well charged. Nat's only weapon was a small light sword, which he immediately surrendered, and begged that his life might be spared. Since his confinement, by permission of the jailer, I have had ready access to him, and finding that he was willing to make a full and free confession of the origin, progress and consummation of the insurrectionary movements of the slaves, of which he was the contriver and head; I determined, for the gratification of public curiosity, to commit his statements to writing, and publish them, with little or no variation, from his own words. That this is a faithful record of his confessions, the annexed certificate of the County Court of Southampton will attest. They certainly bear the stamp of truth and sincerity. He makes no attempt (as all the other insurgents who were arrested and examined did) to exculpate himself, but frankly acknowledges his full participation in all the guilt of the transaction. He was not only

the contriver of the conspiracy, but gave the first blow towards its execution.

It will thus appear, that, whilst everything upon the surface of society wore a calm and peaceful aspect; whilst not one preparation was heard to warn the devoted inhabitants, of woe and death, a gloomy fanatic was revolving in the recesses of his own dark, bewildered, and overwrought mind, schemes of indiscriminate massacre to the whites. Schemes too fearfully executed, as far as his fiendish band proceeded in their desolating march. No cry for mercy penetrated their flinty bosoms. No acts of remembered kindness made the least impression on these remorseless murderers. Men, women and children, from hoary age to helpless infancy, were involved in the same cruel fate. Never did a band of savages do their work of death more unsparingly. Apprehension for their own personal safety seems to have been the only principle of restraint in the whole course of their bloody proceedings. And it is not the least remarkable feature in this horrid transaction, that a band actuated by such hellish purposes, should have resisted so feebly, when met by the whites in arms. Desperation alone, one would think, might have led to greater efforts. More than 20 of them attacked Dr. Blunt's house on Tuesday morning, a little before day-break, defended by two men and three boys. They fled precipitately at the first fire; and their future plans of mischief were entirely disconcerted and broken up. Escaping hence, each individual sought his own safety either in concealment, or by returning home, with the hope that his participation might escape detection, and all were shot down in the course of a few days or captured and brought to trial and punishment. Nat has survived all his followers, and the gallows will speedily close his career. His own account of the conspiracy is submitted to the public, without comment. It reads an awful, and it is hoped, a useful lesson, as to the operation of a mind like his, endeavoring to grapple with things beyond its reach, how it first became bewildered and confounded, and finally corrupted, and led to the conception and perpetration of the most atrocious and heart-rending deeds.

It is also calculated to demonstrate the policy of our laws in restraint of this class of our population, and to induce all those en-

trusted with their execution, as well as our citizens generally, to see that they are strictly and rigidly enforced. Each particular community should look to its own safety, whilst the general guardians of the laws keep a watchful eye over all. If Nat's statements can be relied on, the insurrection in this county was entirely local, and his designs confided but to a few, and these in his immediate vicinity. It was not instigated by motives of revenge or sudden anger, but the results of long deliberation, and a settled purpose of mind. The offspring of gloomy fanaticism, acting upon materials but too well prepared for such impressions. It will be long remembered in the annals of our country, and many a mother, as she presses her infant darling to her bosom, will shudder at the recollection of Nat Turner and his band of ferocious miscreants.

Believing the following narrative, by removing doubts and conjectures from the public mind which otherwise must have remained would give general satisfaction, it is respectfully submitted to the public by their obedient servant,

T. R. GRAY.

*Jerusalem, Southampton Co., Va.,
Nov. 5, 1831.*

We, the undersigned, members of the Court convened at Jerusalem, on Saturday the 5th day of November, 1831, for the trial of Nat, *alias* Nat Turner, a negro slave, late the property of Putnam Moore, deceased, do hereby certify, that the confession of Nat to Thomas R. Gray, was read to him in our presence, and that Nat acknowledged the same to be full, free and voluntary; and that furthermore, when called upon by the presiding magistrate of the Court, to state if he had anything to say, why sentence of death should not be passed upon him, replied he had nothing further than he had communicated to Mr. Gray.

Given under our hands and seals at Jerusalem, 5th day of November, 1831.

JEREMIAH COBB, (Seal)
THOMAS PRETLOW, (Seal)
JAMES W. PARKER, (Seal)
CARR BOWERS, (Seal)
SAMUEL B. HINES, (Seal)
ORRIS A. BROWNE. (Seal)

*State of Virginia,
Southampton County, to wit:*
I, James Rochelle, Clerk of the County

Court of Southampton, in the State of Virginia, do hereby certify, that Jeremiah Cobb, Thomas Pretlow, James W. Parker, Carr Bowers, Samuel B. Hines, and Orris A. Browne, Esquires, are acting Justices of the Peace, in and for the County aforesaid, and were members of the court which convened at Jerusalem, on Saturday the 5th day of November, 1831, for the trial of Nat *alias* Nat Turner, a negro slave, late the property of Putnam Moore, deceased, who was tried and convicted, as an insurgent in the late insurrection in the County of Southampton, aforesaid, and that full faith and credit are due, and ought to be given to their acts as Justices of the Peace aforesaid.

In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the Court aforesaid to be affixed this 5th day of November, 1831.

[SEAL]

JAMES ROCHELLE, C. S. C. C.

CONFESSION.

Agreeable to his own appointment, on the evening he was committed to prison, with permission of the jailer, I visited NAT on Tuesday, the 1st of November, when, without being questioned at all, he commenced his narrative in the following words:

Sir,—You have asked me to give a history of the motives which induced me to undertake the late insurrection, as you call it. To do so I must go back to the days of my infancy, and even before I was born. I was thirty-one years of age the 2d of October last, and born the property of Benj. Turner, of this county. In my childhood a circumstance occurred, which made an indelible impression on my mind, and laid the ground-work of that enthusiasm, which has terminated so fatally to many, both white and black, and for which I am about to atone on the gallows. It is here necessary to relate this circumstance—trifling as it may seem, it was the commencement of that belief which has grown with time, and even now, sir, in this dungeon, helpless and forsaken as I am, I cannot divest myself of it. Being at play with other children, when three or four years old, I was telling them something, which my mother over-hearing, said it had happened before I was born—I stuck to my story, however, and related some things which went, in the

opinion, to confirm it—others being called on were greatly astonished, knowing that these things had happened, caused them to say in my hearing, I surely would be a prophet, as the Lord had shewn me things that had happened before my birth. And my father and mother strengthened me in this my first impression, saying in my presence, I was intended for some great purpose, which they had always thought from certain marks on my head and breast—[a parcel of excrescences which I believe are not at all uncommon, particularly among negroes, as I have seen several with the same. In this case he has either cut them off, or they have nearly disappeared]—My grandmother, who was very religious, and to whom I was much attached—my master, who belonged to the church, and other religious persons who visited the house, and whom I often saw at prayers, noticing the singularity of my manners, I suppose, and my uncommon intelligence for a child, remarked I had too much sense to be raised, and if I was, I would never be of any service to any one as a slave. To a mind like mine, restless, inquisitive, and observant of everything that was passing, it was easy to suppose that religion was the subject to which it would be directed, and, although this subject principally occupied my thoughts, there was nothing that I saw or heard of, to which my attention was not directed. The manner in which I learned to read and write, not only had great influence on my own mind, as I acquired it with the most perfect ease, so much so, that I have no recollection whatever of learning the alphabet, but, to the astonishment of the family, one day, when a book was shown me to keep me from crying, I began spelling the names of different objects—this was a source of wonder to all in the neighborhood, particularly the blacks—and this learning was constantly improved at all opportunities. When I got large enough to go to work, while employed, I was reflecting on many things that would present themselves to my imagination, and whenever an opportunity occurred of looking at a book, when the school children were getting their lessons, I would find many things that the fertility of my own imagination had depicted to me before; all my time, not devoted to my master's service, was spent either in prayer, or in making experiments in casting different things in

moulds made of earth, in attempting to make paper, gunpowder, and many other experiments, that, although I could not perfect, yet convinced me of their practicability, if I had the means.* I was not addicted to stealing in my youth, nor ever have been; yet such was the confidence of the negroes in the neighborhood, even at this early period of my life, in my superior judgment, that they would often carry me with them when they were going on any roguery, to plan for them. Growing up among them, with this confidence in my superior judgment, and when this, in their opinions, was perfected by Divine inspiration, from the circumstances already alluded to in infancy, and which belief was afterwards zealously inculcated by the austerity of my life and manners, which became the subject of remark with white and black.—Having soon discovered, that to be great, I must appear so, I therefore studiously avoided mixing in society, and wrapped myself in mystery, devoting my time to fasting and prayer. By this time, having arrived to man's estate, and hearing the scriptures commented on at meetings, I was struck with that particular passage, which says: "Seek ye the kingdom of heaven and all things shall be added unto you." I reflected much on this passage, and prayed daily for light on this subject. As I was praying one day at my plough, the spirit spoke to me, saying: "Seek ye the kingdom of Heaven and all things shall be added unto you."

Question.—What do you mean by the Spirit?

Answer.—The Spirit that spoke to the prophets in former days; and I was greatly astonished, and for two years prayed continually, whenever my duty would permit; and then again I had the same revelation, which fully confirmed me in the impression that I was ordained for some great purpose in the hands of the Almighty. Several years rolled round, in which many events occurred to strengthen me in this belief. At this time I reverted in my mind to the remarks made of me in my childhood, and the things that had been shown me; and as it had been said of me in my childhood, by those by whom I had been taught to pray, both white and black, and in whom I had

* When questioned as to the manner of manufacturing those different articles, he was found well informed on the subject.

the greatest confidence, that I had too much sense to be raised, and if I was, I would never be of any use to any one, as a slave. Now finding I had arrived at man's estate, and was a slave, and these revelations being made known to me, I began to direct my attention to this great object, to fulfill the purpose for which, by this time, I felt assured I was intended. Knowing the influence I had obtained over the minds of my fellow-servants, (not by means of conjuring and such like tricks, for to them I always spoke of such things with contempt) but by the communion of the Spirit, whose revelations I often communicated to them, and they believed and said my wisdom came from God. I now began to prepare them for my purpose, by telling them something was about to happen that would terminate in fulfilling the great promise that had been made to me. About this time I was placed under an overseer, from whom I ran away; and after remaining in the woods thirty days, I returned, to the astonishment of the negroes on the plantation, who thought I had made my escape to some other part of the country, as my father had done before. But the reason of my return was, that the Spirit appeared to me and said, I had my wishes directed to things of this world, and not to the kingdom of heaven, and that I should return to the service of my earthly master—"For he who knoweth his Master's will, and doeth it not, shall be beaten with many stripes, and thus have I chastened you." And the negroes found fault, and murmured against me, saying if they had my sense they would not serve any master in the world. And about this time I had a vision, and I saw white spirits and black spirits engaged in battle, and the sun was darkened, the thunder rolled in the heavens, and blood flowed in streams; and I heard a voice saying, "Such is your luck, such are you called on to see, and let it come, rough or smooth, you must surely bear it." I now withdrew myself as much as my situation would permit, from the intercourse of my fellow servants, for the avowed purpose of serving the Spirit more fully; and it appeared to me, and reminded me of the things it had already shown me, and that it would then reveal to me the knowledge of the elements, the revolution of the planets, the operation of tides, and changes of the seasons. After this revelation, in the year 1825, and the knowledge

of the elements being made known to me, I sought more than ever to obtain true holiness, before the great day of judgment should appear, and then I began to receive the true knowledge of faith. And from the first steps of righteousness until the last was I made perfect; and the Holy Ghost was with me and said, "Behold me as I stand in the heavens!" and I looked and saw the forms of men in different attitudes, and there were lights in the sky to which the children of darkness gave other names than what they really were; for they were the lights of the Savior's hands, stretched forth from east to west, even as they were extended on the cross on Calvary, for the redemption of sinners. And I wondered greatly at these miracles, and prayed to be informed of a certainty of the meaning thereof; and shortly afterwards, while laboring in the field, I discovered drops of blood on the corn, as though it were dew from heaven; and I communicated it to many, both white and black, in the neighborhood; and I then found on the leaves in the woods hieroglyphic characters, and numbers, with the forms of men in different attitudes, portrayed in blood, and representing the figures I had seen before in the heavens. And now the Holy Ghost had revealed itself to me, and made plain the miracles it had shown me—for as the Blood of Christ had been shed on this earth, and had ascended to heaven for the salvation of sinners, and was now returning to earth again in the form of dew, and as the leaves on the trees bore the impression of the figures I had seen in the heavens, it was plain to me that the Savior was about to lay down the yoke he had borne for the sins of men, and the great day of judgment was at hand. About this time I told these things to a white man (Ethelred T. Brantley) on whom it had a wonderful effect, and he ceased from his wickedness, and was attacked immediately with a cutaneous eruption, and the blood oozed from the pores of his skin, and after praying and fasting nine days he was healed, and the Spirit appeared to me again, and said, as the Savior had been baptised so should we be also—and when the white people would not let us be baptised by the church, we went down into the water together, in the sight of many who reviled us, and were baptised by the Spirit. After this I rejoiced greatly, and gave thanks to God. And on the 12th of May, 1828, I

heard a loud noise in the heavens, and the Spirit instantly appeared to me and said, the Serpent was loosened, and Christ had laid down the yoke he had borne for the sins of men, and that I should take it on and fight against the serpent, for the time was fast approaching when the first should be last, and the last should be first.

Q. Do you not find yourself mistaken now?

A. Was not Christ crucified?—And by signs in the heavens, that it would make known to me when I should commence the great work—and until the first sign appeared, I should conceal it from the knowledge of men—And on the appearance of the sign, (the eclipse of the sun last February) I should arise and prepare myself, and slay my enemies with their own weapons. And immediately on the sign appearing in the heavens, the seal was removed from my lips, and I communicated the great work laid out for me to do, to four in whom I had the greatest confidence, (Henry, Hark, Nelson and Sam). It was intended by us to have begun the work of death on the 4th of July last. Many were the plans formed and rejected by us, and it affected my mind to such a degree, that I fell sick, and the time passed without our coming to any determination how to commence, still forming new schemes and rejecting them, when the sign appeared again, which determined me not to wait longer.

Since the commencement of 1830, I had been living with Mr. Joseph Travis, who was to me a kind master, and placed the greatest confidence in me; in fact, I had no cause to complain of his treatment to me. On Saturday evening, the 20th of August, it was agreed between Henry, Hark and myself, to prepare a dinner the next day for the men we expected, and then to concert a plan, as we had not yet determined on any. Hark, on the following morning, brought a pig, and Henry, brandy, and being joined by Sam, Nelson, Will and Jack, they prepared in the woods a dinner, where about three o'clock, I joined them.

Q. Why were you so backward in joining them?

A. The same reason that had caused me not to mix with them for years before.

I saluted them on coming up, and asked Will how came he there, he answered, his life was worth no more than others, and his liberty as dear to him. I asked him if he

thought to obtain it? He said he would, or lose his life. This was enough to put him in full confidence. Jack, I knew, was only a tool in the hands of Hark; it was quickly agreed we should commence at home (Mr. J. Travis) on that night, and, until we had armed and equipped ourselves, and gathered sufficient force, neither age nor sex was to be spared, (which was invariably adhered to). We remained at the feast, until about two hours in the night, when we went to the house and found Austin; they all went to the cider press and drank, except myself. On returning to the house, Hark went to the door with an axe, for the purpose of breaking it open, as we knew we were strong enough to murder the family should they be awakened by the noise; but reflecting that it might create an alarm in the neighborhood, we determined to enter the house secretly, and murder them whilst sleeping. Hark got a ladder and set it against the chimney, on which I ascended, and hoisting a window, entered and came down stairs, unbarred the door, and removed the guns from their places. It was then observed that I must spill the first blood. On which, armed with a hatchet, and accompanied by Will, I entered my master's chamber, it being dark, I could not give a death blow, the hatchet glanced from his head, he sprang from the bed, and called his wife, it was his last word, Will laid him dead with a blow of his axe, and Mrs. Travis shared the same fate, as she laid in bed. The murder of this family, five in number, was the work of a moment; not one of them awoke; there was a little infant sleeping in a cradle, that was forgotten, until we had left the house and gone some distance, when Henry and Will returned and killed it; we got here four guns that would shoot, and several old muskets, with a pound or two of powder. We remained for some time at the barn, where we paraded; I formed them in a line as soldiers, and after carrying them through all the manoeuvres I was master of, marched them off to Mr. Salathiel Francis', about six hundred yards distant. Sam and Will went to the door and knocked. Mr. Francis asked who was there, Sam replied it was him, and he had a letter for him, on which he got up and came to the door; they immediately seized him and dragging him out a little from the door, he was dispatched by repeated blows on the head; there was no other white person in

the family. We started from there for Mrs. Reese's, maintaining the most perfect silence on our march, where, finding the door unlocked, we entered and murdered Mrs. Reese in her bed while sleeping, her son awoke, but only to sleep the sleep of death, he had only time to say, "who is that", and he was no more. From Mrs. Reese's we went to Mrs. Turner's, a mile distant, which we reached about sunrise, on Monday morning. Henry, Austin, and Sam, went to the still, where, finding Mr. Peebles, Austin shot him, and the rest of us went to the house, as we approached, the family discovered us, and shut the door. Vain hope! Will, with one stroke of his axe, opened it and we entered, and found Mrs. Turner and Mrs. Newsome in the middle of a room, almost frightened to death. Will immediately killed Mrs. Turner, with one blow of his axe. I took Mrs. Newsome by the hand, and with the sword I had when I was apprehended, I struck her several blows over the head but not being able to kill her, as the sword was dull; Will turning round and discovering it, dispatched her also. A general destruction of property and search for money and ammunition, always succeeded the murders. By this time my company amounted to fifteen, nine men mounted, who started for Mrs. Whitehead's (the other six were to go through a by-way to Mr. Bryant's, and rejoin us at Mrs. Whitehead's); as we approached the house, we discovered Mr. Richard Whitehead standing in the cotton patch, near the lane fence; we called him over into the lane, and Will, the executioner, was near at hand, with his fatal axe to send him to an untimely grave. As we pushed on to the house, I discovered some one run round the garden, and thinking it was some of the white family, I pursued them, but finding it was a servant girl belonging to the house, I returned to commence the work of death, but they whom I left had not been idle; all the family were already murdered, but Mrs. Whitehead and her daughter Margaret. As I came round to the door I saw Will pulling Mrs. Whitehead out of the house, and at the step he nearly severed her head from her body, with his broad-axe. Miss Margaret, when I discovered her had concealed herself in the corner formed by the projection of the cellar cap from the house; on my approach she fled, but was soon overtaken, and after repeated blows with a sword, I killed her by a blow on the head, with a fence rail. By this time the six who had gone by Mr. Bryant's rejoined us and informed me they had done the work of death assigned them. We again divided, part going to Mr. Richard Porter's and from thence to Nathaniel Francis', the others to Mr. Howell Harris', and Mr. T. Doyles. On my reaching Mr. Porter's, he had escaped with his family. I understood then that the alarm had already spread, and I immediately returned to bring up those sent to Mr. Doyles, and Mr. Howell Harris; the party I left, going on to Mr. Francis', having told them I would join them in that neighborhood. I met these sent to Mr. Doyles and Mr. Harris returning, having met Mr. Doyle on the road and killed him, and learning from some who joined them, that Mr. Harris was from home, I immediately pursued the course taken by the party gone on before; but knowing that they would complete the work of death and pillage at Mr. Francis', before I could get there, I went to Mr. Peter Edwards', expecting to find them there, but they had been here also. I then went to Mr. John T. Barrow's; they had been here and murdered him. I pursued on their track to Capt. Newitt Harris', I found the greater part mounted, and ready to start; the men now amounting to about forty, shouted and hurrahs as I rode up, some were in the yard, loading their guns others drinking. They said, Captain Harris and his family had escaped, the property in the house they destroyed, robbing him of money and other valuables. I ordered them to mount and march instantly; this was about nine or ten o'clock, Monday morning. I proceeded to Mr. Levi Waller's, two or three miles distant. I took my station in the rear, and as it was my object to carry terror and devastation wherever we went, I placed fifteen or twenty of the best mounted and most to be relied on, in front, who generally approached the houses as fast as their horses could run; this was for two purposes, to prevent their escape and strike terror to the inhabitants—on this account I never got to the houses, after leaving Mrs. Whitehead's, until the murders were committed, except in one case. I sometimes got in sight in time to see the work of death completed, viewed the mangled bodies as they lay in silent satisfaction, and immediately started in quest of other victims. Having murdered Mrs. Waller and

ten children, we started for Mr. William Williams'—having killed him and two little boys that were there, while engaged in this Mrs. Williams fled and got some distance, from the house, but she was pursued, overtaken, and compelled to get up behind one of the company, who brought her back and after showing her the mangled body of her lifeless husband, she was told to get down and lay by his side, where she was shot dead. I then started for Mr. Jacob Williams', where the family were murdered—Here we found a young man named Drury, who had come on business with Mr. Williams—he was pursued, overtaken and shot. Mrs. Vaughans was the next place we visited—and after murdering the family here, I determined on starting for Jerusalem—Our number amounted now to fifty or sixty, all mounted and armed with guns, axes, swords and clubs,—On reaching Mr. James W. Parker's gate, immediately on the road leading to Jerusalem, and about three miles distant, it was proposed to me to call there, but I objected, as I knew he was gone to Jerusalem and my object was to reach there as soon as possible; but some of the men having relations at Mr. Parker's it was agreed that they might call and get his people. I remained at the gate on the road, with seven or eight, the others going across the field to the house, about half a mile off. After waiting some time for them, I became impatient, and started to the house for them and on our return we were met by a party of white men, who had pursued our blood-stained track, and who had fired on those at the gate, and dispersed them, which I knew nothing of, not having been at that time rejoined by any of them—Immediately on discovering the whites, I ordered my men to halt and form, as they appeared to be alarmed—The white men eighteen in number, approached us in about one hundred yards, when one of them fired (this was against the positive orders of Captain Alexander P. Peete, who commanded, and who directed the men to reserve their fire until within thirty paces) and I discovered about half of them retreating, I then ordered my men to fire and rush on them; the few remaining stood their ground until we approached within fifty yards, when they fired and retreated. We pursued and overtook some of them whom we thought we left dead (they were not killed) after pursuing them about two hundred yards, and rising a little

hill, I discovered they were met by another party, and had halted, and were reloading their guns, (this was a small party from Jerusalem who knew the negroes were in the field, and had just tied their horses to await their return to the road, knowing that Mr. Parker and family were in Jerusalem, but knew nothing of the party that had gone in with Captain Peete; on hearing the firing they immediately rushed to the spot and arrived just in time to arrest the progress of these barbarous villains and save the lives of their friends and fellow citizens.) Thinking that those who retreated first, and the party who fired on us at fifty or sixty yards distant, had all only fallen back to meet others with ammunition. As I saw them reloading their guns, and more coming up than I saw at first, and several of my bravest men being wounded, the others became panic struck and scattered over the field; the white men pursued and fired on us several times. Hark had his horse shot under him, and I caught another for him that was running by me; five or six of my men were wounded, but none left on the field; finding myself defeated here, I instantly determined to go through a private way, and cross the Nottoway river at the Cypress Bridge, three miles below Jerusalem, and attack that place in the rear, as I expected they would look for me on the other road, and I had a great desire to get there to procure arms and ammunition. After going a short distance in this private way, accompanied by about twenty men, I overtook two or three who told me the others were dispersed in every direction. After trying in vain to collect a sufficient force to proceed to Jerusalem, I determined to return, as I was sure they would make back to their old neighborhood, where they would rejoin me, make new recruits, and come down again. On my way back, I called on Mrs. Thomas's, Mrs. Spencer's and several other places, the white families having fled we found no more victims to gratify our thirst for blood, we stopped at Major Ridley's quarter for the night, and being joined by four of his men, with the recruits made since my defeat we mustered now about forty strong.

After placing out sentinels, I laid down to sleep, but was quickly aroused by a great racket; starting up, I found some mounted and others in great confusion; one of the sentinels having given the alarm that we were about to be attacked, I ordered some

to ride around and reconnoitre, and on their return the others being more alarmed, not knowing who they were, fled in different ways, so that I was reduced to about twenty again; with this I determined to attempt to recruit, and proceed on to rally in the neighborhood I had left. Dr. Blunt's was the nearest house, which we reached just before day; on riding up the yard, Hark fired a gun. We expected Dr. Blunt and his family were at Major Ridley's, as I knew there was a company of men there; the gun was fired to ascertain if any of the family were at home, we were immediately fired upon and retreated, leaving several of my men. I do not know what beame of them, as I never saw them afterwards. Pursuing our course back; and coming in sight of Captain Harris', were we had been the day before, we discovered a party of white men at the house, on which all deserted me but two, (Jacob and Nat;) we concealed ourselves in the woods until near night, when I sent them in search of Henry, Sam, Nelson and Hark, and directed them to rally all they could, at the place we had our dinner the Sunday before, where they would find me, and I accordingly returned there as soon as it was dark and remained until Wednesday evening, when discovering white men riding around the place, as though they were looking for some one, and none of my men joining me, I concluded Jacob and Nat had been taken and compelled to betray me. On this I gave up all hope for the present, and on Thursday night, after having supplied myself with provisions from Mr. Travis's, I scratched a hole under a pile of fence rails in a field, where I concealed myself for six weeks, never leaving my hiding place but for a few minutes in the dead of the night to get water which was very near; thinking by this time I could venture out, I began to go about in the night and eavesdrop the houses in the neighborhood; pursuing this course for about a fortnight and gathering little or no intelligence, afraid of speaking to any human being, and returning every morning to my cave before the dawn of day. I know not how long I might have led this life, if accident had not betrayed me. A dog in the neighborhood, passing by my hiding place, one night while I was out, was attracted by some meat I had in my cave, and crawled in and stole it, and was coming out just as I returned. A few nights after, two negroes having started to go hunt-

ing with the same dog, and passed that way, the dog came again to the place, and having just gone out to walk about, discovered me and barked, on which thinking myself discovered, I spoke to them to beg concealment. On making myself known, they fled from me. Knowing then they would betray me, I immediately left my hiding place, and was pursued almost incessantly, until I was taken, a fortnight afterwards, by Mr. Benjamin Phipps, in a little hole I had dug out with a sword, for the purpose of concealment, under the top of a fallen tree. On Mr. Phipps' discovering the place of my concealment, he cocked his gun and aimed at me. I requested him not to shoot, and I would give up, upon which he demanded my sword. I delivered it to him, and he brought me to prison. During the time I was pursued, I had many hair-breadth escapes, which your time will not permit me to relate. I am here, loaded with chains, and willing to suffer the fate that awaits me.

I here proceeded to make some inquiries of him, after assuring him of the certain death that awaited him, and that concealment would only bring destruction on the innocent, as well as the guilty, of his own color, if he knew of any extensive or concerted plan. His answer was, "I do not." When I questioned him as to the insurrection in North Carolina happening about the same time, he denied any knowledge of it; and when I looked him in the face, as though I would search his most inmost thoughts, he replied, "I see, sir, you doubt my word; but, can you not think the same ideas; and strange appearances about this time, in the heavens, might prompt others, as well as myself, to this undertaking." I now had much conversation with him and asked him many questions, having forbore to do so previously, except in the cases noted in parentheses; but during his statement I had, unnoticed by him, taken notes as to some particular circumstances, and, having the advantage of having his statement before me in writing, on the evening of the third day that I had been with him, I began a cross-examination, and found his statement corroborated by every circumstance coming within my own knowledge, or the confessions of others who had been either killed or executed, and whom he had not seen nor had any knowledge of since the 22nd of August last. He ex-

pressed himself fully satisfied as to the impracticability of the attempt. It has been said that he was ignorant and cowardly, and that his object was, to murder and rob, for the purpose of obtaining money to make his escape. It is notorious, that he was never known to have a dollar in his life, to swear an oath, or drink a drop of spirits. As to his ignorance, he certainly never had the advantages of education; but he can read and write, (it was taught him by his parents) and, for natural intelligence and quickness of apprehension, is surpassed by few men I have ever seen. As to his being a coward, his reason, as given, for not resisting Mr. Phipps, shows the decision of his character. When he saw Mr. Phipps present his gun, he said, he knew it was impossible for him to escape, as the woods were full of men; he therefore thought it was better to surrender, and trust to fortune for his escape. He is a complete fanatic, or plays his part most admirably. On other subjects he possesses an uncommon share of intelligence, with a mind capable of attaining anything; but warped and perverted by the influence of early impressions. He is below the ordinary stature, though strong and active, having the true negro face, every feature of which is strongly marked. I shall not attempt to describe the effect of his narrative, as told and commented on by himself, in the condemned-hole of the prison. The calm, deliberate composure with which he spoke of his late deeds and intentions, the expression of his fiend-like face, when excited by enthusiasm, still bearing the stains of the blood of helpless innocence about him, clothed with rags and covered with chains, yet daring to raise his manacled hands to heaven, with a spirit soaring above the attributes of man,—I looked on him, and the blood curdled in my veins.

I will not shock the feelings of humanity, nor wound afresh the bosoms of the disconsolate sufferers, in this unparalleled and inhuman massacre, by detailing the deeds of their fiend-like barbarity. There were two or three, who were in the power of these wretches, had they known it, and who escaped in the most providential manner. There were two whom, they thought, they left dead on the field, at Mr. Parker's, but who were only stunned by the blows of their guns, as they did not take time to re-load when they charged on them.

The escape of a little girl, who went to school at Mr. Waller's and where the children were collecting for that purpose, excited general sympathy. As their teacher had not arrived, they were at play in the yard, and seeing the negroes approach, she ran up on a dirt chimney, (such as are common to log houses,) and remained there, unnoticed, during the massacre of the eleven that were killed at this place. She remained on her hiding place, till just before the arrival of a party, who were in pursuit of the murderers, when she came down and fled to a swamp, where, a mere child as she was, with the horrors of the late scene before her; she lay concealed until the next day, when seeing a party go up to the house, she came up, and on being asked how she escaped, replied with the utmost simplicity, "The Lord helped her." She was taken up behind a gentleman of the party, and returned to the arms of her weeping mother.

Miss Whitehead concealed herself between the bed and the mat that supported it, while they murdered her sister in the same room, without discovering her. She was afterwards carried off, and concealed for protection, by a slave of the family, who gave evidence against several of them on their trial. Mrs. Nathaniel Francis, while concealed in a closet, heard their blows, and the shrieks of the victims of these ruthless savages; they then entered the closet where she was concealed, and went out without discovering her. While in this hiding place, she heard two of her women in a quarrel about the division of her clothes. Mr. John T. Baron, discovering them approaching his house, told his wife to make her escape, and scorning to fly, fell fighting on his own threshold. After firing his rifle, he discharged his gun at them, and then broke it over the villain who first approached him, but he was overpowered and slain. His bravery, however, saved from the hands of these monsters, his lovely and amiable wife, who will long lament a husband so deserving of her love. As directed by him, she attempted to escape through the garden, when she was caught and held by one of her servant girls, but another coming to her rescue, she fled to the woods, and concealed herself. Few indeed, were those who escaped their work of death. But fortunate for society, the hand of retributive justice has overtaken them; and not one that was known to be concerned has escaped.

The Commonwealth, }
 vs. } Charged with
Nat Turner. } making insurrec-
 tion, and plotting to take away the lives of
 divers free and white persons, &c. on the
 22d of August, 1831.

The court composed of—, having met for the trial of Nat Turner, prisoner was brought in and arraigned, and upon his arraignment pleaded *Not Guilty*; saying to his counsel, that he did not feel so.

On the part of the Commonwealth, Levi Waller was introduced, who being sworn, deposed as follows: (*agreeably to Nat's own Confession.*) Col. Trezvant* was then introduced, who being sworn, numerated Nat's Confession to him, as follows: (*his confession as given to Mr. Gray.*) The prisoner introduced no evidence, and the case was submitted without argument to the court, who having found him guilty, Jeremiah Cobb esq. Chairman, pronounced the sentence of the court, in the following words: Nat Turner! stand up. Have you anything to say why sentence of death should not be pronounced against you?

Ans. I have not. I have made a full confession to Mr. Gray, and have nothing more to say.

Attend then to the sentence of the Court. You have been arraigned and tried before this court, and convicted of one of the highest crimes in our criminal code. You have been convicted of plotting in cold blood the indiscriminate destruction of men, of helpless women, and of infant children. The evidence before us leaves not a shadow of doubt, but that your hands were often imbrued in the blood of the innocent: and your own confession tells us that they were stained with the blood of a master; in your own language "too indulgent." Could I stop here, your crime would be sufficiently aggravated. But the original contriver of a plan, deep and deadly, one that never can be effected, you managed so far to put it into execution, as to deprive us of many of our most valuable citizens; and this was done when they were asleep, and defenceless; under circumstances shocking to humanity. And while upon this part of the subject, I cannot but call your attention to the poor misguided wretches, who have gone before you. They are not few in number—they were your bosom associates; and the blood of all cries aloud, and calls upon you, as the author of their misfortune.

Yes! You forced them unprepared, from Time to Eternity. Borne down by this load of guilt, your only justification is, that you were led away by fanaticism. If this be true, from my soul I pity you; and while you have my sympathies, I am nevertheless called upon to pass the sentence of the court. The time between this and your execution, will necessarily be short; and your only hope must be in another world. The judgment of the court is, that you be taken hence to the jail from whence you came, thence to the place of execution, and on Friday next, between the hours of 10 A. M. and 2 P. M. be hung by the neck, until you are dead! dead! dead! and may the Lord have mercy on your soul.

THE EXECUTION.

NAT TURNER was executed according to sentence, on Friday, the 11th November, 1831, at Jerusalem, between the hours of 10 A. M. and 2 P. M. He exhibited the utmost composure throughout the whole ceremony, and, although assured that he might, if he thought proper, address the immense crowd assembled on the occasion, declined availing himself of the privilege, and, being asked if he had any further confession to make, replied that he had nothing more than he had communicated, and told the Sheriff in a firm voice, that he was ready. Not a limb or a muscle was observed to move. His body, after death, was given over to the surgeons for dissection.

A list of persons murdered in the Insurrection, on the 21st and 22d of

August, 1831.

Joseph Travers and wife and three children, Mrs. Elizabeth Turner, Hartwell Prebles, Sarah Newsome, Mrs. P. Reese and son William, Trajan Doyle, Henry Bryant and wife and child and wife's mother, Mrs. Catherine Whitehead and son Richard and four daughters and grandchild, Salathiel Francis, Nathaniel Francis' overseer and two children, John T. Barrow, George Vaughan, Mrs. Levi Waller and ten children, William Williams, wife and two boys, Mrs. Caswell Worrell and child, Mrs. Rebecca Vaughan, Ann Eliza Vaughan and son Arthur, Mrs. John K. Williams and child, Mrs. Jacob Williams and three children, and Edwin Drury—amounting to fifty-five

*A List of Negroes brought before the Court of Southampton, with
their Owners' Names, and Sentence.*

Daniel	Richard Porter	Convicted.
Moses	J. T. Barrow	do.
Tom	Caty Whitehead	Discharged.
Jack and Andrew	do.	Convicted & transported.
Jacob	Geo. H. Charlton	Discharged without trial.
Isaac	do.	Convicted & transported.
Jack	Everett Bryant	Discharged.
Nathan	Benj. Blunt's estate	Convicted.
Nathan, Tom, and Davy (boys)	Nathaniel Francis	Convicted & transported.
Davy	Elizabeth Turner	Convicted.
Curtis	Thomas Ridley	do.
Stephen	do.	do.
Hardy and Isham	Benjamin Edwards	Convicted & transported.
Sam	Nathaniel Francis	Convicted.
Hark	Joseph Travis' estate	do.
Moses (a boy)	do.	Convicted & transported.
Davy	Levi Waller	Convicted.
Nelson	Jacob Williams	do.
Nat	Edm'd Turner's estate	do.
Jack	Wm. Reese's	do.
Dred	Nathaniel Francis	do.
Arnold Artist (free)		Discharged.
Sam	J. W. Parker	Acquitted.
Ferry and Archer	do.	Discharged without trial.
Jim	William Vaughan	Acquitted.
Bob	Temperance Parker	do.
Davey	Joseph Parker	do.
Daniel	Solomon D. Parker	Discharged without trial.
Thomas Haithcock (free)		Sent on for further trial.
Joe	John C. Turner	Convicted.
Lucy	John T. Barrow	do.
Matt	Thomas Ridley	Acquitted.
Jim	Richard Porter	do.
Exum Artes (free)		Sent on for further trial.
Joe	Richard P. Briggs	Discharged without trial.
Bury Newsome (free)		Sent on for further trial.
Stephen	James Bell	Acquitted.
Jim and Isaac	Samuel Champion	Convicted & transported.
Preston	Hannah Williamson	Acquitted.
Frank	Solomon D. Parker	Convicted & transported.
Jack and Shadrach	Nathaniel Simmons	Acquitted.
Nelson	Benj. Blunt's estate	do.
Sam	Peter Edwards	Convicted.
Archer	Arthur G. Reese	Acquitted.
Isham Turner (free)		Sent on for further trial.
Nat Turner	Putnam Moore (deceased)	Convicted.

The Execution of John Brown.

This execution, which took place Dec. 2, at 11.15 A. M., was in the highest degree imposing and solemn, and without disturbance of any kind. Lines of patrols and pickets encircled the field for ten miles around, and over five hundred troops were posted about the gallows. At 7 o'clock in the morning workmen began to erect the scaffold, the timber having been hauled the night previous. At 8 troops began to arrive. Troopers were posted around the field at fifty feet apart, and two lines of sentries further in. The troops did not form hollow around the gallows, but were so disposed as to command every approach. The sun shone brightly, and the picture presented to the eye was really splendid. As each company arrived, it took its allotted position. On the easterly side were the Cadets, with their right wing flanked by a detachment of men with howitzers; on the north-east, the Richmond Grays; on the south, Company F of Richmond; on the north, the Winchester Continentals, and, to preserve order in the crowd, the Alexandria Riflemen and Captain Gibson's Rockingham Company were stationed at the entrance gate, and on the outskirts.

On leaving the jail, John Brown had on his face an expression of calmness and serenity characteristic of the patriot who is about to die with a living consciousness that he is laying down his life for the good of his fellow creatures. His face was even joyous, and a forgiving smile rested upon his lips. His was the lightest heart, among friend or foe, in all Charlestown that day, and not a word was spoken that was not an intuitive appreciation of his manly courage. Firmly and with elastic step he moved forward. No flinching of a coward's heart there. He stood in the midst of that organized mob, from whose despotic hearts petty tyranny seemed for the nonce eliminated by the admiration they had in once beholding a man—for John Brown was there every inch a man.

As he stepped out of the door, a black

woman, with her little child in arms, stood near his way. The twain were of the despised race for whose emancipation and elevation to the dignity of the children of God he was about to lay down his life. His thoughts at that moment none can know except as his acts interpret them. He stopped for a moment in his course, stooped over, and with the tenderness of one whose love is as broad as the brotherhood of man, kissed the child affectionately. That mother will be proud of that mark of distinction for her offspring, and some day, when over the ashes of John Brown the temple of Virginia liberty is reared, she may join in the joyful song of praise which on that soil will do justice to his memory.

The vehicle which was to convey Brown to the scaffold was a furniture wagon. On the front seat was the driver, a man named Hawks, said to be a native of Massachusetts, but for many years a resident of Virginia, and by his side was seated Mr. Sadler, the undertaker. In the box was placed the coffin, made of black walnut, inclosed in a poplar box with a flat lid, in which coffin and remains were to be transported from the county. John Brown mounted the wagon, and took his place in the seat with Capt. Avis, the jailor, whose admiration of his prisoner is of the profoundest nature. Mr. Sadler, too, was one of Brown's staunchest friends in his confinement, and pays a noble tribute to his manly qualities.

"What a beautiful country you have," said Capt. Brown to Capt. Avis.

"Yes," was the response.

"It seems the more beautiful to behold because I have been so long shut out from it."

"You are more cheerful than I am, Capt. Brown," said Mr. Sadler.

"Yes," said the Captain, "I ought to be." He continued, "I see no citizens here—where are they?"

"The citizens are not allowed to be present—none but the soldiers," was the reply.

"That ought not to be," said the old man; "citizens should be allowed to be present as well as others."

The cortege passed half around the gallows to the east side, where it halted. The troops composing the escort took up their assigned position, but the Petersburg Grays, as the immediate body-guard, remained as before, closely hemming in the prisoner. They finally opened ranks to let him pass out, when, with the assistance of two men, he descended from the wagon, bidding good-bye to those within it; and then, with firm step and erect form, he strode past jailor, sheriff, and officers, and was the first person to mount the scaffold steps.

There is no faltering in his step, but firmly and erect he stands amid the almost breathless lines of soldiery that surround him. With a graceful motion of his pinioned right arm, he takes the slouched hat from his head, and carelessly casts it upon the platform by his side. The cap is drawn over his eyes, and the rope adjusted about his neck. John Brown is ready to meet his God.

But what next? The military have yet to go through some senseless evolutions, and near ten minutes elapse before Gen. Taliaferro's chivalrous hosts are in their proper position, during which time John Brown stands with the cap drawn over his head, and the hangman's knot under his ear.

Each moment seems an hour, and some of the people, unable to restrain an expression of their sense of the outrage, murmur "Shame!" "Shame!"

At last Virginia's troops are arranged *a la mode*.

"Captain Brown, you are not standing on the drop; will you come forward?" said the Sheriff.

"I can't see, gentlemen," was the reply; you must lead me."

The Sheriff led his prisoner forward to the centre of the drop.

"Shall I give you a handkerchief, and let you drop it as a signal?" inquired the Sheriff.

"No, I am ready at any time; but don't keep me waiting needlessly," was the reply.

A moment after, the Sheriff springs the latch, the drop falls, and the body of John Brown is suspended between heaven and earth. A few convulsive twitches of the arms are observed. These cease after a moment.

After the body had dangled in mid air for twenty minutes, it was examined by the surgeon for signs of life. First the Charlestown physicians went up and made their examination, and after them the military surgeons, the prisoner being executed by the civil power and with military assistance as well. To see them lifting up the arms, now powerless, that once were so strong, and placing their ears on the breast of the corpse, holding it steady by passing an arm around it, was revolting in the extreme.

And so the body dangled and swung by its neck, turning to this side or that when moved by the surgeons, and swinging, pendulum-like, from the force of the south wind that was blowing, until after thirty-eight minutes from the time of swinging off, it was ordered to be cut down, the authorities being quite satisfied that their dreaded enemy was dead. The body was lifted upon the scaffold, and fell into a heap as limp as a rag. It was then put into the black walnut coffin, the body-guard closed in about the wagon, the cavalry led the van, and the mournful procession moved off.

Throughout the whole sad proceedings the utmost order and decorum reigned. I think that when the prisoner was on the gallows, words in ordinary tones might have been heard all over the forty-acre field. In less than fifteen minutes the whole military force had left the field of execution, a dozen sentries alone, perhaps, remaining. The towns-people having been kept at a considerable distance, and none from the country about being allowed to approach nearer than a mile, there were not, I think, counting soldiers and civilians, more than a thousand spectators. A great feeling of exasperation prevails in consequence of this foolish stringency, and it is a wonder that conflicts have not arisen between the citizens and their protectors.

The Anglo-African Magazine for 1860

Presents its earnest regards to the patrons of 1859, sincerely thanking them for a support which, it frankly admits, to have been beyond its merits or expectation: at the same time, it feels emboldened, through its Publisher to solicit a continuance and an increase of patronage.

Started without capital, the Magazine has been maintained through the year, owing at the present moment but a few hundred dollars—two facts almost unparalleled in American Magazine literature. and which are alone attributable to the untiring assiduity, skill and business energy of the Publisher.

Entirely single-handed, with a family dependent on him for their support, Mr. Thomas Hamilton has kept the MAGAZINE afloat through difficulties, discouragements, embarrassments, not unmingled with radiant gleams of sunshine, which, if written out, would make up an interesting book in themselves; and to-day Mr. Hamilton stands up as vigorous as ever, and determined to keep on, relying for support on his patrons, but still more on the over-ruling Providence of the Almighty.

Having witnessed his difficulties and his manner of successfully overcoming them, the writer of this notice, whilom called Editor, (though Mr. Hamilton himself is THE Editor), would emphatically repeat, that the Publisher of the ANGLO-AFRICAN MAGAZINE is the right man in the right place. He is worthy of the abundant support, which the Colored People owe him, and their friends also owe him. Is it asking too much from those who feel the necessity of this Magazine, to request them, along with their annual subscription promptly paid, if they will send him an additional dollar, or even dime, in cash or postage stamps.

The contributors to this Magazine have performed a labor of love—the publisher has not yet been able to pay them—for which we present our loving thanks. Where all have done so well, it would be invidious to particularize, yet the names of Professors Freeman, Vashon and Reason, Messrs. Wilson, Delany, Beman, Holly, Townsend Pennington, Gordon, Fields, Langston &c. &c. will spring from our pen, as the writers of articles, as brilliant and interesting, as have appeared in the current literature of the year; nor can we forget the pleasing contributions of Bishop Payne, which are solid gold, and Frances Ellen Watkins, Grace Mapps and Sarah M. Douglass.

During the coming year, we promise continued contributions from all the above named, and in addition, we are promised articles from the practised and scholarly pen of the Rev. Alexander Crummell and others.

Our January number will be embellished with a splendid steel engraving (London) of IRA ALDRIDGE, with a sketch of his life.

We again press upon the attention of our patrons, the necessity of early and prompt remittance of their annual subscriptions.

New York, Dec. 1859.